THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly

Found[illegible] Franklin

MAR. 25, '11 — 5c. THE COPY

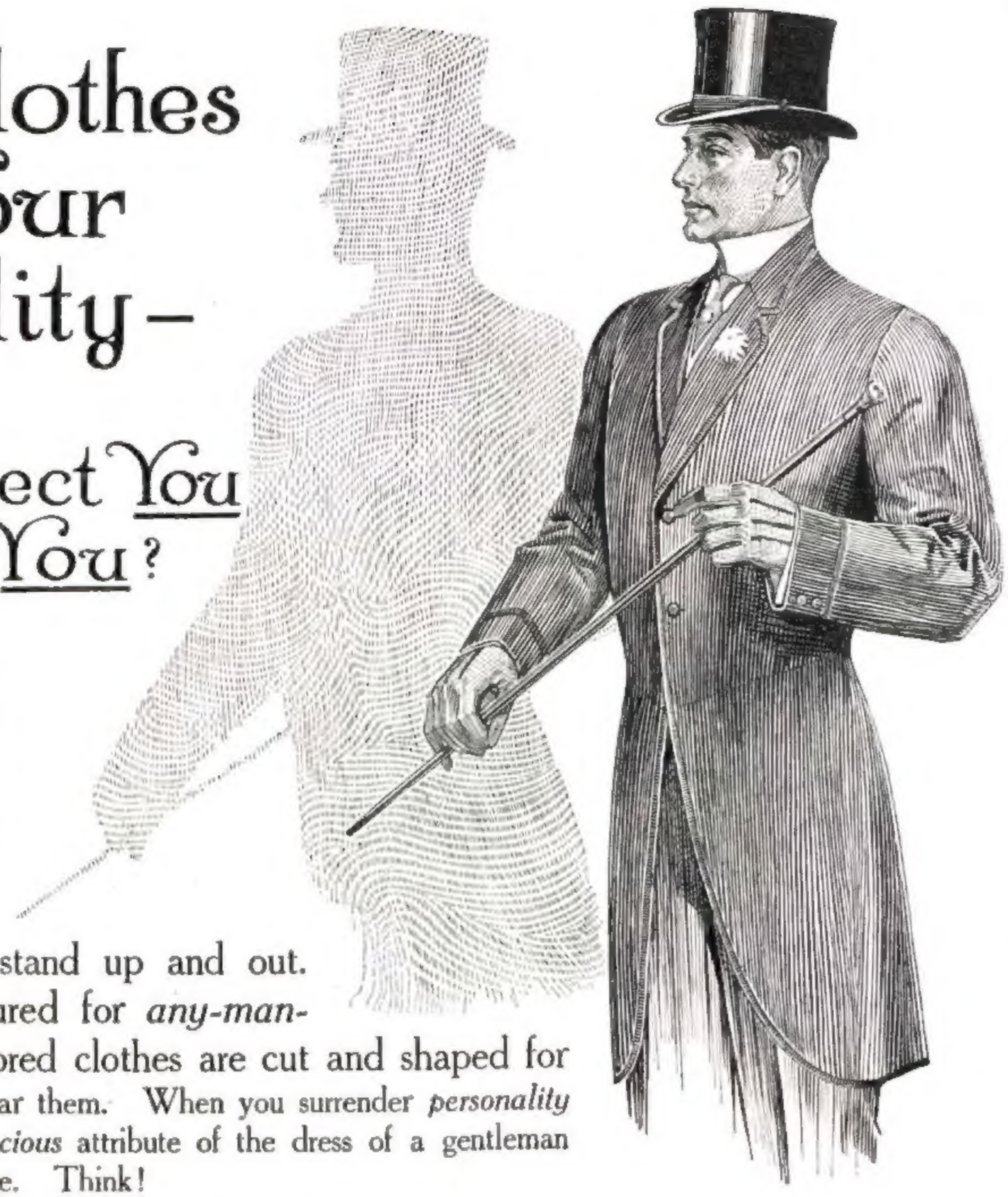
THE SIN OF HOMELINESS

By Dr. Woods Hutchinson

MORE THAN A MILLION AND A HALF CIRCULATION WEEKLY

Do Your Clothes Befit Your Personality—

Do They Reflect You and Only You?



IF they are *merchant-tailored*, they *will* befit you faithfully and reflect you forcefully. Self-reliant men—*you* among them—scorn to be "dittos" in dress. They must have their *personality* stand up and out. "Ready-mades" are manufactured for *any-man-with-the-price.* Merchant-tailored clothes are cut and shaped for *one man*—for the one who is to wear them. When you surrender *personality* in clothes, you surrender the *most precious* attribute of the dress of a gentleman and moreover you save *nothing* in price. Think!

Kahn-Tailored-Clothes

Are *Not* Expensive—$20 to $45

SOME merchant tailors *may* be expensive for you, but merchant tailoring as we practice it is *not.* Our great "crystal-palace," day-light shops in Indianapolis are *many-tailor-shops-in-one.* There, the selfsame *personal attention* that the individual tailor gives to an order is given to *your order.* Your garments are cut, shaped and needled, just as if they were *the only order* in our shops. The time and talent that go into them are the *lumped* time and talent of a corps of tailor-technicians—"picked men"—recruits from the "crack" custom shops of the land.

Pay No Less Than $20 For Clothes!

Twenty dollars is the *least* that a *well-tailored* suit can be turned out for. Having been *merchant tailors* for a quarter of a century, *we know.* And, forty-five dollars is the *most* that a well-tailored suit *need* cost you. $20 to $45 are the *established prices* of Kahn-Tailored-Clothes. For these prices you get (1) Clothes tailored *personally for you.* (2) Clothes tailored to interpret *your individual* refinement and taste. (3) Clothes that are *all-wool all through.* (4) Clothes with *pure-dye mohair* linings. (5) Clothes with an emphatic *style-expression.* (6) Clothes that are *richly finished.* (7) Clothes that are *warranted* to be fashion-perfect, fabric-perfect and finish-perfect.

Our Representative is Ready for You—Go to Him!

Have him show you the 500 *rare* patterns in Kahn-Tailored-Clothes for Easter and early Spring—among them the *very pattern* that will make you exclaim, with a slap on the knee, *"That's it!"* Then—have him *"body-diagram"* you. He will do it carefully, correctly and with the pride and zeal of a *tailor-in-love-with-his-work.* Our seal, reproduced above, identifies *him* and our *tailoring.* If you do not know our Representative, write to us for his name. Simply address

Kahn Tailoring Company, Indianapolis, Ind.

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"The Drift of Fashion," Edition No. 6, is a *tailor-shop-in-print.* It will grip you—it is paged with *patterns* that will be a *style-revelation* to you. It draws aside the curtain that veils exclusive merchant-tailoring and takes you "*behind the scenes.*" Write for it today.

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LEAVE your call with Big Ben and sleep soundly, trustingly, every minute of the night—he'll call you on the dot at any time you say.

And if you roll over and try just one more nap, he'll remind you gently that it's breakfast time and keep on calling until you're wide awake.

There's a feeling of bigness and strength about him, a peculiar glow of brightness and cheer that is strangely novel about an alarm clock.

Big Ben stands 7 inches tall, slender, massive, handsome. His face is frank, open, easy to read—his keys large, strong, easy to wind—his voice clear, sunny, pleasing to hear.

It's a great clock for those that have to punch the time clock at 7:00 A. M., for all who've got to get up in time and live on time.

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Six pairs of Holeproof Hose are guaranteed to wear without holes, tears or darns for six full months. If one or all pairs should happen, for any reason, to fail in this guarantee, new hose will be given to replace the worn ones without charge.
(150)
Holeproof TRADE MARK Hosiery
Reg. U. S. Pat. Office, 1906.
Carl Freschl, Pres.

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and Thousands of Others Sell

Genuine Holeproof Hose

Holeproof Hose—six pairs guaranteed six months—are sold by the greatest stores in the country.

"Holeproof" are the original guaranteed hose, the kind backed by 38 years of experience. They are the guaranteed hose *worth* a guarantee. No amateur make can hope to compete with them.

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The original has the greatest demand of any guaranteed hose on the market because of its vastly superior quality.

Seventy-Cent Yarn

We use only yarn that costs an average of 70 cents per pound, while yarn can be bought for 30 cents.

But ours is three-ply, soft and fine. It is more pliable than two-ply. Hence the hose can be made at once lighter and stronger.

FAMOUS Holeproof Hosiery FOR MEN WOMEN AND CHILDREN

Then, "Holeproof" for men are made in twelve colors, five grades and ten weights. There are seven colors, three weights and three grades for women and two colors, two weights and three grades for children.

For long wear in hose of correct style and good fit there is nothing to equal the genuine "Holeproof." See the assortment at the good stores in your city *today*.

Look for This Signature

To avoid imitations—amateur brands—look for the "Holeproof" trade-mark and the signature of Carl Freschl, Pres., on the toe of each pair.

The prices range from $1.50 to $3.00 for six pairs, according to finish and weight. Decide today to *try* "Holeproof" and note the difference between them and common hose.

Write for free book, "How to Make Your Feet Happy."

Holeproof Hosiery Co., 857 Fourth St., Milwaukee, Wis.

Tampico News Co., S. A., City of Mexico, Agents for Mexican Republic.

Are Your Hose Insured?

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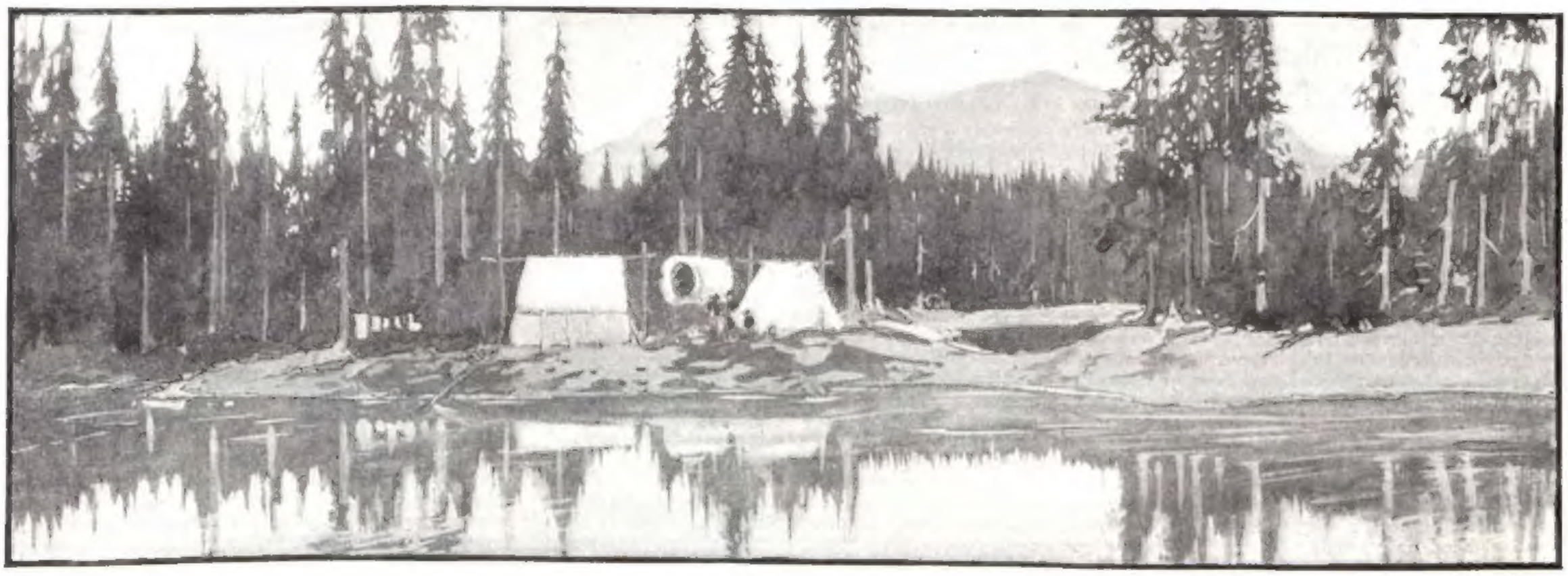
CANADIAN RECIPROCITY

Its Influence on the Cost of Living



By Senator Albert J. Beveridge

FOR many years I have been fighting for those freer trade relations with Canada known as Canadian reciprocity; and though during all of this time the arguments for it appeared to be sound and unanswerable, there now is a new and immediate one that affects every American fireside—the high cost of living of our masses.

The causes for this have been both natural and artificial. Chief of the natural causes for it are the increasing consumption by our people of the necessaries of life and the decreasing production of the same. Indeed, these causes are worldwide.

Not only is the present cost of living almost more than the average family can bear, but, unless something is done, it is certain rapidly to grow greater every year until it becomes intolerable. This is the most serious problem that faces American statesmanship and, indeed, the statesmanship of nearly every other country.

We have, however, what other countries do not have—an easy, immediate and effective preventive of these natural causes of any further increased cost of living. It is found in commercial reciprocity with Canada. Though unwisely we have exhausted our resources to the danger point, Canada's resources hardly have been touched as yet. The free admission of the products of the Canadian field and forest almost immediately will check this increase—it is certain to prevent any further increase and in time to reduce the cost of living so far as natural causes are concerned.

This has been apparent for a long time to the thoughtful and unselfish statesmen of both countries, who cared more for the welfare and happiness of the masses of the American and Canadian people than they did for the unjust and unnatural advantage of special interests on both sides of the line, which preyed upon both peoples.

Blaine urged it with his characteristic fervor. It was the last and fondest dream of McKinley, "the Apostle of Protection," as he was called. It was within sight and sound of our Canadian border that he declared in his last public utterance: "The period of exclusiveness has passed."

And now the friends of reciprocity propose to make an effective beginning of this great policy immediately. It is high time. Indeed, it seems almost incredible that Canadians and Americans did not have always perfectly free interchange between the two countries of the products of each, which both needed.

Breaking Down an Unnatural Barrier

IT IS a curious spectacle—the most unreasonable and bizarre that history tells anything about. Here is a great continent inhabited by over a hundred million people. These people mainly spring from a common stock. They speak the same language, have the same religion, live under the same institutions inherited from the same source. Their manners of life are identical. Their industrial methods are uniform. They have a single standard of living.

Yet an artificial political boundary line separates them—and this cannot now be helped. Consider that permanent. But along and upon this intangible boundary line a tariff barricade has been thrown up as tangible and obstructive as any barricade ever piled up in the streets of Paris in the time of the Commune; and this can be remedied—we can begin to remedy it now.

Nature did everything she could, both in geographical location and in racial kinship, to make the two peoples one people, commercially at least; but passion, prejudice and selfishness have succeeded only too well in their fell and evil work of separating these countries commercially.

Such is the situation of the American and Canadian peoples. Humorous, is it not? And tragic too. Humorous that the hard common-sense, the mutual needs of the people of the two countries, should not raze the dividing wall that unnatural forces have builded between them. And tragic that these sinister influences worked their will to destroy this brotherhood of blood and interests.

Let us have a friendly talk about how all of this came about. But first let us good-naturedly ask ourselves this question: Is it not better for both of us—Canadians and Americans—to begin to correct our mutual past mistakes?

Hands Across the Border

BOTH of us know very well, do we not, that we need to do business with one another? Why, then, make it hard for one another, when we really want to make it easy and when we can make it easy? We want to trade with one another. How foolish for us to make it difficult to do the very thing we want to do! Both of us understand that we need one another's products. Why, then, not exchange them freely?

Does it not appear to you that this is the situation?

Two neighbors living in adjoining yards have to do business with one another every day. Put it still stronger, to make the analogy more perfect, and say that these two neighbors are blood brothers. Yet these neighbors and brothers go to work and build a high wall separating their adjoining yards—put broken glass and sharp spikes on top of it.

Then, when one wants something from the other, that thing must be heaved over the absurd wall—although, by some magic, each brother, his wife and children can pass through the wall without feeling or seeing it. Did any writer of comic opera ever imagine and arrange a situation more fantastic? It is a fit subject for a greater Lewis Carroll in a national Alice in Wonderland.

Of course it avails nothing now to rail at the historical blunders that have begun and perpetuated this unnatural division of one people into two peoples; but it is useful to recall them when we are about to correct the commercial and industrial mistakes these blunders have made possible.

After the Revolution we expelled the Loyalists, or Tories. We confiscated many of their estates, even imprisoned or disfranchised them, I believe, and made life unbearable to them. We did this in the name of patriotism; but, as a matter of fact, we did it through passion.

Anyhow it was a mistake, for it drove away some scores of thousands of the best blood and the most determined characters we had among us. And so the foundations

of a separate people on this continent were laid and the Dominion of Canada as it exists today was made possible.

Contrast this with the British policy toward the Boers in South Africa. Did the British cherish any resentment toward those hard Dutchmen whose stubborn valor cost Great Britain so much in blood and in treasure? Not in the least. Any Boer who wanted to stay was made more than welcome. The ablest of the Boers were given important positions in the government. Numbers of them are members of the local parliament. One of their generals is at this moment one of the Government's most exalted and powerful officials.

And so the Boers and the English, although of different blood and language, began to deal side by side, and now are working side by side, in industrial, social and political brotherhood, to the immense advantage of each of them.

Does not that look to you like excellent statesmanship? And, after all, is excellent statesmanship ever anything but plain common-sense on a broad scale?

Our next mistake was in denouncing and abrogating our reciprocity treaty with Canada called the Elgin-Marcy treaty. This treaty was negotiated on our part in 1854 by William L. Marcy, one of our half-dozen really great Secretaries of State.

The good effects of that treaty were immediate. Our sales to Canada instantly increased in an amazing way. Canada's sales to us increased too, but not quite so much at first. And, of course, with increasing mutual trade, the cordiality between the two peoples grew stronger and warmer.

Then came our Civil War. Of course our favorable balance of trade then turned against us for the simple reason that we did not have so much to sell. Our producers were carrying bayoneted guns instead of holding plows or wielding sickles. Our artisans were fighting battles instead of digging coal or running factories.

The Potato Growers' Plot

THOSE were days of iron and blood for us, days of highly wrought nerves and blinding passion. We bitterly resented the attitude of the British Government toward our great conflict; but that should have been overlooked in the framing of our commercial policy for the future.

Then, too, there were stories that everybody believed—stories more or less true about plots against the cause of the Union hatched on Canadian soil. And, in our anger at this, we actually overlooked the fact that *forty thousand Canadians enlisted as Union soldiers and fought under our flag to save the Republic*—forty thousand fighting men, sent to our aid by a people who numbered only about three millions all told! That was a glorious fact. How proud both peoples are to recall it now! Think of it—forty thousand men from across our border fighting and dying under our flag to keep this nation united and alive.

No matter! Again the passion for revenge prevailed, as it did after our Revolution; and just here is where a wizened, shrewd, selfish and miserly greed seized its opportunity. A few scores of potato growers in one county of Maine that adjoined the border, and as many more egg raisers in New Hampshire similarly situated, certain little lumber interests and suchlike influences loudly demanded and subtly worked for the abrogation of our reciprocity treaty with Canada under the guise of retaliation.

They were vociferous and brass-throated in their pretended denunciations, though all the time they were really looking out for unnatural additions to their local bank accounts. Thus they enlisted the patriotic sentiment of the country whose homes had been desolated by our long civil conflict.

Also, it was pointed out that we were being crushed by a stupendous national debt. We needed every available source of revenue. For the moment it seemed to even some of our statesmanlike minds, hard put to it by our financial condition, that we required every possible cent of revenue that the highest protective tariff, even against Canada, could give us. Of course it would have been far better, even from the point of view of our national finances, if we had enlarged our access to Canadian markets instead of diminishing it.

The Elgin-Marcy treaty was abrogated when it ought to have been extended and enlarged; and from that day to this steadily we have raised between Canada and ourselves the high wall of a tariff obstruction, which is loftier now than at any period of our own or of any other country's history.

For forty years we have dealt with Canada, and are dealing with her today in the matter of a tariff, precisely as we have dealt and now deal with countries of Europe that are overcrowded with underpaid labor. We are treating Canada exactly as we treat Germany or France or England or Holland or Belgium, with their struggling millions. Indeed, we are treating Germany better than we treat Canada—witness our commercial arrangement with Germany negotiated under President Roosevelt.

So, has not the time come when we Americans and Canadians should begin to end this intolerable and unnatural economic condition? If we cannot take the wall down all at once, cannot we begin to lower it? If we find that lowering it is good for both of us we can lower it still more; and if we find this process still good for us we can do away with the wall altogether.

If, on the contrary, we two peoples find that it is not for our mutual advantage to lower it we can put back on the wall the few stones that we have taken off. There can be no danger, you see; and there probably will be much good.

Does it not appear to you that there is everything to be gained and nothing to be lost by this process? Is not the experiment worth trying?

Suppose we never had built a tariff wall between Canada and ourselves; and suppose that now, for the first time, any political party in either country were to propose to erect such a barrier. What do you think the fate of such a political party would be at the hands of the voters of either country?

If no tariff wall ever had been thrown up between us and our neighbors and brothers on the north, the proposition to construct one now would appear to all of our people exactly like proposing to divide our own country into hostile tariff sections; and, indeed, strictly from an economic point of view, the two propositions are precisely the same. Absolutely the only difference between dividing Canada and the United States by an obstructive tariff and dividing sections of our own country in the same way is the fact of the political unity of the United States under one flag.

Time and time again the economists, both of Canada and of the United States, have shown the wisdom of closer and easier trade relations. It has been proved in scores of arguments, which amount to demonstration. Canadian and American reciprocity has been the subject of an ever-increasing volume of economic literary output on both sides of the boundary.

Why, then, have not we Americans and Canadians done this long ago? It has been almost half a century since the Elgin-Marcy treaty between Canada and the United States was abrogated. What, then, is the reason that—at least during the last thirty years—these two peoples, the closest friends of any two peoples in the world, and, indeed, blood brothers, racially speaking, as well as immediate neighbors, have not made their commercial intercourse freer, easier, more convenient to each other?

Protection Not Threatened by Reciprocity

THE reason appears in the objections urged to the present reciprocal arrangement now before both countries. You shall judge how sound those reasons are.

First, then, it is urged gravely that reciprocity with Canada is hostile to the policy of protection. There is humor in every situation; and it has been funny to observe the flaming earnestness of certain politician-orators in opposition to Canadian reciprocity because it is going to hurt protection in some way or other. They even declare that Canadian reciprocity means the quick beginning of the speedy end of our whole protective system. Let us see if this reason is sound.

Of course the settled policy of this nation is protection—protection, mind you, and not extortion under the name of protection! What were the economic conditions that created protection and preserved it as a national policy? What was the basic reason for establishing protection?

It was this, was it not? We were young and an underpopulated country. If we were to build factories and other non-agricultural industries of our own, we could not do it unless our laboring men in those industries were paid better wages than were paid to laboring men in the same industries in other and competing countries.

Our American laboring men simply could not live, with our higher standard of living, on the wages paid the laboring men of the overcrowded competing countries. If we let the products of those foreign underpaid laborers into our country our industries could not exist unless we paid our laboring men higher wages than those competing foreign countries paid their laboring men.

So, if we were to have American industries at all, and if our laborers were to have wages upon which they could live according to the American standard of living, we had to protect our laborers from the products of those underpaid foreign laborers.

Thus, protection, as our national policy, is merely common-sense when applied to competing countries that are packed and jammed with struggling millions of laborers eager to work for a crust of food and a rag of clothing.

It is not fair to place our American working men upon the same wage scale as foreign working men thus situated. Of course, when any of our industries reaches a point where we can produce anything in America as cheaply or even cheaper than the same can be produced abroad, the reason for protection disappears as to that particular case.

Generally, the policy of protection is necessary as against competing countries with an oversupply of underpaid labor; but this does not apply to Canada. It never did apply to Canada. The very reason for protection that applies to other countries compels the easiest commercial intercourse with Canada.

Let me make this very clear by a concrete illustration: Take Germany for example: Germany has nearly three hundred people to the square mile. England has almost four hundred people to the square mile. France has nearly two hundred people to the square mile. Holland has about five hundred people to the square mile. Belgium has more than six hundred people to the square mile.

Some Political Follies of the Past

NO WONDER these countries can produce more cheaply than we can. Their surplus of anxious labor is alarming. Their oversupply of labor is one great cause for their lower standard of living compared with ours. It is one great cause for their comparatively low scale of wages. Also, it is the principal reason for the infinite economies practiced by the people and the industries of those countries.

Compare them with Canada. Though the countries I have named have from two hundred to six hundred people to the square mile—an average of about three hundred—*Canada has fewer than two people to the square mile.* So Canada is not overcrowded, but underpopulated. There is not an oversupply of labor in Canada, but an undersupply, getting about the same wages—taking the Dominion as a whole—as American laboring men get, taking the Republic as a whole.

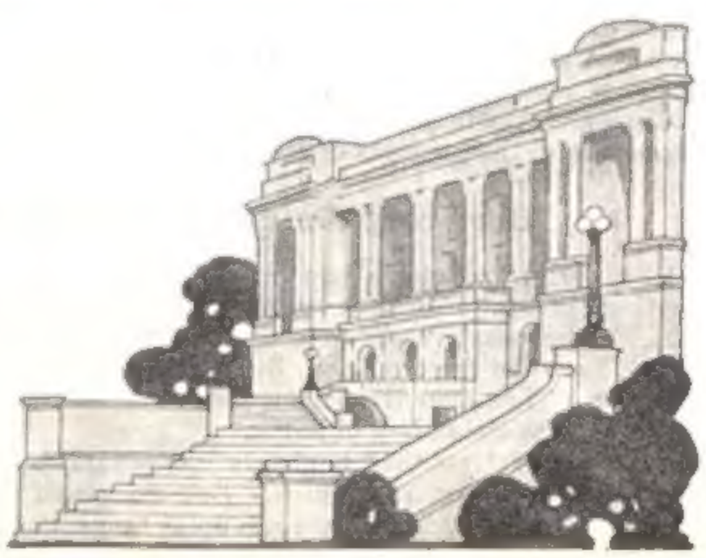
So reciprocity between Canada and the United States can hold no danger to the policy of protection; but refusal longer to adopt closer trade relations between the Dominion and the Republic may hold danger to the policy of protection. Mark this well, my fellow protectionists, whom designing interests and politicians are trying to prejudice against Canadian reciprocity.

For, if those special interests and politicians defeat the policy of Canadian reciprocity, is it not natural and possible that our people, in their disgust, may swing to the other extreme and directly attack our system of protection altogether?

Let us have no such political folly as Lord North and King George practiced. Let our protectionists not imitate the fatal blindness and silly unyieldingness of the Bourbons of France. After all, what we want to use a policy for is to do good to the whole American people. Where protection does that, apply it. Where protection does not do that, do not apply it. And it does no good, but harm, to our people as a whole when applied to Canada. The Canadian and American peoples have nothing to fear from one another.

What both peoples do have to fear, commercially, is that certain forces on both sides of the imaginary boundary line will be able to strengthen the absurd and mutually harmful tariff barricade, which passion and greed have built along that line from ocean to ocean.

Strange—is it not?—that the two most enlightened peoples in the world, brothers in blood, religion, language and institutions, should be practicing in this twentieth century the same policy that built the Chinese wall, although with less reason! For the Chinese wall, half as many miles long as the tariff wall between the United States and Canada, was erected to keep out invading



military hosts who were bitter and traditional blood enemies of the Chinese.

This is the principal reason urged against freer trade relations with Canada. The other reasons are so small, scattered, local and selfish that they have no place in the discussion of a broad, wise, national and humanitarian policy that beneficially affects both the ninety millions of this Republic, taken as a whole, and the seven or eight millions of Canadian people, taken as a whole.

For example, it is said that the free interchange of cattle and other livestock, though keeping a duty on fresh meats and meat food-products, will benefit the beef trust; but the exact reverse is true. If fresh meats and meat food-products were free between the two countries would not our American beef trust have an enlarged market? We ought to have fresh meats and meat food-products not because it would help the beef trust—which needs no help—but because our people need all of the meat and meat food-products they can get.

The same is true of wheat and flour. The proposed reciprocal arrangement puts wheat on the free list, but keeps a duty on flour. Free flour would not have hurt our great milling industries, but would have helped them, because it would have given them an enlarged market.

We ought to have free flour as well as free wheat, not for the benefit of the milling industries, but because our people need all the flour and breadstuffs they can get.

Why were not meat and meat food-products and flour and other cereal food-products placed on the free list, as well as live animals and wheat? We wanted it so, but Canada would not agree to it. The blind selfishness that has so evilly affected us to our injury also has begun to affect Canada to her injury.

Special interests have developed there just as they have here; and it is these selfish, short-sighted special interests on both sides of the line that are standing in the way of a broad, statesmanlike national policy. The lumber trust, which is fighting this agreement fiercely, is an example.

The foregoing illustrations suggest another objection that is being worked overtime against Canadian reciprocity. The crafty minds that are resolved to prevent closer trade relations with our brothers and neighbors on the north are pulling every wire to alarm the American farmer. It is said that the American farmer is sacrificed by this agreement.

It is said, because the farmer's products are put on the free list and no manufactured articles are put on the free list, that our manufacturers are still protected, though all protection is taken away from our farmers. And loud is the wail at this alleged "discrimination" against our farmers. Of course the very first glance shows this to be improbable and careful study shows it to be so unqualifiedly untrue that it is laughable.

In the first place, the only reason why manufactured products are not put on the free list as well as agricultural products is because Canada would not agree to it. I repeat that the same selfish, short-sighted policy with which we have become so familiar in this country is being urged by special interests in Canada. We would put our manufactured products on the free list in an instant if the manufacturers of Canada unwisely did not induce the Canadian Government not to agree to it.

So you see that, so far as our Government is concerned, there was no discrimination whatever in putting one class of articles on the free list and not putting another class on the free list. Do not forget that this is an agreement; and an agreement means mutual concessions—friendly give and take. Everybody should know that.

So the farmer is not hurt because of any discrimination against him in favor of our manufacturers. Neither is he hurt by free interchange of agricultural products. Let me give you a few illustrations. Take wheat, for example. We are the greatest exporters of wheat in the world. American wheat successfully competes with Russian and Argentine wheat in every European market. All of the wheat that Canada now produces is not so very greatly in excess of the amount of wheat that we Americans send abroad. So, how will the free interchange of wheat between this country and Canada hurt our American farmers?

Or, take cattle. Every Canadian steer brought into this country has got to be cornfed here. You understand that cattle do not go from the grass range to the packing-house. They must be grown on the grass range and afterward fattened for the abattoir by being grainfed. Canada, however, raises practically no corn. On account of climate and soil, our Middle West is and always must be the great corn-growing region of the world. So the free interchange of cattle means an enlarged and better market for the corn produced by American farmers.

Take horses and mules. We now ship to Canada every year thousands more of horses and mules than Canada ships to us. Canada has an undersupply of horses and mules; comparatively we have an oversupply. So the free interchange of horses and mules between this country and Canada means an enlarged market for horses and mules raised by our farmers. And our farmers want that enlarged market, do they not? Why, then, should we make it hard for them to enter that market with their horses and mules?

There is one agricultural product that, I think, ought not to be free—barley. Barley is chiefly used by the brewing industry. So free Canadian barley might hurt for a short time three or four thousand farmers in our Northwest located along the Canadian border; and I cannot see that it will help anybody but the American brewing industry—which needs no help.

Why, then, was barley put on the free list? Merely because the Canadians would not agree unless it did go on the free list. In arranging an agreement, one party cannot get everything they want and give the other party nothing they want. Canada wanted some things and we wanted some things; and one of the things Canada wanted and insisted upon was free barley.

(Continued on Page 53)

SOFT-NOSED GUS

By Lloyd Osbourne

ILLUSTRATED BY F. VAUX WILSON

WHEN the Tasknaque Indian Reservation was thrown open to the public and eighty thousand people made eighty thousand applications, each in his—or her—regulation Government envelope, for a pair of leggy small girls in blue sashes to wade around in, picking up the four thousand winners—while the band played and the governor, two senators and a troop of United States cavalry looked on in front, with uncounted millions pushing from behind, cheering and hoping—I guess I had about as little thought as a babe unborn that the name of my-wife-to-come was in the heap. Yet it was there—and she was there, too, in a blue serge dress, lost in all that mob of landseekers, cowboys, special deputies, riffraff and Hunks—not that I have anything against Hunks, except the way ten thousand of them can grow up in a night on a place where there wasn't hardly a coyote the day before.

We cattlemen weren't overfriendly to the business, you must understand. It meant messing up the ranges, and cuts in our barbed wire, and tenderfeet having beef every day for dinner—our beef—with rifles and lawsuits by way of dessert. No, we had no use for them small-fry settlers and to us they were like a cloud of green-headed horseflies coming in to bother us and sting.

It is the custom to call them the brawn of the nation and all that, with "Hail to the pioneers!" and hand-clapping—but, sure Mike, the law of the range is nothing to them, whether it's a steer or a horse; and I suppose they consider a brand just an ornament, like the curly wiggles on mining stock and meaning as little. No, sir; the small settler is a pest to the stockman, and I tell you we boys were in an ugly humor at the infliction, seeing all the gunplay to come and the cutting off of the Fall feed. But there is a funny side to everything, and when we heard it was two women who had taken up Pearson's Cañon we had to laugh in spite of ourselves—for if ever there was a tangle of rocks and precipices and toboggan-slides it was this same Pearson's Cañon, with Rattlesnake Creek shooting over the top and boiling along the bottom.

That will give you some idea of what settlers are like and how some of them oughtn't to be allowed around loose. These folks had won a splendid number and had the choice of practically the whole reservation. They might have had a hundred and sixty acres of the finest level land in the state and right on the railroad, yet they chased around looking for rocks and waterfalls as though they were going to start raising grizzly bears instead of truck. Bill Shortridge, who rode over to see them with some of

What a Rush There Was to Write Out a List

the boys, said one of them was real pretty, and that it wasn't to be called Pearson's Cañon any more, but Eagle's Eyrie; which went to show what poor innocents they were—all for picturesqueness and highflown what's-his-name, with never a thought of the real business, which was to grow crops and make a living.

In a couple of days the name had settled down to Eagle's Ears, which it holds to this day on the county map, being easier to get your tongue round and tickling the boys' fancy every time they said it. Bill said the pretty one was called Miss McKim and the other one Miss Reardon; and that they had both worked in the same department store back East; and that Miss McKim was a peach of a blonde, with yellow-gold hair and blue eyes, and looked to be twenty.

I don't know how it was, but, instead of being pleased, the news made me kind of cranky and upset; so it hurt me every time Miss McKim's name was said. You wouldn't believe a man could get jealous of a girl he had never seen, yet the more she was praised the sicker and more downhearted I got. Whenever the boys got back from visiting—and there wasn't a Sunday but what some of them rode over to Eagle's Ears—I was that cranky I'd keep away, so as not to hear all their talk of how pretty she was and their joshing as to which had made the best running.

Of course I might have gone too—what was to prevent me? But instead I moped around the ranch-house, hating everything and everybody, and crazy at being such a fool. If some of the boys would say, "Don't be a stiff, Gus—come along," I would answer, "Oh, Lord!" like I didn't care a hang and wanted to lay off. By-and-by they stopped asking me and it was took for granted I hadn't any interest in Eagle's Ears; then I saw I had queered myself and never could go, which made me even more miserable.

One day Dowdell he came up to me and said he had a message. "The folks at Eagle's Ears are getting awful sore on you," he said. "They can't make out why you don't come too, and have told me to ask you special for next Sunday."

I felt delighted enough to jump out of my chaps, only he spoiled it by what he went on with: "Every time we go they look disappointed and say: 'Ain't you never going to bring Soft-Nosed Gus?'"

At this I flamed up, for if there is one thing I hate worse than poison it's that name; and though I'm called it behind my back few dast do it to my face. Dowdell saw the break he had made.

"It ain't my fault if they call you that," he said, getting worried. "They never got it from me, Gus—true and honest they didn't!—and they don't mean no harm in using it, anyhow. We are all a Wild-West Show to them, you know, and the more different we are from city folks the more they are pleased. Bill's bought an extra gun apurpose and on Sunday you can't see Sandy Hewlett's shirt for cartridge-belts and fixings."

I want to explain right here that this name has nothing to do with my nose. My nose is just as good as anybody else's nose—and better than some. But strangers are always staring at it like they expect something wrong with it; and it's them looks that drives me wild. You see, the idea of the name was that when I got into a scrap I stayed

in and stayed in good; that I was like a soft-nosed bullet that spreads when it's fired and does twenty times the harm of the ordinary variety. It was the Indians who gave it to me first—when there used to be Indians—and if it wasn't for people thinking I had a squashy nose I should have been proud of the name. It's that that makes me hate it so much—like I had a nose you could push in like rubber.

Well, Dowdell pestered and pestered, and finally I said I would go, as though it was a come-down and I didn't want to, though inside I was like a kid who had been given a circus ticket. The rest of the week I couldn't think of anything else, and every time I shaved I would try to size myself up in the glass and wish I was better-looking. I wondered if she could like anybody as big and rough, and it didn't seem possible.

From what Dowdell had dropped it was plain he and the boys had been helping me without knowing it and working up the two girls about me—and that put a little spirit in the old cayuse. Cowboys are always like that—not a word to your face that ain't a josh—yet booming you when you aren't there. My taking Tuttle, the bandit, hadn't lost anything in the telling and they had made me out a gun-fighter from Gunville; and I guess Daredevil Dick in the book, or Custer at the Little Big Horn, wasn't in it with me for coolness and daring. Of course I wasn't halfway that, nor a quarter, being a quiet, easy-going chap and fond of a whole skin, who had happened to get into the limelight four or five times and had stayed in after he got in. After all, who wouldn't rather be shot through the front than through the back? That's all there is to it.

It was a bit of a ride over to Eagle's Ears—nine or ten miles—and the last of it mean, owing to the rocks. The girls had not only chosen the most unreachable number on the map but had built their shack on the most unreachable part of that.

"My! Is that the place?" I said to Dowdell, looking straight up in the air, where a little ledge stuck out. "How in thunder do you get to it?"

"By the chute," he says, pointing to what was nothing else—it was that steep—and grinning at my surprise. I would not go first, thinking it a sell, though it turned out to be the regular front-way drive up to the property and the only one there was. We scrambled up with a tremendous clatter, whooping and yelling like a lot of Piutes. If it had been a ladder it couldn't have been worse.

At the top was the smallest log cabin I ever set eyes on—it would have crowded a cat to live in it—and in front of it was a six-by-three stoop, where the ladies were smiling and waving their hands. Almost the first thing they said was: "Have you brought Soft-Nosed Gus?" And when I was pushed up to be introduced, looking mighty sheepish I am afraid, they couldn't make enough fuss over me, both talking at once and saying it was an honor—and why hadn't I come before?

The youngest one was the prettiest thing I ever saw. Even now I can't think of that first meeting with Amy without a catch at my heart. And she was not only pretty, with her slim figure and crisp golden hair and beautiful soft blue eyes, but she had such taking ways that one could have loved her for them alone—not a bit forward nor anything of that sort, but somehow making you feel you had always known her, with a kittenish knack of looking at you with her head on one side, like she saw what you were going to say before you said it and had a saucy answer all ready in advance. My! but she was quick, and could ball a man all up if she tried to. The other was nice, too, though older, with rather a worn face and uncommonly small hands and feet, and a pleasant voice that always made you glad to hear it. But, of course, I had no eyes for anybody except Miss McKim.

The boys sniggered at hearing me called Soft-Nosed Gus and could hardly believe it when I didn't rise up in my wrath; but I would have taken anything from Miss McKim, and somehow on her pretty lips I didn't mind the name so much. Both she and Miss Reardon used it so nice, like they were falling into cowboy ways and enjoyed it. Nothing could be too cowboy for them, you know. Every second word was about the wild free life of the West and how here people "lived" and were noble and splendid close to Nature. After being cooped up for years in a department store, I guess they were entitled to be a little loony about Nature. Certainly they were forever talking about Nature, and Miss Reardon had a loving way of looking at the waterfall and breathing in little breaths of satisfaction.

If She Ever Married She Would Put My Name Near the Top of the List

It almost ran over them it was that close—and a dandy sight it was, too, splashing in the sun and humming far below in the cañon. Eagle's Ears was all right as a little Garden of the Gods, but what bothered me was how they were going to raise anything. All I could see was a patch, about as big as six horse-blankets, sprouting radishes, and two chickens nicely wired in, like they were on exhibit at an agricultural fair. But Miss Reardon spoke of corn and potatoes on another ledge somewhere and how they were going to hammer out wheat like the Indians. She said wasn't it luck that they had found one of the identical mortars the Indians used! And we all promised to come and pound.

Dazzled as I was by Miss McKim and in all my hurry to make a running, I couldn't help aching for the troubles in store for them two. It was so pitiful—their belief they could make anything of Eagle's Ears. Why, even a Chinaman would have starved to death on it! And they had won ninety-one in the lottery and might have had a place worth sixteen hundred dollars before it was touched! Yet they were as confident as a pair of children and overflowed at having found such a perfect location!

But how were they to know better?—Miss Reardon a bookkeeper and Miss McKim a stenographer—and all the cultivating they had ever done being geraniums in the window-boxes of a boarding house!

I learned this sitting on the stoop; and how they had a burro on another ledge of the estate, which pack-saddled things in from where the stage dropped them, two miles away. They were as lively about it as though it were a picnic; and it kind of went to one's heart to see them so simple and have to say "Splendid!" and "Yes; fine!" to what was really so hopeless. But it was a great time, though, and we were all made eaglets of the Eyrie. I guess there never was so much fun going on in the old cañon before.

I didn't let grass grow under my feet, neither, and made it plain to Miss McKim I was in earnest, with two thousand dollars in the Taft National Bank. She drew out of me why I hadn't come before and her pretty eyes glistened; and if she had been nice before she was even nicer afterward, looking at me in that kitten way of hers, with her head on one side and her teeth shining like pearls. She said I was a great, big, splendid, handsome fellow, and that if she ever married—which she was determined not to—she would put my name near the top of the list.

Though she was only a slip of a girl and that crisp gold head of hers reached no higher than my red silk neckerchief, she had as cool a rein on us as the stagedriver on his half-broke horses. Many would have been scared at a bunch like us—jingling spurs and with the butts of their six-shooters sticking out of their holsters—but not she. If any of the boys overstepped the bounds a little, or used language, it only took a glance of hers or a remark to straighten him out. Not that there was any harm in any of us. We had seen too many bad women not to respect good ones. But I just want to state how fearless she was and how almost without knowing it everybody seemed to rise to a higher plane—and that without feeling we were being yanked up. You bet I took it all in; and it seemed to me if I could win her I'd be the proudest man in the world!

At my suggestion the eaglets turned to and were put to work at the chores, which was not so much kindness as an excuse to stay longer. Some chopped wood and others carried it and stacked it. There was water to be lugged up to the burro on the seventh story and potatoes to be weeded on the ninth, not to speak of cutting trails and improving those already made. Five husky men can do a lot in two hours, and we went at it with a whoop, only asking: "What next?"

"It's Arizona for Mine"

Compared to the poor baby way the ladies had gone about things, we were a regular cyclone, and we nearly ran them off their feet, giving orders and directions. It was a pleasure to help them, they were that grateful and appreciative; and when we finished I guess Eagle's Ears hardly knew itself.

Yes, it had been a great time, a wonderful time; and the lope home under the stars was as good as any of it, for my head was full of her and I wanted to repeat every word she had said over and over to myself. It seemed like her face was always in front of me, so kittenish and teasing, yet liking me too; and her eyes somehow always keeping me in sight, no matter how far I was away or she talking to somebody else. She had said good night so sweet and had left her hand in mine for quite a bit, saying again what a great, big, handsome fellow I was; and, oh, dear! she only hoped she wouldn't get to like me too much. That was something to carry home, wasn't it? If ever a man rode on air it was me, for all I was thirty-one years old and thought I was through with suchlike foolishness. The only worry I had was to be so common and rough and not good enough to touch her little finger.

That was the beginning of my going over to Eagle's Ears regular, often two or three times a week, not counting Sundays; and I can't look back on it even now without a jump under the ribs. Miss Reardon was always the same, grave and kind, but Amy—she was Amy to me now—I never knew how I was going to find her, she was that capricious. Sometimes she was all love and kisses, with everything settled and us married next month; then, again, she was cold and I was only a cowpuncher and if it weren't for Miss Reardon she would leave that minute and go on the stage back East. But I wasn't to be put off, whatever she did or said, though never was a man played up and down like I was. Often she would melt, even in the middle of these worst fits of hers, and throw her arms around my neck and beg me to forgive her—saying she did love me—she did! she did!—and the trouble was I was too good for her—and it was a shame—and why didn't I slap her and make her behave?

Once, when it seemed like everything was over between us, I meaning to saddle my horse and never come back, Miss Reardon followed me out in the dark. I was leaning against a boulder, just sick, and my eyes smarting, when I heard her rustling up close to me.

"You aren't going, Gus?" she said, with a tremble in her voice.

"Can't well stay where I'm not wanted," I said. "She's tired of me and gave me back the ring."

"You mustn't take her too seriously," she says. "She'll come round—she's awfully fond of you, Gus."

"I'm through," I says, bitter as gall. "It's Arizona for mine."

"No, no," she says, real anxious. Then she went on about what a big, true heart I had, and how girls were always like that, not knowing their own minds till it was too late; and how she herself had lost the man she loved so dearly, and that was the reason she had been so free as to interfere—for there was only one thing in the world and that was love. She spoke it very quivering, like it was torn out of her; and when she came to how much she liked me, and how good and kind I'd always been, it was all she could do to go on. Finally we shook hands on it that I was to come back, and she took the ring and promised I would find Amy wearing it when I returned. She stayed with me till I got on my horse and said, with a little rush—like if she didn't talk fast she'd never say it—that any woman would love me for the real man I was.

Sure enough, Amy was wearing the ring the next time I came and danced up wanting to be forgiven; and, my! what a dressing-down she had got from Miss Reardon! Who could be mad with her when she was like that, or remember anything? She was only a kid, after all; and, if sometimes she thought she was throwing herself away, who was I to blame her? She was pretty enough to eat and would have graced a palace, and it was a lot of a come-down to take a cowpuncher, even if he idolized her. It made me feel very different toward Miss Reardon, however, whom I had hardly noticed before, except to say

howdy-do or goodby, or pass the time of day with when Amy was busy. She wasn't a bit prim, as I had thought—only quiet—and every time I talked with her now I liked her better. She had a remarkably pleasant expression and was so good and warm-hearted that she did not seem homely any more. Ever since that night we had grown friends, and I guess there was nothing I wouldn't have done for Miss Reardon had she asked me to. She had certainly done me good with Amy and things ran along much smoother after she had interfered. The day was settled—the sixteenth of October—and it looked like Amy would keep the date. She still had her cold fits—she wouldn't have been Amy if she had always been the same—but on the whole I hadn't anything to complain of. She was awfully sweet and loving, and—— Well, everybody's been there; people may laugh and call it spooning—but I guess it is the most precious part of a man's life just the same and not to be spoken of light. To me, everything good and right and beautiful in the world was centered on Amy.

I hadn't known I was specially popular at the ranch till the news got out. Being foreman, I had to keep order, and was blamed for 'most everything, from the coffee to why the sheepherders had got away without some lead to sit on. It's the foreman's fault if it don't rain or a landslide carries away the fencing. Our boss was an Englishman named FitzJames—Lord Fitz we called him—and there never was a finer gentleman wore shoeleather, or a better rider. Well, Lord Fitz he come up to me and said he was glad to hear it, raising my wages to a hundred and seventy-five and saying his present was a portable cottage—and where would I care to put the silly thing?

Then the boys crowded up, shaking hands, and said I had put it over in great shape—and "Bully for Gus!" Afterward they held a meeting and chipped in five hundred dollars to buy a trousseau for Amy; and even the Chinks came in—all six of them—which nobody had dreamed of. The money was taken over to Taft and put in the Taft National Bank in Amy's name, and I dropped the bankbook in her lap with the boys' compliments.

You can imagine how happy it made her and what a rush there was to write out a list. I tried to see it, but wasn't allowed to—except bits—with her hand held over the rest. There were six cottages to choose from and I wanted the one with a spare room for Miss Reardon. But she only smiled in that quiet way of hers and said, oh! dear me! no; she was going to stay on at Eagle's Ears—and that a lovers' nest was built for two. Nothing could persuade her to come and live with us, which was what Amy and I had planned. She said she loved Nature and solitude; and what had she to be afraid of with a face like hers?—it being that homely, she meant. I guess she didn't know how she had rounded out in the mountain air, nor how fresh and attractive she was becoming. I told her so and she flushed up, saying she was glad I had found something to admire in her except her feet, which, as I said before, were uncommonly small.

One moonlit evening, as I was over to Eagle's Ears and was climbing up the zigzag path we had cut to the cabin—abolishing the chute—it struck me suddenly how strange and silent it all was; and I couldn't make it out. Then I saw what had happened. Rattlesnake Creek had gone out of business! Yes, sir, stone dry—and not a sound where there used to be quite a little roar and a pleasant rumbling and swirling in the deep of the cañon. It couldn't have dried up—that was impossible—for it had been running bigger than usual, owing to the prolonged hot weather and the snow melting. I went on mighty mystified, for it was a good-sized creek—and why had it took and died?

At the cabin I got the facts from both at once, and if ever there was a young woman just crying with rage it was Miss Reardon; as for Amy, she was jumping around like a little tiger. What if the Pratt Power and Development Company hadn't dammed the Siquash River sixteen miles above and thrown Rattlesnake Creek off the map! Cut off every drop at the fountainhead! And if it hadn't been for a spring they had found the girls wouldn't have even enough to drink! Could you beat it? The whole creek stole by a powerful corporation and stuffed in its pocket, along with the waterfall!

The rumpus was something fierce and I was as red-hot as either of them at such shameless robbery. It was an outrage and against all law and reason; and the question was what to do and how to do it quick. After more talk than I can tell of, it was decided for me and Amy to ride right into Taft and consult a lawyer. She had a nice pony I had given her and by the deed was half owner of Eagle's Ears, and so could act. Miss Reardon would have preferred to go in Amy's place, but we were two to one against that; and, anyway, I wouldn't have left Amy all alone for a thousand waterfalls. So off we started for Taft, twenty miles away, just Amy and me and the bankbook, thirsting for the blood of the Pratt Power and Development Company—with Miss Reardon left behind, thirsting too.

We rested twice on the way, for twenty miles is no slouch of a ride for a girl, and galloped into town in time for early breakfast at Mrs. Treadwell's boarding house, where we were both acquainted. Afterward we went to the only lawyer I knew, State Senator Cocks, who managed the boss' legal business; he listened to us most patient in an inner office on a swivel chair. When Amy was through he leaned back most genial and said: "Of course I can't touch it; I am the general counsel for the Pratt Power and Development Company!"

I thought that ended it and was nudging Amy to go, but he says: "Hold on—not so fast, young fellow." Then he talked and talked about the foolishness of bucking against a million-dollar corporation and how at law it was always the long purse that won. "It oughtn't to be so," he says, "but it is, and everybody knows it." It seemed to be his idea that sensible people compromised for what they could get and he asked Amy right out what she would take for her and Miss Reardon's share of Rattlesnake Creek. When she cried out it wasn't for sale, and what sort of a man was he to stand up for such barefaced robbery, he took it just as kind and fatherly as before and never turned a hair.

"I don't blame you," he said. "You've certainly every right to complain—but the company needs the water and is evidently going to keep it. Why not leave it to me, who hates to see anybody imposed on—even under the form of law—to get you substantial justice?" he said.

"What do you call substantial justice?" asked Amy.

"About fifteen hundred dollars," he said; "and, since you set such a store by the waterfall, perhaps they might let it run for you every Sunday afternoon."

Amy rose up, trembling.

"There's justice somewhere and I am going to get it!" she cries. "Come along, Gus, before I burst."

We Went at it With a Whoop, Only Asking: "What Next?"

The senator looked sort of sad, and surprised me again by saying he couldn't blame us, though all we would end in getting was the little end of nothing. "Money's king in this country," he says, escorting us to the door; and then, quite interested, he turns and asks me: "Surely you're the one they call Soft-Nosed Gus, who took Tuttle, the bandit?"

"Oh, he wasn't any bandit!" I explained, most sarcastic. "He was simply a small-scale corporation, who couldn't show a charter from the state legislature—a little Power and Development Company, with a sawed-off shotgun!"

I guess that stung him all right—and if it didn't it ought to.

Taft was loaded up with lawyers; yet, for fear of falling into bad hands, we went back to Mrs. Treadwell's and got her to advise us. It was lucky we did so, for it seemed she knew the very one we were looking for. This was a young fellow fresh from the East named Porter Nesbit, and she couldn't say enough in praise of him. He boarded with her and that was what made her so sure of him, seeing him every day and sizing him up. She said if a landlady didn't know a man nobody did, and that he was a yard wide and all wool, and a lot more about his being swell-connected and good to his mother.

So Amy and me we chased after him, and he seemed as pleased to see us as we were to see him. He was a very pale, slight young man, with lightning socks, which we had a good view of on his desk before he whipped his legs off. He apologized very nice for being taken by surprise—and what could he do for us? Then Amy went into the whole matter, him listening with his long, thin hands together, like he was praying. When she was done he asked some questions and had Amy show him Eagle's Ears on the map, and Rattlesnake Creek and the place the company had dammed.

Then it did our hearts good the way he roused up and said it was an outrage, and how he would swear out an injunction right off before Judge Malcolm and have it served on Senator Cocks inside an hour. He was certainly everything Mrs. Treadwell had represented, and it was fine the way he took hold in spite of his socks and the dude air he had. If it had been his own creek he couldn't have felt worse at its being cut off; and he spoke about "corporate greed" and "corporate crime" till the perspiration stood out on his pale forehead, and he hammered lawbooks and exploded.

Then he got his hat and off we traipsed to court, where Judge Malcolm was trying some sort of a case and was stopped in the middle of it to hear ours; or, rather, he wouldn't hear ours, but said come back later and he would see Mr. Nesbit "in chambers." Mr. Nesbit explained that meant noon; and when Amy fretted he said she was not to worry a bit and would find the creek running as good as new when she got back to Eagle's Ears. He said a lot more: as how the injunction was only the first step, and if the company showed fight we would take proceedings and collect a hundred dollars a day for every day they stole the water out of the creek. Our "riparian rights" had been attacked and there wasn't a director who couldn't be made personally responsible, both civil and criminal.

Then Amy, who had been worrying about my being away from the ranch without leave, said why shouldn't I go back and let her attend to things with Mr. Nesbit? She said she would hire a buckboard and driver from the livery-stable, and I need not have any fear. When I objected to her going all that long way, with nobody but a strange man, Mr. Nesbit he asked most pressing if he couldn't have the honor of escorting her; and anyway he ought to see the creek and talk to Miss Reardon. I didn't like the arrangement two cents' worth, hating to have Amy out of my sight and grudging her company to anybody—even a little whiffet like this here Porter Nesbit. But she had settled it that way, and rather than quarrel, which always came so easy to her and me, I said all right, since she wished it, and went off mighty blue.

Naturally I had to take in Miss Reardon to pass the news, though it meant another ten miles, and me tired with having no sleep the night before—and I was just beginning to tell it to her when suddenly she clapped her hands; and, lo and behold! there was the poor old Rattlesnake coming to life again and rushing over the falls! Any feeling I might have had against Porter Nesbit disappeared at the sight, for it showed that the injunction had landed and how wise we had been to have retained him. The pirates had been made to disgorge the creek and with a hustler like him on their trail it was not likely they would bother us any longer. Miss Reardon could have cried she was that delighted, and I left her sitting on the rocks, gloating.

But the Pratt Power and Development Company did not intend to let go of the creek as easy as that, and Porter Nesbit was forever coming out to Eagle's Ears with law-papers to be signed and questions to ask, till I got sick of having him around—he had grown that solid with Amy. He called her that now and she called him Porter—and there he was, sleeping on the porch nights and eying me supercilious. But how was I to stop it? And for once Miss Reardon was against me, for hadn't he saved the creek? He knew all about books and theaters, and it was William Faversham this and Richard Le Gallienne that, and all the rest of it, with me sitting with my mouth shut and grinding inside. I believe he did it apurpose to show what a poor, lowdown, knownothing cowpuncher I was—I who could have lifted him with one hand or shot his vest buttons off at twenty paces.

The sixteenth of October was coming nearer and nearer, and I could think of that and dream pictures in my cigarette smoke while they talked their actors and poetry-books and left me out—the portable cottage nicely fixed up, and Amy running to kiss me when the day's work was done, and us snug in our little nest, happier than happy. I guess I had poetry too, but mine was hid deep down in my heart.

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THE BRITISH BUSINESS MIND

Its Roots in the Mighty Past—By James H. Collins

DECORATION BY JOHN R. NEILL

"Some Say James the First, Sir, But They Mostly Attribute It to Henry the Eighth"

ONE night, in the smoking compartment of a Pullman, traveling through a Western state, an English tourist rang for the porter and ordered a whisky-and-soda.

"Sorry, boss, but you'll have to wait 'bout an hour," said the colored brother. "We's agoin' through a prohibition belt."

The Briton became rather bitter in his comments on teetotalism and the Yankee idea of personal liberty; and went on to scold steam heating, American manners and other outstanding features of what we fondly imagine to be our civilization. Nobody took up the issue with him until he began to criticise our women. Then an elderly Westerner put a question:

"Young man, isn't this your first visit to the United States?"

"Yes, it is," replied the critic; "and I hope it will be the last."

"Well, I reckon I know how you feel about it," said the Westerner. "On this first trip you'll miss a whole lot of things you're accustomed to at home. It was so the first time I went to England. I couldn't keep warm, couldn't find a decent barber shop, didn't like the weather, or the ways, or the people. Your country lacked so many conveniences that I came home and told folks you were in the Middle Ages. When I went back a second time it was astonishing how many excellent things and ways I found that we hadn't got—and it has been so on several trips I've made since. Young man, you come back to America again if you have a chance and you'll begin to see that we have a lot of good things in this country too."

The Relation of Precedent to Profit

THE first time an American business man goes to London either for a vacation or to carry out some project he finds the town slow and antiquated. British business is often transacted in dingy offices that might not be passed as sanitary cow stables by one of our milk inspectors. Solemn "clarks" explore huge old-fashioned ledgers under one wretched gaslight and their boss sits in a private office that is really a cell by our standards, in keeping with the prevalent British belief that business is a form of penal servitude, with hard labor. There is much secrecy—the Briton has a traditional belief that the best business is the kind that can be hidden. There is much gloom—he complains of lack of trade when, to the American's eye, possibilities lie dormant all around. The whole business fabric seems full of inconsistency, inefficiency and circumlocution on this first visit.

By-and-by the Yankee goes over again or his project keeps him in London long enough to enable him to get below the more obvious surface differences. Then he finds many methods and principles to admire and adopt. The Britisher in the cell-like private office held off suspiciously the first few times the American called upon him, but at last they entered upon a few transactions and grew to know one another. Presently the American got a conception of the immense solidity of British connections. The Britisher in the cell seemed pretty small potatoes when measured by our houses at home, and the Yankee suspected that there might be something crooked about his rating. In time, however, he found that British commercial standing is not gauged by the oriental rugs of a private office, and that the pettiness and shabbiness of business quarters give no clue whatever to magnitude. It developed that the Britisher in the cell had a great warehouse down near the docks and connections running back two generations in Calcutta, Shanghai and Yokohama. The American began to grasp the worldwide scope of British trade and to bring to light the vast hidden machinery for handling it.

The British business mind travels in a curious rut. There is an old story about a Yankee in London who saw a silk hat moving through the mud down the middle of Fleet Street. Looking closer, he discovered there was the face of an Englishman under it.

"Well, my friend," said the American, "you seem to be in rather deep out there."

"Deep!" was the Englishman's reply. "You may well say that—I'm on top of an omnibus."

The British business mind is in even deeper. It travels in ways worn by the past. The American business mind, still largely of the first or second generation, operating far from the older commercial communities and often innocent of international commercial customs, does not easily grasp the underlying sense of British affairs, for there is so much nonsense on the surface.

On the day an American arrives in London he begins to encounter this strange factor—the past. At home there isn't any past. He has always gone ahead in a direct line, by himself. If he wanted to reach the consumer, and an old trade custom intervened, he walked through it. If he thought he had a better way of doing anything he was not at all disturbed by what others had done or were doing. But in London he finds the past everywhere, thick as mud, and deals with an English face under a "topper," which assures him that it is on top of an omnibus. If the Yankee protests that this is a roundabout way of doing business the face assures him that it is quite regular, and that it has always been done just that way, and that this is the hat its father wore and good enough for it.

An American construction engineer was putting up a new office building in London. At one corner of the site stood an old brick tenement. In digging foundations its wall was slightly fractured. The engineer had anticipated something of the sort.

"There; she's cracked," he said. "Now I'll go direct to the owner, settle the damage man to man and save time."

When the owner was asked to estimate his damage, however, he referred the American to his estate agent, saying:

"That's a matter of building and very complicated, you know. I couldn't put a price on it—never did such a thing in my life."

The estate agent, in turn drew a long face.

"Damage to one of our buildings! Oh, but I say, my dear fellow, that's very complex—very. We shall have to refer you to our solicitor."

The solicitor also assumed a serious professional expression.

"Matters of building are extremely knotty. Must settle in regular legal form, of course. Give me the name of your solicitor."

So the engineer handed the case over to his company's lawyer. The two solicitors agreed that they would be unsafe in proceeding farther with a complex matter like building without the advice of quantity surveyors. Each side appointed its own quantity surveyor; the latter experts solemnly inspected the crack and reported. Ultimately damages of two hundred and fifty dollars were awarded. This was no more than the engineer had expected to pay the owner direct; so he lost nothing but time. The owner got only seventeen dollars—the rest went for fees and costs!

The American points out that such procedure is inconsistent. The Britisher admits it; but he says that is the regular procedure. The thing has always been done that way. He would rather be regular than right. He thinks of precedent first and profit afterward.

When a Board is no Board at All

WHEN our business routine is wrong it is commonly in some detail that has not yet been thought out and provided for; but when the British routine is wrong it is because the established way does not happen to be exactly consistent in this particular case. Inconsistencies do not worry John Bull at all. Much of the enjoyment of his existence comes from the abounding inconsistencies of his social, political and commercial fabric. The British Board of Trade, for instance, is not a board at all and has virtually nothing to do with trade. The Lords of the Treasury are not lords and have practically no connection with the treasury, apart from drawing their salaries. When the Yankee hears of such instances he protests: "How foolish!" But the Britisher says: "How jolly British!" Once upon a time, when he was young, perhaps he looked into a few such cases and found that they had started so far back in the past that nobody was to blame; now he regards inconsistencies as purely impersonal.

A New Yorker, establishing a branch office in London, encountered a thoroughly senseless trade custom whereby he had to pay a commission for no value rendered whatever. When he protested, everybody said it had always been done that way. Getting nowhere after a week of objections, he paid it in disgust. Next month it came up again and he held out two weeks. Everybody conceded that it might be unjust, but said it had always been done, you know. So he paid it once more. By-and-by it came up a third time.

"Teddy," he said to his English head clerk, "I want you to put on your hat and find out who is responsible

for this practice. Everybody follows it and nobody knows why. Don't come back till you run it right to headquarters."

Teddy was gone most of that day.

"Well, have you found the man who started it?" asked the boss when he returned.

"Yes, sir—that is, next to it, sir. There's a difference of opinion. Some say James the First, sir, but they mostly attribute it to Henry the Eighth."

The Yankee in London will hardly be happy or get anywhere until he adopts the British view of inconsistencies.

In a venerable London chophouse a thorough Johnny Bull got into a dispute with a thoroughly British waiter. He had eaten turbot and had a second helping, which was charged in the bill.

"But here!" complained the customer. "Turbot is the same price as roast beef and you never charge for a second cut of that. Why should I pay for another helping of turbot?"

"Cawn't say, sir," said the waiter. "Rule of the 'ouse. We've always done it, sir; and the 'ouse 'as been 'ere since 1787."

The customer turned for sympathy to an American at the same table.

"It's not very consistent," agreed the latter, who had had long experience in England; "but you must admit that it's very British. Really, I think it's just these little inconsistencies that give charm and character to English life."

"Why, that's so! You're quite right," agreed the customer; and the suggestion so delighted him that he paid at once. The reflection that though a thing is inconsistent it is also very British constantly leads John Bull to pay much heavier items than a second helping of fish

The Yankee business mind looks forward and expects all good of the future. It believes conditions are going to be better this year than they have ever been before and invites you to wait a while and watch it grow. It has an optimism and a willingness to make mistakes most disquieting to staid London. The British business mind, on the contrary, habitually looks backward, and tries to safeguard against mistakes by drawing on the wisdom of the fathers. That makes necessary two unhealthy assumptions—that the fathers were better than ourselves and that we are a fallen generation. So the British business mind is pessimistic and expects little of the future.

The chairman of a British joint-stock company can take a piece of good news, such as a dividend, and announce it so that it sounds like a disaster. He will begin by reminding the stockholders that their company has never paid a dividend. True, this year there is a dividend, due to an unexpected fall in the price of coal and a reduction in expenses. But the outlook for next year is not promising; in fact, it is gloomy—most gloomy.

The Yankee business mind will stand discounting. It is wisdom to take twenty-five per cent off its proposition, thirty-three per cent off its expectations and a flat fifty off its clothes. But, with the British business mind, all the discounts have been taken off by itself already; and it is often advisable to stick on a reasonable percentage, because it apologizes for favorable conditions and hedges itself about with checks and safeguards.

In a London house of more than a hundred years' standing there was a confidential clerk who had been in the firm's employ fifty years. He knew everything that had ever been done in his time. The proprietor consulted him in every important matter; and the old fellow would say: "Don't do that, for we did the same thing in 1868 and so-and-so happened." The proprietor was always satisfied to abide by such counsel, and in his time the business never grew. When his son came into the management he consulted the old clerk too; but, when the latter said that so-and-so would surely happen if a certain thing were done, the son went ahead and did it anyway, using the old chap's warning as foreknowledge to guide him through the consequences. The house then expanded so greatly that an optimistic Australian was made manager. He immediately pensioned the veteran to get him out of the office.

"But it is very unwise to dispense with his knowledge of past errors," was British comment.

"His knowledge is out of date," said the Australian. "What we want now is a lot of brand-new mistakes suited to the present generation." Under this policy the business has nearly doubled

The British business mind rather lacks imagination. A New York sales manager got to thinking that there must be money in toothpowder. He went to a pharmaceutical house and secured prices on a formula, asked for quotations on tin boxes and printing, figured out a complete advertising and marketing campaign, devised means of getting capital and spent several weeks developing his scheme, even talking it over with his wife. When the whole scheme was in shape, however, he tore up all the plans and forgot it, because his present work gave him plenty of opportunity. The British business mind would hardly let imagination lead it that far. It likes to deal with actualities. Its basic quality is stability. Where we develop novelties, it sticks to staples; and where we seek new ways of marketing, it sends goods through timeworn trade channels. Our enterprises show wonderful growth from year to year—if they last. The Briton's usually last, but show little growth. When these two different minds come together they strike sparks.

A young Englishman got a job in New York. At home he had been fond of economics. An eminent Boston professor was to lecture on an economic subject. The Englishman went to hear him, taking an armful of books. As the argument unfolded he got his authorities ready and

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THE SIN OF HOMELINESS

THE DUTY OF EVERY WOMAN TO BE WELL DRESSED

By Woods Hutchinson, A.M., M.D.

ILLUSTRATED BY Z. P. NIKOLAKI

"Favor is Deceitful and Beauty is Vain," but While They Last They are Irresistible

ALL that glitters is not gold, but, as Mr. Dinkelspiel shrewdly comments, "if it does glidder you can bet id aind't mud!" Fine feathers may not make fine birds, but they do fix their price in the avian market. A bird of paradise sells for ten times as much as a Plymouth Rock—and always will. The line—

If you get beauty and naught else beside,
You get about the best thing God invents—

is good sense and sound biology as well as good poetry.

A homely woman or an ugly man may have a heart of gold and an intellect of pure diamonds, but they have got to work long and hard to prove it to a Missourian world; though a Venus or an Apollo will find both facts taken for granted in advance. All they have to do is to avoid making absolute fools of themselves. The woman who is beautiful and vivacious, and not actually feeble-minded, will be endowed with all the graces of mind and soul by three-fourths of all who see her on the street, while the most highly intellectual frump will often be set down as stupid and crabbed, purely on the strength of her appearance.

In fine, beauty, to a woman of average intelligence and character—indeed, to any one with intelligence enough to keep out of an institution for the feeble-minded and character enough to steer clear of jail—is her most valuable single asset from a worldly standpoint. To surrender it is like discarding the aces in the great game of life.

The alleged and oft-asserted superiority, in saw and sermon, of good sense to good looks, and character to comeliness, is, like all proverbs, two-thirds false and one-third based upon the chronological fact that these admirable but uninteresting qualities will usually last longer than beauty does. "Favor is deceitful and beauty is vain" simply in the sense that both will fade; but while they last they are irresistible—and that's why the moralist and theologian have always hated and denounced them so. They are desperately afraid of beauty and so try to poohpooh it, much as a boy whistles to keep his courage up in passing a churchyard at night. Unspoiled and unregenerate humanity was right and the moralists wrong!

Our admiration—yes, our worship—of beauty is based upon the soundest and sanest of biologic bases. Beauty is the outward and visible sign of the inward and spiritual grace—health! It is the best single evidence that we possess not merely of health but of efficiency and ability as well. The average good looks of any group of great men or influential women is always distinctly and usually strikingly higher than that of a mediocre or random group of the same size

In fact, in the last analysis, for each race the term beauty, of both face and figure, means that type of appearance which is most often associated with health, efficiency and endurance. "But," wail the croakers in chorus, "appearances are deceitful." And so they are—to fools. The wise man finds them his most invaluable guide, with proper deductions and corrections; and the fool will be "stung" anyway, whatever principle of judgment he selects—so he doesn't count!

That beauty is the index of efficiency would probably be challenged, so far as beauty of face is concerned; but there can be little argument in regard to beauty of figure. In all ages the ideal figures, the models of beauty and of grace that artists have delighted to sculpture and painters to draw, have been the warrior, the wrestler, the runner, the athlete among men, and the dancer, the huntress and the actress among women.

"Handsome is as handsome does" has been the matter-of-fact, self-evident motto of every age. Indeed, the standards of both male and female beauty have often suffered severely from the ridiculous moulds into which they were forced by the demands of utility. Kalmuck Tatars prefer a woman to be moonfaced and square-shouldered; and the Basuto Kaffirs literally buy their wives by the pound and have the same word for fatness and for beauty. In the Middle Ages popular taste demanded that a woman should be a sort of oversexed

cow-mother, with build and intelligence to match, which accounts for the porpoise-like female atrocities upon the canvases of Rubens, Rembrandt and Paul Veronese.

Where woman is regarded as a beast of burden the lines of her figure tend to become those of the Percheron; but when she is valued for quickness of both body and wit, for gracefulness, cheerfulness, health and endurance, then her lines become those of the thoroughbred racehorse, the deer, the greyhound and the yacht. Beauty means symmetry, balance, proportion, gracefulness—in other words, efficiency, economy of energy and endurance.

Every line of beauty is not merely a line of health but of speed and endurance as well.

The little blind god was not such a fool as he is generally counted when he made the "young man's fancy" demand beauty first in his life-partner, with as much brain-cargo as he could get therewith as an after consideration. Good looks—and good temper and good health, which usually accompany them—are far more desirable qualities in the family circle and much more likely to be transmitted to the next generation than either brains or piety. Vice versa, every line, every tint, every texture that makes for ugliness, makes for, or indicates, ill health, inefficiency or ill temper. It is no mere coincidence that "ugly" means, in popular acceptance, spiteful and vicious almost as often as unbeautiful; and that "hideous" means distorted, deformed and even diseased, as well as what is repellent to the sense of beauty. Half of the doddering old proverb, "Beauty is only skin-deep, but ugliness goes to the bone," is true. Ugliness is fundamental, but so is beauty as well. Unattractive expressions are due to tricks of temper and bad habits of mind or body. Be cheerful and wholesome and you'll look it.

What Shall It Profit Her to Gain the Whole World and Lose Her Own Health and Good Looks?

Concerning Good Tempers and Grecian Noses

A PERFECTLY healthy, wholesome, normal human being hardly can be ugly. The converse is equally true—that ninety per cent of men, ninety-five per cent of women and ninety-nine per cent of children who are healthy, wholesome and happy are beautiful in the sense of being pleasant to look upon; or, at least, in the expressive vernacular phrase, "easy to look at."

Neither men nor women, by taking thought, can add a cubit to their stature, but they can add, at least, a share of good looks to their equipment. This is not to say that any conceivable amount of hygienic "taking thought" will turn more than one individual in a thousand into an Apollo or a Venus.

Beauty, like every other form of distinction and genius, is born, not made; and those fortunate ones who inherit it are raised thereby to the proudest and most enviable aristocracy on earth. Just as ninety-five per cent of us are born normal and healthy, and will grow into strong men and true women if we are only properly fed and played and slept and ventilated, and as the normal is the beautiful, so every one of us has at least one chance and most of us five or six possibilities of being beautiful if we'll only claim our birthright and live wholesomely, fearlessly and happily in the open air and sunlight all the year round. Be natural and you'll be beautiful!

It is a painful but significant truth that most of us were far more beautiful as babies than we ever have been since. It is the Golden Age of beauty to which we can all look back, the only time in our lives when we were perfectly natural. Nearly everything that makes a man or woman homely comes from bad habits or bad surroundings. Homeliness, nine times out of ten, is home-made.

Whenever women cease to be children and men forget to be boys it is time the fool-killer got busy. What women most delight in in their husbands is the irrepressible boy; and men prize few things in their wives above the beautiful enthusiasm, the inexhaustible spontaneity and bubble of childhood.

Of course there must be, to boot, courage in the man and devotion and good sense in the woman; but these are the common racial characteristics of wholesome, natural humanity; otherwise *vox populi* would not be *vox Dei*.

Just as in other departments of education, whatever we do intelligently to improve our bodies improves our minds, or such rudiments thereof as we may possess; so everything that we do to improve intelligently and permanently our good looks will improve our health, our efficiency and our dispositions. Good temper is just as essential to lasting beauty as a good digestion is; and the liver has far more to do with both than the heart—in the theological sense. Ninety-nine per cent of humanity is born good and will remain so if we will only let it be natural and healthy. Though, perhaps, it might be generally conceded that beauty of figure to a considerable degree coincides and runs parallel with health, strength and efficiency, it would be almost as promptly denied that beauty of face had any such connotations. Yet, the more carefully we study and analyze it—so far as such an intangible and indefinite charm can be analyzed—the closer do we find this relation to be. Most handsome faces are wholesome faces; and exceedingly few physical defectives, criminals, or lunatics are good looking.

A rather careful study of the architecture of the human face, both in pictures and life, leads me more and more strongly to the conclusion that the commonest element of what we term ugliness, or positive homeliness in a face is underhung, overhung or otherwise misformed or crooked jaws and irregular teeth. You may not be able to make your child beautiful by putting him in the hands of an intelligent dentist, but you can prevent him from growing up "downright homely." Every type of nose, from the prow-like straightness and elegance of the Grecian to the curve of the aquiline and the "tip-tilted flower" of the retroussé, has its admirers and its exquisite lines; but noses must be straight in the bridge, well expanded in the nostrils and long enough to make the latter open downward instead of forward, in order to be beautiful. In other words, they must be straight air inlets, high enough above the face to provide plenty of breath passage; full and elastic enough in the nostrils to be capable of wide distention in emergencies, such as a fight or a run for life.

The downward slope of the nostril is chiefly a matter of protecting the delicate and elaborate breath-filter apparatus within from dust and injury. It is a singular and significant fact that no type of nose with straight, forward-opening nostrils has ever been able to get out of the tropics, or out of the lowest negroid class. The perpetual and inborn reciprocity that exists in the body politic—however difficult reciprocity may be to secure in politics—the size, beauty and unobstructedness of the nose, has a tremendous influence upon the symmetry and beauty of the jaws and teeth. The teeth of the mouth-breather are always crooked and prone to an early decay; and his jaws are irregular and deformed.

The greatest single element in fairness of face—color, or complexion—has relations to health and vigor so obvious that it is scarcely necessary to allude to them. Richness and freshness of color are richness and purity of blood and vigor of circulation. These mean good food, good digestion, plenty of fresh air and plenty of play. A good complexion emphatically comes from within; only imitations, and poor ones at that, can be painted, plastered or rubbed on from without. The only permanent tints that a woman can put upon her face, the only "oil-colors" of face painting, are the crimson of pure blood, the bloom of health and the silky luster of perfect and immaculate cleanness, both internal and external. The only complexion worth having is the one like "the smile that won't come off." A good complexion "comes from the bone."

In fine, it is not too much to say the human face that has clean, clear skin, warmed with the glow of pure blood, bright, well-opened eyes, straight, unobstructed nose, good teeth and symmetrical jaws can hardly fail to be beautiful in the sense of being pleasant to look at. Certainly the converse is overwhelmingly true that, no matter how blue or oval or lambent an eye may be, if it has inflamed lids it is ugly; no matter how Grecian or aquiline or charmingly retroussé a nose, if it is blocked by catarrh it is offensive. No matter how large and white and shining teeth may be, if they are ragged and overlapping or project from the lips, "whopper-jaw" fashion, they are homely. Disease, like death, levels all ranks; and the dust out of which we are constructed promptly becomes mud at the least touch of unwholesomeness.

All the eyes that come into the ophthalmic clinic and the noses that come to the nose and throat hospital rate as "culls" and "screenings" in the beauty-market reports and quotations.

A distinguished eye surgeon tells a good story of his hospital days. Three other young, newly fledged oculists and himself were chatting in their quarters in the hospital when the conversation turned, as was natural in young men, upon the beauty of different colors of eyes—in their own sex, of course. One championed the superior brilliancy and sparkle of the blue eye, another the depth and fire of the brown, while the third was all for the clear, cool light of the hazel. After they had exhausted their eloquence, with the usual effect of confirming themselves in their original opinions, the fourth young sawbones suddenly broke in: "I don't care a hang about your blue eyes, or your brown eyes, or your gray eyes! Just give me sore eyes and plenty of 'em—and I'll be happy!"

It is a significant fact that every composite photograph of fifty or more individuals is not only distinctly good looking, but more so than the apparent average of the group. The fundamental elements of the face and features the things that have survived and made for survival for a thousand generations past—are the elements that make for what we term beauty; though the peculiarities that stamp the individual, that make individuality, are much more likely to be defects than virtues. Wipe out your abnormalities and you will improve your looks as well as your health.

The Business of Being Beautiful

IF THERE be this close and inseparable connection between good looks and health and efficiency, why, under Heaven, should we not frankly recognize it and train our boys and girls for beauty as well as for any other quality that will make for success in life! Nay, why should they not be frankly taught not merely to desire beauty—for that they do already instinctively—but how it may best be secured and maintained—what their own good points and passable features are and how these may be best improved and supported by wholesome training, good food and fresh air, and also by dress, carriage and deportment? The only reason why we don't is that we haven't yet completely outgrown and lived down that miserable monkish conception of our bodies and our looks as something to be ashamed of and to despise.

The Greeks had none of this diseased self-consciousness, and look what men and women they bred!—not merely the fine athletes, the most stalwart fighters, the most beautiful and perfect models of manly and womanly beauty and grace that the sun has ever yet shone upon, but the ablest statesmen, the profoundest philosophers, the greatest empire builders, the most gifted artists and architects, the most brilliant dramatists and the most inspired poets of all time! They had, of course, their defects and their limitations; individually, perhaps, almost everything that they did has been equaled if not excelled, but collectively they have never been matched or even paralleled—the finest single flower that has ever yet blossomed upon the human stem. Yet they were athletes, warriors, gymnasts and dancers first—and statesmen, philosophers, architects, poets and geniuses second.

The Greeks Bred the Most Beautiful Models of Womanly Beauty the Sun Ever Shone Upon

The only great defect in the Greek scheme of things was that, though recognizing the supreme value and importance of beauty and its close connection with vigor and intellect in men, it failed to do so adequately and universally in women.

We have not progressed as far beyond the Greek standards of feminine character and duty as might be desired, but we are improving; and among the most hopeful signs of the day is woman's growing determination

to assert her right to be beautiful, at no matter what possible inconvenience and disturbance of peace of mind to man. As usual, she is profoundly and biologically right!

Woman's right to be beautiful is so profoundly and inseparably her right to health, happiness and self-respect that there are few circumstances under which she is justified in sacrificing it for the benefit of any person or consideration whatever. When she gives up her beauty, her charm, she renounces a part of her higher self. Sacrifice on the part of one individual, nine times out of ten, simply feeds selfishness in another; and the woman who gives up her beauty to become a household drudge, or a slave to her children, or the puppet of convention, has made herself thereby a less fit wife and a poorer mother—and at the same time most powerfully lessened her influence upon those whom she is trying to benefit. Those who are readiest to take advantage of her sacrifices are the first to forget them. No one has any right to a monopoly of self-denial; let other people have a chance at it. If you don't respect yourself how can you expect any one else to do so?

The standards of character and conduct for women have been chiefly constructed by man and devised with an eye beautifully single to his own comfort of body and peace of mind. Relatively few men fall in love with their wives on account of their brains or their piety; and few will remain in love for any such reasons. When a man begins to praise solely the good judgment and devotion and noble character of his wife it's time for her to take a vacation and get some new clothes.

Be Cheerful and Wholesome and You'll Look It

The chief foes of beauty in all ages are the deadliest foes of health—underfeeding, overwork, foul air, insufficient sleep, lack of amusement and play. When these requirements are insisted upon—these fundamental and inalienable rights of children, wherever born, and of all women and men, wherever placed—the race will be as much improved in handsomeness as in health.

We should take advantage of this most powerful instinct in our favor, train our children for beauty as well as for health and intellect, and recast the working and living conditions of both men and women with an eye to this supreme grace as well as to health and efficiency. Let boys and girls be frankly taught, first, what the ideals of beauty for the human figure and face are; and, second, how far they depart from or conform to them and by what means their strong points can be improved and their weak ones built up. The remedies will, nine times out of ten, be simply those of the modern intelligent gymnasium, or school of physical education. Baseball, tennis, swimming, boating, dancing, skating, riding, skipping, fencing—these are the sacred rites of both Venus and Hygeia.

The Partnership of Health and Good Taste

THERE is not a whit more danger of thereby making children self-conscious or conceited than by our present method of concentrating all their attention upon their mental superiority and their moral defects. It is little short of imbecile to imagine, because they are not taught to consider these things—indeed, are rather discouraged from doing so—that therefore such ideas do not enter into their minds. Every unspoiled boy—every healthy girl—thinks, and thinks a great deal, about his or her looks, as may be seen at once by their extreme sensitiveness to any reflections upon the same; the important point is whether they shall have right and intelligent standards of thinking upon the subject.

We are not one whit too eager for beauty—too ready to pay any price for it. The only trouble is that we often have wrong ideas of what beauty is. Once get wholesome standards of beauty established in boys' or girls' minds, and they can hardly worship them too devoutly.

Though our standards of fairness of face and form are in the main sound, it is in the realm of beauty of dress and apparel that the most extraordinary divergences and absurdities occur. It has been the custom, not merely of the moralist but of the physician and the hygienist as well, to throw up their hands in despair whenever the subject of dress in general—and woman's dress in particular—is mentioned. This is as unnecessary as it is cowardly, for when once the subject is intelligently studied it is found that the true standards of beauty in dress are almost as absolutely parallel with the requirements of health and efficiency as they are in face and figure.

Any dress, to be artistically beautiful, must, first, not conceal unduly the outlines of the body; second, must not interfere with free, graceful and healthy movements of both body and limbs; third, must ventilate the skin and allow it to breathe freely; and, fourth, must be spotlessly clean. If these requirements of fit, shape and texture are complied with and the colors match or contrast suitably with those of eyes, complexion and hair, the garment will almost necessarily be beautiful—or at least, elegant and in good taste.

The absurd vulgarities and contortions insisted upon by fashion—the waistline that changes from that of the wasp to that of the alligator; the hats that dwindle to a rosette above one ear or expand to a whole roof garden, with balconies; the skirts that balloon out into the crinoline or skimp down into the mummy-case lines of the "hobble" are chiefly due to an utter ignorance of the standards of real beauty and artistic grace. This is largely because children have been supplied with superabundant instruction and drill upon standards of morals and of intellect, but none whatever in canons of taste and standards of beauty.

Changes of fashion and of cut there are and always will be, just as the outward face of Nature changes with each successive season. Men and women, being but overgrown children, must have perpetual change, else they weary of one another; and as they cannot readily change their minds and bodies, they must change their costumes. It is so much easier for a woman to make up her face than to make up her mind. A woman in a new frock feels like a new woman and acts accordingly; and her variability—"her infinite variety"—is her chiefest and most potent charm. When she loses that magic power, then she is old and uninteresting but never before. If a man gets tired of his wife's or sister's dress he has taken the first step toward getting tired of the wearer. Monotony of dress is in every way as deadly and inexcusable as monotony of diet.

Those eccentricities and monstrosities of headgear, and absurdities and caricatures of footwear and body-drapery, which provoke the jeers of the small boy and the tears of angels, are neither necessary to nor inseparable from a most ardent worship of beauty and a natural and wholesome love of variety. They are simply the result of ignorance and bad taste, born of the utter neglect—indeed reprobation—of the pursuit of beauty in our system of education.

We have been devoting, for generations, our best brains to the culture of our intellects and the elevation of our morals, leaving our fashions to be fixed by the silliest of the Smart Set and the women of the street, and our styles to be determined for us most frequently by illiterate *couturières* and preposterous peacocks, calling themselves designers. The point of view and intellectual plane of these creatures is beautifully typified by a sententious remark made at a recent meeting of a national dress-designers' association, which was accepted by all present and participating in the discussion as being absolutely the last word upon the subject.

We Often Have Wrong Ideas of What Beauty Is

Setting her arms akimbo and thrusting her jaw forward, the expert, Madame McSnorter, summed up the whole matter in one incisive sentence: "Thar ain't no use o' tokkin'; ef ye hain't got style ye hain't got nawthin'!"—"style" being the particular flair of imbecility decreed for that special season by such as the speaker.

When the particular Hindu idol atrocity for the year of grace has been established by such a ukase, nine-tenths of the intelligent, cultured, refined and beauty-loving women of the country fairly tumble over one another in their eagerness to bow down before it and make themselves like unto it. As a crusher-out of individuality and wholesome beauty, the modern god, Style, has the car of Juggernaut "beaten to a frazzle."

These extravagances are merely the result of our attitude of frank and cheerful idiocy toward beauty and its claims; and the best way to abolish them is to encourage the banner of revolt which the natural taste and good sense of woman has already raised against the adoption of any style or mode whatever—no matter what its popularity or universal charm—which does not happen to be becoming and beautiful to her personally.

Women are becoming courageous enough deliberately and impersonally to study their own type and faces—to pick out and adopt the particular cut of collar, or length of sleeve, or mode of robe and girdle, which is most becoming and effective for them; in fact, they are coming to create their own styles; to charm by being themselves instead of imitating somebody else—to be beautiful by being natural, which is the only real and lasting beauty there is. This type of beauty will never fade. Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale her infinite variety. Elegance is age-proof. Every woman who is charming at eighteen may be charming at eighty if she will. The secret of remaining ever young is never quite to grow up. Never think yourself middle-aged, never give up to being shapeless and you never will be. Keep on playing three hours a day in the open air and taking ten hours of sleep with the windows open, and you'll never know you're old. The present styles and extravagances are devised primarily for the good of trade, to encourage the spending of large amounts of money and the destruction of bales of dress goods in the barbaric joy of what Zueblin aptly calls "Conspicuous Waste."

The Men Grumble but They Pay

NOTHING would put a stop to their absurdities quicker than teaching good women the duty of being beautiful and the best methods of attaining that result, instead of leaving this weapon chiefly in the hands of the bad.

To be beautifully and tastefully dressed, something more is required than a full pocketbook and a clever maid. Real beauty in dress has nothing to do with expense or extravagance, as such. Brains and good taste—and, above all, good health, good temper and wholesome methods of living—are far more important and essential than mere money. The simplest and least expensive of materials are often as beautifully colored and as artistically effective as brocaded silk and cloth of gold—and the most artless frock or robe as graceful as the most elaborate confection. Nevertheless, it will seldom happen that whatever expenditure may be needed to produce a really intelligent and artistic result, within or even slightly beyond the reasonable limit of the family exchequer, will be either regretted by the woman or resented by the man of the family. Men may grumble just to "save their faces," but the vast majority of them will willingly pay the most liberal dressmaker's bills for their wives and daughters or sisters, provided they get the results; and they are prouder of the impression made by their womenfolks than of anything else under Heaven. You will have little trouble in getting any money, in reason, from your father or husband if only he finds that you can, in the language of the day, "deliver the goods."

Something More is Required Than a Full Pocketbook and a Clever Maid

(Continued on Page 45)

THE STRANGE JUSTICE

By G. K. CHESTERTON

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL F. FOSTER

"Snuff and Spoilt Prayer-Books and the Insides of Musical Boxes—What"

A STORMY evening of olive silver was closing in as Father Brown, wrapped in a gray Scotch plaid, came to the end of a gray Scotch valley and beheld the strange Castle of Glengyle. It stopped one end of the glen, or hollow, like a blind alley, and it looked like the end of the world. Rising in steep roofs and spires of seagreen slate in the manner of the old French-Scottish château, it reminded an Englishman of the sinister steeple-hats of witches in fairy tales; and the pinewoods that rocked round the green turrets looked by comparison as black as numberless flocks of ravens. This note of a dreamy, almost a sleepy, deviltry was no mere fancy from the landscape; for there did rest on the place one of those clouds of pride and madness and mysterious sorrow that lie more heavily on the noble houses of Scotland than on any other of the children of men.

For Scotland has a double dose of the poison called heredity—the sense of blood in the aristocrat and the sense of doom in the Calvinist.

The priest had snatched a day from his business at Glasgow to meet his friend Flambeau, the amateur detective, who was at Glengyle Castle with another more formal officer, investigating the enigmas of the life and death of the late Earl of Glengyle. That mysterious person was the last representative of a race whose valor, insanity and violent cunning had made them bugbears even among the sinister nobility of their nation in the sixteenth century. None was deeper in that labyrinthine ambition, in chamber within chamber of that palace of lies that was built up around Mary Queen of Scots.

The rhyme in the countryside attested the motive and the result of their machinations candidly:

"As green sap to the simmer trees
Is red gold to the Ogilvies ——"

For many centuries there had never been a decent lord in Glengyle Castle; and with the Victorian era one would have thought that all eccentricities were exhausted. The last Glengyle, however, satisfied his tribal tradition by doing the only thing that was left for him to do: he disappeared. I do not mean that he went abroad. By all accounts he was still in the castle if he was anywhere; but, though his name was in the church register and the big red Peerage, nobody ever saw him under the sun.

If any one saw him it was a solitary manservant, something between a groom and a gardener. He was so deaf that the more businesslike assumed him to be dumb, though the more penetrating declared him to be half-witted. A gaunt, red-haired laborer, with a dogged jaw and chin, but quite blank blue eyes, he went by the name of Israel Gow and was the one silent servant on that deserted estate. The energy with which he dug potatoes, the regularity with which he disappeared into the kitchen, gave people an impression that he was providing for the meals of a superior and that the strange earl was still concealed in the castle. If society needed any further proof that he was there the servant persistently asserted that he was not at home. One morning the provost and the minister—for the Glengyles were Presbyterian—were summoned to the castle. There they found that the gardener, groom and cook had added to his many professions that of an undertaker and had nailed up his noble master in a coffin. With how much or how little further inquiry this odd fact was passed did not as yet very plainly appear; for the thing had never been legally investigated till Flambeau had gone north two or three days before. By then the body of Lord Glengyle—if it was the body—had lain for some time in the little churchyard on the hill.

As Father Brown passed through the dim garden and came under the shadow of the château the clouds were thick and the whole air damp and thundery. Against the last string of the green-gold sunset he saw a black human silhouette—a man in a chimney-pot hat, with a big spade over his shoulder. The combination was queerly suggestive of a sexton, but when Brown remembered the deaf servant who dug potatoes he thought it natural enough. He knew something of the Scotch peasant; he knew the respectability that might well feel it necessary to wear "blacks" for an official inquiry; he knew also the economy that would not lose an hour's digging for that. Even the man's start as the priest went by was consonant enough with the vigilance and jealousy of such a type.

The great door was opened by Flambeau himself, who had with him a lean man, with iron-gray hair and papers in his hand—Inspector Craven, from Scotland Yard. The entrance hall was mostly stripped and empty, but the pale sneering faces of one or two of the wicked Ogilvies looked down out of black periwigs and blackening canvas.

Following them into an inner room, Father Brown found that the allies had been seated at a long oak table, of which their end was covered with scribbled papers, flanked with whisky and cigars. Through the whole of its remaining length it was occupied by detached objects arranged at intervals—objects about as inexplicable as any objects could be. One looked like a small heap of glittering broken glass. Another looked like a high heap of brown dust. A third appeared to be a plain stick of wood.

"You seem to have a sort of geological museum here," he said as he sat down, jerking his head briefly in the direction of the brown dust and the crystalline fragments.

"Not a geological museum," replied Flambeau; "say a psychological museum."

"Oh, come now!" cried the police detective, laughing. "Don't let's begin with such long words."

"Don't you know what psychology means?" asked Flambeau, with friendly surprise. "Psychology means being off your chump."

"Still, I hardly follow," replied the official.

"Well," said Flambeau, "I mean that we've only found out one thing about Lord Glengyle. He was a maniac."

The black silhouette of Gow, with his top hat and spade, passed the window, dimly outlined against the darkening sky. Father Brown stared passively at it and answered.

"I can understand there must have been something odd about the man," he said, "or he wouldn't have buried himself alive or been in such a hurry to bury himself dead. But what makes you think it was lunacy?"

"Well," said Flambeau, "you just listen to the list of things Mr. Craven has found in the house."

"We must get a candle," said Craven suddenly. "A storm is getting up and it's too dark to read."

"Have you found any candles," asked Brown, smiling, "among your oddities?"

Flambeau raised a grave face and fixed his dark eyes on his friend.

"That is curious too," he said. "Twenty-five candles and not a trace of a candlestick."

In the rapidly darkening room and rapidly rising wind Brown went along the table to where a bundle of wax candles lay among the other exhibits. As he did so he bent accidentally over the heap of red-brown dust and a sharp sneeze cracked the silence.

"Hello!" he said. "Snuff!"

He took one of the candles, lit it carefully, came back and stuck it in the neck of the whisky bottle. The unrestful night air blowing through the crazy window waved the long flame like a banner; and on every side of the castle they could hear the miles and miles of black pinewood seething like a black sea around a rock.

"I will head the inventory," began Craven gravely, picking up one of the papers—"the inventory of what we found loose and unexplained in the castle. You are to understand that the place generally was dismantled and neglected; but one or two rooms had plainly been inhabited in a simple but not squalid style by somebody—somebody who was not the servant Gow. The list is as follows:

"First item. A very considerable hoard of precious stones, nearly all diamonds and all of them loose, without any setting whatever. Of course it is natural that the Ogilvies should have family jewels, but those are exactly the jewels that are almost always set in particular articles of ornament. The Ogilvies would seem to have kept theirs loose in their pockets, like coppers.

"Second item. Heaps and heaps of loose snuff, not kept in a horn or even a pouch, but lying in heaps on the mantelpieces, on the sideboard, on the piano—anywhere. It looks as if the old gentleman would not take the trouble to look in a pocket or lift a lid.

"Third item. Here and there about the house curious little heaps of minute pieces of metal, some like steel springs and some in the form of microscopic iron wheels—as if they had gutted some mechanical toy.

"Fourth item. The wax candles—which have to be stuck in bottle-necks because there is nothing else to stick them in. Now I wish you to note how very much queerer all this is than anything we anticipated. For the central riddle we are prepared; we have all seen at a glance that there was something wrong about the last earl. We have come here to find out whether he really lived here, whether he really died here, whether that redhaired scarecrow who did his burying had anything to do with his dying. But suppose the worst in all this, the most lurid or melodramatic solution you like. Suppose the servant really killed the master; or suppose the master isn't really dead; or suppose the master is dressed up as the servant or suppose the servant is buried for the master. Invent what Wilkie Collins tragedy you like—and you still have not explained a candle without a candlestick, or why an elderly gentleman of good family should habitually spill snuff on the piano. The core of the tale we could imagine; it is the fringes that are mysterious. By no stretch of fancy can the human mind connect snuff and diamonds and wax and loose clockwork."

"I think I see the connection," said the priest. "This Glengyle was mad against the French Revolution. He was an enthusiast for the *ancien régime* and was trying to reënact literally the family life of the last Bourbons. He had snuff because it was the eighteenth-century luxury; wax candles because they were the eighteenth-century lighting; the mechanical bits of iron represent the locksmith hobby of Louis XVI; the diamonds are for the Diamond Necklace of Marie Antoinette."

Both the other men were staring at him with round eyes. "What a perfectly extraordinary notion!" cried Flambeau. "Do you really think that is the truth?"

"I am perfectly sure it isn't," answered Father Brown; "only you said that nobody could connect snuff and diamonds and clockwork and candles. I give you that connection offhand. The real truth, I am very sure, lies deeper."

He paused a moment and listened to the wailing of the wind in the turrets. Then he said: "The late Earl of Glengyle was a thief. He lived a second and darker life as a desperate housebreaker. He did not have any candlesticks because he only used these candles, cut short, in the little lantern he carried. The snuff he employed as the fiercest French criminals have used pepper—to fling it suddenly in dense masses in the face of a captor or pursuer. But the final proof is in the curious coincidence of the diamonds and the small steel wheels. Surely that makes everything plain to you? Diamonds and small steel wheels are the only two instruments with which you can cut out a pane of glass."

The bough of a broken pine tree lashed heavily in the blast against the windowpane behind them, as if in parody of a burglar; but they did not turn round. Their eyes were fastened on Father Brown.

"Diamonds and small wheels," repeated Craven, ruminating. "Is that really all that makes you think it the true explanation?"

"I don't think it the true explanation," replied the priest placidly; "but you said that nobody could connect the four things. The true tale, of course, is something much more humdrum. Glengyle had found, or thought he had found, precious stones on his estate. Somebody had bamboozled him with those loose brilliants, saying they were found in the castle caverns. The little wheels are some diamond-cutting affair. He had to do the thing very roughly and in a small way, with the help of a few shepherds or rude fellows on these hills. Snuff is the one great luxury of such Scotch shepherds; it's the one thing with which you can bribe them. They didn't have candlesticks because they didn't want them; they held the candles in their hands when they explored the caves."

"Is that all?" asked Flambeau after a long pause. "Have we got to the dull truth at last?"

"Oh, no," said Father Brown.

As the wind died in the most distant pine woods with a long hoot, as of mockery, Father Brown, with an utterly impassive face, went on:

"I only suggested that because you said one could not plausibly connect snuff with clockwork or candles with bright stones. Ten false philosophies will fit the universe: ten false theories will fit Glengyle Castle. But we want the real explanation of the castle and the universe. Are there no other exhibits?"

Craven laughed and Flambeau, smiling, rose to his feet and strolled down the long table.

"Items five, six, seven, and so on," he said; "and certainly more varied than instructive. A curious collection, not of leadpencils but of the lead out of leadpencils. A senseless stick of bamboo, with the top rather splintered. It might be the instrument of the crime only there isn't any crime. The only other things are a few old missals and little religious pictures, which the Ogilvies kept, I suppose, from the Middle Ages their family pride being stronger than their Puritanism. We only put them in the museum because they seem curiously cut about and defaced."

The beady tempest without drove a dreadful wrack of clouds across Glengyle and threw the long room into darkness as Father Brown picked up the little illuminated pages to examine them. He spoke before the drift of darkness had passed; but it was the voice of an utterly new man.

"Mr. Craven," said he, talking like a man ten years younger, "you have got a legal warrant, haven't you, to go up and examine that grave? The sooner we do it the better—and get to the bottom of this horrible affair. I, if I were you I should start now."

"Now!" repeated the astonished detective. "And why now?"

"Because this is serious," answered Brown. "This is not spilt snuff or loose pebbles, that might be there for a hundred reasons. There is only one reason I know of for this being done; and the reason goes down to the roots of the world. These religious pictures are not just dirtied or torn or scrawled over, which might be done in idleness or bigotry. These have been treated very carefully—and very queerly. In every place where the great ornamented name of God comes in the old illuminations it has been elaborately taken out. The only other thing that has been removed is the halo round the head of the Child Jesus. Therefore, I say, let us get our warrant and our spade and our hatchet, and go up and break open that coffin on the hill."

"What do you mean?" the London officer demanded curiously.

"I mean," answered the little priest—and his voice seemed to rise slightly in the roar of the gale—"I mean that the great devil of the universe may be sitting on the top tower of this castle at this moment, as big as a hundred elephants and roaring like the apocalypse. There is black magic somewhere at the bottom of this."

"Black magic!" repeated Flambeau in a low voice, for he was too educated a man not to know of such things. "But what can these other things mean?"

"Oh, something damnable, I suppose," replied Brown impatiently. "How should I know? How can I guess all their mazes down below? Perhaps you can make a torture out of snuff and bamboo. Perhaps certain lunatics lust after wax and steel rings. Perhaps there is a maddening drug made of leadpencils! Our shortest cut to the mystery is up the hill to the grave."

His comrades hardly knew that they had obeyed and followed him till a blast of the night wind nearly flung them on their faces in the garden. Nevertheless, they had obeyed him like automata; for Craven found a hatchet in his hand and the warrant in his pocket; Flambeau was carrying the heavy spade of the strange gardener; Father Brown was carrying the little gilt book from which had been torn the name of God.

The path up the hill to the churchyard was crooked, but short; only under that stress of wind it seemed laborious and long. Far as the eye could see, farther and farther as they mounted the slope, were seas beyond seas of pines, now all aslope one way under the wind. And that universal gesture seemed as vain as it was vast, as vain as if that wind were whistling about some unpeopled and purposeless planet. Through all that infinite growth of gray-blue forests sang shrill and high that ancient sorrow that is in the heart of all heathen things. One could fancy that the voices from the underworld of unfathomable foliage were cries of the lost and wandering pagan gods—gods who had gone roaming in that irrational forest and who will never find their way back to Heaven.

"You see," said Father Brown, in a low but easy tone, "Scotch people before Scotland existed were a curious lot; in fact, they're a curious lot still. But in the prehistoric times I fancy they really worshiped demons. That," he added genially, "is why they jumped at the Puritan theology."

"My friend," said Flambeau, turning in a kind of fury, "what does all that snuff mean?"

"My friend," replied Brown, with equal seriousness, "there is one mark of all genuine religions—materialism. Now devil-worship is a perfectly genuine religion."

They had come up on the grassy scalp of the hill, one of the few bald spots that stood clear of the crashing and roaring pine forest. A mean inclosure, partly timber and partly wire, rattled in the tempest to tell them the border of the graveyard. By the time Inspector Craven had come to the corner of the grave, and Flambeau had planted his spade-point downward and leaned on it, they were both almost as shaken as the shaky wood and wire. At the foot of the grave grew great tall thistles, gray and silver in their decay. Once or twice when a ball of thistledown broke under the breeze and flew past him, Craven jumped slightly, as if it had been an arrow.

Flambeau drove the blade of his spade through the whistling grass into the wet clay below. Then he seemed to stop and lean on it, as on a staff.

"Go on," said the priest. "We are only trying to find the truth. What are you afraid of?"

"I am afraid of finding it," said Flambeau.

(Continued on Page 61)

"There is Black Magic Somewhere at the Bottom of This"

THE PLAY MACHINE

By John Corbin

ILLUSTRATED BY PETER NEWELL

EVERYBODY knows what is the matter with the drama in America. Ask the lyceum lecturer or your favorite bootblack, the author of learned review articles or your corner grocer, and one or all will utter the same dire word—commercialism.

Oily commercialism, filthy lucre, dirty dollars—they are shocking, dreadful things! But this year, as it happens, the "commercial" managers, almost to a man, might run for office in Spotless Town. One of the leading New York producers has put forth some eighteen plays to date and has had only two successes. His money loss is generally reckoned at three hundred thousand dollars. Another has made a round dozen of productions and has had one genuine if moderate success and one success that is a triumph of cold-frame forcing. Nowadays, when the manager hears the cry of commercialism he throws up his hands and shouts, "Search me!"

Judging by the increase of theaters, one would say that the business of the drama is most flourishing. A few years ago there were a dozen producing houses on Broadway. Now there are upward of thirty—thirty-five per cent more than London supports, with its nine million inhabitants, and almost as many as are supported by the two great world-centers of the artistic drama—Paris and Berlin. And still more theaters are building! Throughout the country it is the same. Central cities that a decade ago had five theaters now have a dozen. Every small city along main traveled railways has its "one-night" house. Behold the advance of the sordid money power—coining dramatic art into dollars! But the definition of a one-night house is changing; it is coming to mean a house that every season is open one night. In New York the newspapers that print "Amusements" over the theatrical advertisements are earning reputations as wags. One great organ, sensitive to the pulse of the moment, now places its dramatic criticisms in the column next its obituaries.

Actors are trooping through the country by carloads, back to Broadway. Stars once luminous become little twinkling candles and presently cease even to twinkle. And playwrights! At the door of a Broadway theater lately a Salvation Army lass tinkled her tambourine before three men. Quoth one of them, shaking his head: "My two friends are deadbroke. And I am a dramatist."

The Effect of Commercialized Drama

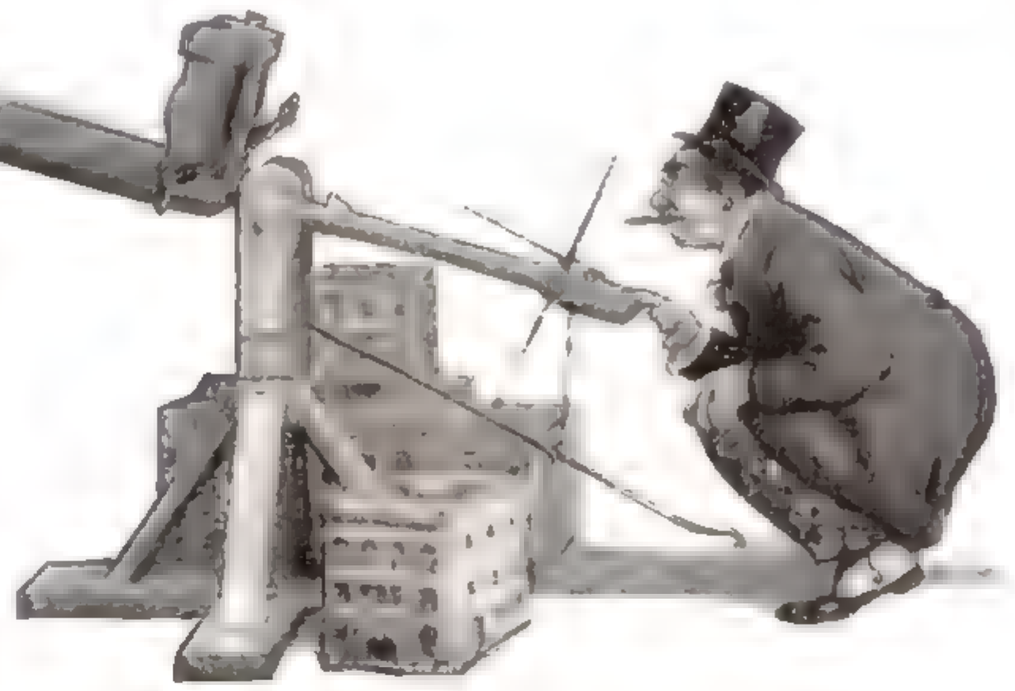
IN ALL of the world of the theater not one manager is reputed to have accumulated a fortune that by modern standards in the commercial world is even moderately large. Some of them have, perhaps, a million or two; but they are men who take small risks in producing and invest their earnings not in theaters but in real estate. There is a fine and subtle antithesis here—between theaters and real estate!

"Sad brow and true maid," as Rosalind swore, why should a manager not be commercial? Do we expect our publishers, even the most intelligent of them, to stock our libraries gratis? When have picture dealers ever presented masterpieces from their walls to the art museum? And why should not a manager make money if he can—and invest it in real estate?

The Incoherence of What She Was Saying Threw Her Into Hysterics

The real trouble, one is forced to conclude, is not that the managers are business men but that they are bad business men. The world of commerce, as every guileless freshman learns in his textbook on political economy, is ruled by the cold and automatic forces of demand and supply. But when did St. Louis ever demand the fifteen theaters that have been plumped down in its unsuspecting midst? And whence comes it that the eager, play-loving citizen everywhere, when he goes forth for his weekly supply of entertainment, finds himself by some hideous enchantment in the morgue?

The forces that have of late ruled certain managers are greed and bitter personal animosity—the most hostile things in the world to sound commercial practice. Greek has fought Greek in the business of the drama and the missiles they have hurled from their catapults have been theaters—theaters in circuits and chains, theaters in loops, festoons and arabesques. And they have been mainly built by the capital of local citizens. "I have my eye peeled for the Greeks," sang Vergil, "and especially when they are giving us theaters." If local citizens had heeded this classical advice they would now own real estate.



The Missiles They Have Hurled From Their Catapults Have Been Theaters

Long ago it should have been obvious that you can't multiply the output of dramatic art merely by multiplying theaters. In many ways the result is actually to lessen the supply. A vast amusement machine is grinding throughout the land; and if it is to give out its grist on schedule the huge hopper on Broadway must be filled with mechanical precision. But, like poets, real actors and playwrights are born, not made. And there is a homelier adage about making silk purses. Even when you have caught the chicken dramatic you are only at the beginning of the recipe. The mechanical pressure of the play machine unmakes an artist far oftener than it makes one.

In the matter of plays the traditional method of the mechanical manager is importation. There was a time when a play that was good in Europe was pretty sure to be good in America. The drama dealt in the simpler, more universal emotions. The Two Orphans were just as much orphans in Paris, Arkansas, as in Paris, France. The Silver King shone as bright in London, Kentucky, as in London, England. Camille came no nearer to being suppressed in the shy regions of the Western Reserve than in the modern capital of Gaul. That there is still an American market for highly emotional melodrama is even now evident in the success of Madame X; but that is the solitary modern representative of a school that has long been outmoded.

Beginning with the younger Dumas and Ibsen, the drama all over the world has become intimate, realistic; and, being so, it resists importation. The ablest and most significant plays of Dumas dealt with the marital triangle, and ever since the dominant school in France has been content to study three-sided marriages; but a situation that in Paris is measurably representative, and so significant or amusing, is unrepresentative and therefore meaningless here. New York once showed a naughty schoolboy delight in French farce and even today takes a languid interest in Parisian geometry; but the country as a whole—and quite rightly—will have none of them. Thus far this year every play from Paris but one has failed—and that one did not deal with matrimony.

Ibsen and his followers come nearer to us in subject-matter; but the mood of their plays is so gloomy as to be repugnant to our gay and prosperous playgoers. In Germany, where both of these great Continental influences have been felt, the drama is at once Ibsene and obscene. German comedy of the innocent order, that once delighted the patrons of Augustin Daly, is almost dead in the Fatherland. For years our chief foreign supply has come from England; but England—at least as it mainly appears in its recent drama—is aristocratic and idle, whereas we are democratic and busy. Already this season a play by Pinero and another by Henry Arthur Jones, each admirable in its kind, have failed to win the public. Of the recent output of Barrie and Shaw not a single play has been attempted. Of those English plays that have come to us only one, Smith, in which John Drew is appearing, has been even measurably successful. Our real interest in the theater is in our own life—and that is quite as it should be. Hard times have fallen upon the play importer!

All this, together with the fact that the foreign supply has been largely monopolized by a single powerful producer, has turned the attention of many managers to the American playwright. That is a glorious thing and has led to the development of a numerous school of young talents—the late William Vaughn Moody, George Ade, Booth Tarkington and Leon Wilson, Paul Armstrong, Eugene Walter, George Broadhurst, Percy Mackaye, Rachel Crothers, Winchell Smith, Thompson Buchanan, Edward Sheldon, Geraldine Bonner, Cleveland Moffett, Avery Hopwood, A. E. Thomas and others. Our native life is expressing itself intimately and powerfully in farce and comedy, drama and tragedy. We are turning the tide of importation and sending plays to London and Berlin.

For native and foreign dramatist alike, however, the ruling conditions are mechanical. Leading managerial firms are obliged to produce an average of one play a week; and this does not tell the whole story. Owing to a congestion of work, one manager lately produced seven plays in a single week. Under such conditions the protagonist in the world of the drama becomes a taxicab. The manager scorches from rehearsal to rehearsal, giving a single hurried glance to each. In the case of imported plays there is a ready means of judging the effect of such wholesale methods. It once fell to my lot to make a tour of the producing capitals of Europe and, on returning, to see the same plays in this country. Without exception the Broadway productions were lamentably inferior—crude, unintelligent, uninspired. Any returning traveler will tell the same story. To survive the grinding of the Broadway play machine a drama must have almost indestructible vitality.

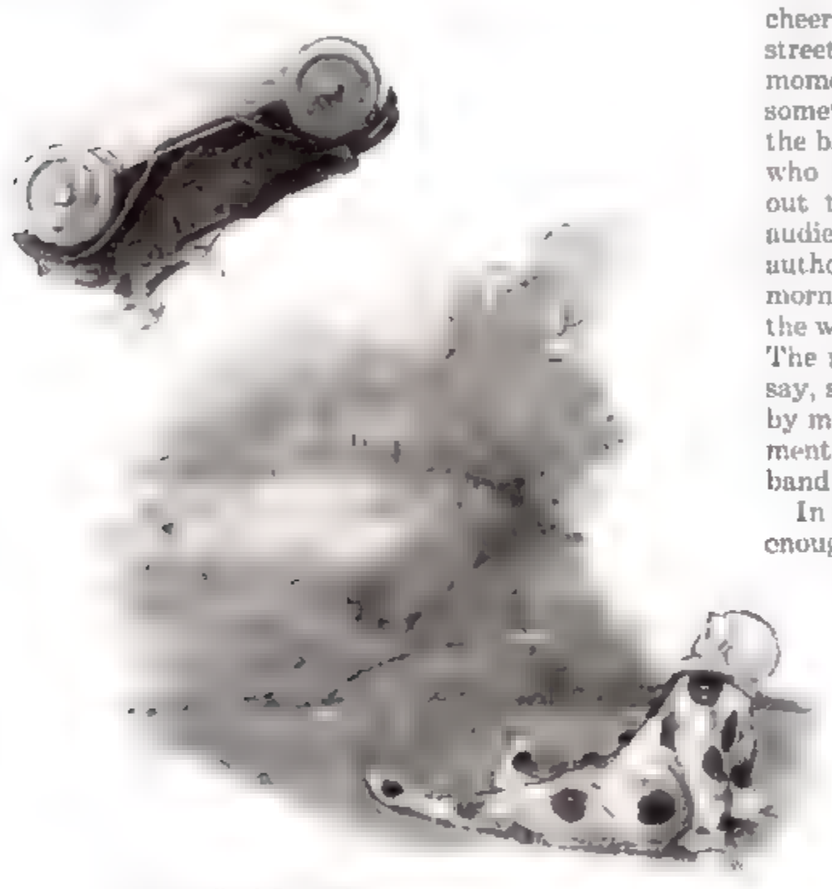
The Proof of the Pudding

YET, with the imported play, the producer has the advantage of a text that has already been refined and shaped by actual production—of an artistically executed model for the conduct of every scene, of every minute bit of stage business. In the case of the native play all this sort of thing has to be evolved in rehearsal. The author has spent many months on the text. His work, if it is good, has come out of his life, his very soul. The great master of stagecraft, Ibsen, took, on an average, two years to write a single play! The company has rehearsed for weeks under a supposedly competent stage manager. But the head of the firm dashes in from his taxicab, orders some fundamental change and dashes out before the bewildered playwright can grasp the meaning of the change, to say nothing of registering an effective protest. An actress who stands in the front rank of her profession lately punctuated her performance on the first night with peals of hearty laughter. A few days later, when the play had failed, she explained her mirth. Whole pages had been cut out of the text, to the ruin of the dramatic development—even the commonsense of the scenes. When she came to one of the gaps the incoherence of what she was saying, striking upon her unstrung nerves, threw her into hysterics.

In an article in these pages I lately quoted a leading manager's prescription for writing a successful play under the conditions that prevail today. The time is past, he said, when a production can be "nursed" into success by rewriting scenes and refining the stage management. Even the established stars are losing their pull with the public. The first New York verdict on the production as a whole is spread throughout the land by telegraph. Weekly correspondence from the metropolis and articles in the monthly

magazines follow almost immediately; and the device of forcing the run on Broadway has been so overworked that even a genuine success won against the critics counts for little or nothing. Productions are so numerous and come in such rapid succession that all but instant and obvious successes are lost in the shuffle. The one essential is to have some new idea, some novel scene, which will "hit the public in a new place." A play must be what the bill-posters styled a recent drama dealing with subtle psychic phenomena—namely, a "dramatic knockout." To vary the phrase pugilistic, fine art must "have the punch." The order of the day is sensationalism. The admirable circus clown who calls himself Slivers laments that his art has been killed by just such conditions. It was bad enough, he said, to compete with one face against three rings. Now he has to pit his mugging against automobiles that turn double somersaults and divers that break their necks. According to the manager I have quoted, the art of the drama is up against a similar competition.

Now the drama, more than any other art, depends for success on subtle, indeterminable factors. No human being can foresee what scene will prove effective, what line will score a laugh. There are plays that have been actually killed by being, in parts, too true, too artistic. A writer of popular melodrama secured for one of his minor characters an actor of extraordinary force and sincerity, Charles Cartwright. At rehearsals the effect of his bit of a scene was electrical, and on the first night it held the audience spellbound. But the critics found the piece, as



It Was Bad Enough to Compete With One Face Against Three Rings

a whole, stilted, absurd. And so it was, by contrast with Mr. Cartwright's little scene—though many a worse melodrama had succeeded. Too late the unfortunate author realized that art had no business in his galley. Meeting Mr. Cartwright at the club, he shook his fist in his face and exclaimed: "Do you know that your confounded sincerity killed my play!"

Last fall Mr. Winchell Smith, author of The Fortune Hunter, produced a dramatization of a farcical romance by F. Anstey -Love Among the Lions. It was the story of a timid cockney tea taster who, to satisfy a romantic whim of his betrothed, promised to marry her in a cage of lions. Mr. A. E. Matthews, a comedian of the ripest art, portrayed the cockney's agony of terror with such poignant effect that, instead of laughing at his plight, one suffered acutely with him. The comedy of the chief scene of the play evaporated and the audience left the theater with the sensation of having assisted at an indecent exposure of human weakness.

The Theatrical Speed Maniacs

WHERE one play is killed by too much art a dozen are killed by too little. A thing apparently as unimportant as the speed at which a scene is played may make all the difference between success and failure. Owing to the rush of modern producing, an author had been left to stage-manage his own play—a modern drawing-room comedy, in which the effect depended upon making every line tell, upon convincing the audience of the essential truth of the characters and scenes. At the last moment a professional stage manager came in and found that the acting was too restrained, the pace too slow, to "get over the footlights" to the audience. He was quite right. The performance as a whole lacked precision, snap. But the most effective and the only truthful way of achieving the desired effect is, as musicians say, by varying the tempo. If scenes that in their nature would proceed slowly are played slowly, then a slight increase of speed at a moment of heightened interest produces double the effect of vivacity. But such modulations require careful study to conceive them and infinite pains in rehearsing. In the three remaining rehearsals the utmost that could be accomplished was to quicken the entire performance. The result was an effect quite as mechanical as that of an unregulated pianola. "Well, do you think we 'got it over'?" the stage manager inquired at the end of the performance. "Yes," said the author, looking at his watch. "It is over, all over—at half past ten." He now knows what Augustus Thomas means when he speaks, with a smile, of theatrical speed maniacs.

In another play the final scene occurred at the moment in which the hero, a political candidate, is informed of his triumphant election. His socially striving and self-willed wife has been inclined to despise him and his sober ambitions; but in the emotional stress of the moment the scales fall from her eyes and she humbly asks forgiveness. The scene of this revulsion was the crucial moment of the play, upon which the meaning, the effect, of the whole depended. To indicate the hero's triumph more vividly, the author had arranged for an off-stage noise, faint and distant, of cheers and shouting, as a file of partisans march up the street to his house; but the stage manager, in a fatal moment, remembered that on such occasions there are sometimes brass bands. At the final rehearsal the effect of the band was stupendous. The members of the company, who had rehearsed the play for weeks, sniffled and took out their handkerchiefs. At the first performance the audience became quite indecently emotional. The happy author acclaimed his stage manager as a genius; but in the morning he woke up! The critics condemned the scene of the wife's revulsion as mechanical. They were quite right. The noise of the band had drowned out what she had to say, substituting the wholly irrelevant emotions inspired by martial music. The culmination of the entire development of character and drama was a blank. That brass band had knocked the bottom out of everything.

In the modern rush of producing, few authors are strong enough to survive such mishaps. The Truth is generally accepted as the masterpiece of the late Clyde Fitch. It has been played with great success in London, Berlin and other European capitals. Yet it failed in New York, owing to the miscalculation of a single moment. The heroine has wrecked her life by glib and habitual lying. It is a failing she has inherited from her father. In the crucial scene, at the end of the third act, the two are discussing her situation. Beginning with a mesh of lies to each other, they little by little strip away all falsehood until, in a moment of quiet spiritual realization, the soul of each lies bare to the other. Beneath the subtle comedy of the scene and its intrinsic pathos there is a mighty moral lesson—the significance of the entire play. To register its effect the scene requires to be acted with unswerving simplicity and naturalness. Late on the night of the New York première, the star, Clara Bloodgood, called me up on the telephone to ask what the verdict had been. My friendship with her and with Mr. Fitch had sprung from the fact that among the New York critics I had been the only one to praise highly a previous play, which, though of uneven quality, was of the same high order—The Girl With the Green Eyes. I had had every hope of liking The Truth; but, with what I had written that moment on the presses, all I could say was that the crucial scene of the third act had seemed so forced and false as to spoil the effect of the entire play. Then the facts of the case came out. The trouble was not with the play, but with the acting. Originally Mrs. Bloodgood had played the scene as Mr. Fitch had intended—simply and naturally; but the management had stepped in and ordered her to "lift" the scene—that is, to speed up the lines, raise her voice and put on the emotional stop—a purely mechanical device to make it produce a stronger effect. In Mrs. Bloodgood's opinion, the result was only to chill the audience; and on her preliminary road tour she had secretly made trial of her judgment. Whenever there had been no representative of the management in front she had played the scene naturally and the criticisms had always been favorable; but in the New York première she had not dared to disobey. Play and actress were ordered off the boards to make way for a piece which failed even more disastrously. After Miss Marie Tempest's signal success with the piece in London, Mrs. Bloodgood induced another manager to revive it. She made a tour of the South and, on the whole, a very successful tour. She was on the way back to Broadway when, in a fit of despondency, she killed herself. And so a masterpiece

He Throws Up His Hands and Shouts, "Search Me!"

of the drama and of acting was lost to the public—and to the speeding play machine, which can so ill afford to lose a play of any kind.

Even without the element of accident the play machine works against the development of histrionic talent. As soon as an actor reveals a touch which is pleasing to the public some manager seizes upon him and exploits him as a star, subordinating every consideration of acting and the drama to his personality. There is a business reason for this, such as it is. Of producer and playwright our vast and widely scattered public knows little and cares less. It never sees them, and with every production they appear in a different guise; but the public sees and hears the actor and if he has the touch of magnetism it speedily comes to love him. Here is a solid basis for advertising; and in the play business, as in every other business of like magnitude, advertising is the fundamental condition of success. As a well-known actress once said, the star has to become as familiar throughout this wide land as the latest breakfast food. But advertisement is one thing and art quite another. Varied impersonation, once thought essential to acting, has no lure for the star. He must always be himself—his most charming self. From his point of view a play is good or bad according as it gives scope to his power to please. However "fat" his part, if there is another that rivals it the fact is damaging, for it lessens the force and distinctness of his advertisement. One hears much of the vanity of the star; but, in reality, what is called vanity is only business sense—and a business sense which is sound so far as it goes.

The Actress Who Came Back

IT DOES not go very far. Art ripens with years, but personality fades. There is nothing the public so soon resents as the falling off of an actress' prettiness, an increase in an actor's waistline. The star who trades solely on his personality deals in the most perishable stuff. When his personal appeal is at an end he is of no further use to the manager.

Some years ago an actress of long and honorable service, who had come to expect an annual engagement as a matter of course, was bruskly told, one autumn, that there was nothing for her. She disappeared from Broadway and supported herself and those dependent upon her with obscure tours and occasional stock-company engagements; but as her personal charm had waned her art had grown. A minor manager, intelligent enough to realize this, brought her back to Broadway. Opening on the night of a blizzard to an audience of less than a hundred, and playing in the most unfavorable of all New York's producing houses, she made an instant success, and followed it up with others, that culminated in a performance of Rosalind, notable for poetic charm and vivacity, which has not been surpassed

Continued on Page 73

"My Two Friends are Deadbroke. And I am a Dramatist"

FOUND OUT

By ROBERT HERRICK

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. POTTER

They Two Were Alone, and She No Longer Had That Mad Desire to Escape

THE Saybrook Hunt met in a little oak copse behind Dennet's barn. The hounds were sniffing and yelping about the dead leaves, eager to be off. The dozen or more men and women who were going to follow the hounds this fine October afternoon had already arrived and were preparing to mount their hunters, which the grooms held ready for them. The plump master of the hunt, conspicuous in his scarlet coat, was about to give the signal to the keepers when he caught sight of a large motor car plunging madly over the rough dirt road.

"That must be Stanberry!" he exclaimed. "Do you suppose he means to ride?"

There was no reply. All turned and looked at the onrushing car silently, as if every one was consciously refraining from uttering the comment that was in all minds. A young woman bent her head to pat her nervous black mare on the neck and slowly edged out of the group. She knew what they were all thinking—what, in fact, she had overheard one of the men say when they started for the meet—"Well, Stanny is found out!"

"There's his man over there with the big roan," some one remarked at last. "He must be going to hunt."

"Then," the kindly master observed reluctantly, "I suppose we ought to wait for him."

No one ventured to say that it would be less awkward if they should get away before the hero of the "collar box" scandal joined the party; so in complete silence they held their horses in check and watched the rapidly advancing car.

"Are you going to try Black Kate again, Miss Sanford?" the master inquired, riding up to the slim girl on the black mare. "Aren't you taking a pretty big risk?"

The girl looked defiantly at him out of her fine eyes.

"Perhaps," she said shortly.

Behind them a low laugh broke out at some whispered gibe. The girl's face suddenly flushed, as if again she heard those words, "Found out." The master, who must have known the local gossip about Alfred Stanberry and Edith Sanford, moved closer, saying:

"Do you think you had better try it, really? You know there are some bad jumps on this run."

"I know," she replied, with tight lips.

The car came panting to a stop in front of them and a red-faced man jumped out, hastily throwing off his fur coat. Behind him came a heavy, middle-aged man in a gray business suit, who disappeared among the grooms and the spectators without arousing attention.

"Hello, everybody!" Stanberry called out effusively. As he caught sight of the slim girl beside the master he raised his hat, but at the moment her mare shied and her bent eyes escaped the greeting.

"Have I kept you waiting? Too bad! A breakdown just outside the city," he said, bustling toward his horse.

The men—some of them—called back, "Hello, Alfred!" and the gentle master gave the cue in his courteous reply: "We were only just ready, Stanberry."

The big roan danced in a circle about his master, and Stanberry experienced some difficulty in mounting. Finally he pulled himself into the saddle and moved off after the others, very red in the face. The groom, with a critical look at the unsteady seat, winked to a friend. The man who had come there with Stanberry leaned over the fence and watched the hunters, a little smile on his stolid face. He, also, had noticed the loose seat and understood. Presently he turned away, as if not much interested in the sport of a drag hunt, and clambered into the motor.

The hounds were streaming silently across the broad green field and after them galloped the men and women, huddled together at first, then gradually falling apart as they neared the first jump at the bottom of the field. The slim girl on the black mare was riding well to the fore, near the red-coated master. She cleared the fence easily. Behind her there was some confusion and when the riders emerged on the hill beyond the field was clearer—the dogs running wide ahead, the hunters streaming out far behind. The black mare drew off to one side where she could have the field to herself, and for the first time the girl raised her head and drew her breath deeply as if feeling the exhilarating freedom of the fast pace. Over the second fence the two sailed without pause. The black mare was settling into her stride. Then, as they topped a little hill, she heard the labored breathing of a horse just behind her that was striving to keep Black Kate's rapid pace. In the hollow ahead she could see the top of a thick hedge over which she must go, clean and free, if she were to escape! Nervously she urged or pulled the mare; Black Kate swerved, refused the jump. As she wheeled, the girl met Stanberry's bloodshot eyes, heard his voice, low and panting:

"Won't you speak to me?"

Her dark eyes flashed at him as she rose for the hedge. Without a backward glance she raced on, conscious of pursuit, her heart throbbing with a strange eagerness. The roan came pounding on behind: she seemed to feel the animal's hot breath on her cheek. Another fence—and another! Black Kate took them like a bird, as if filled with her mistress' desire for flight; but the roan struggled always just behind. From her averted eyes she could see the man's face, now white and set like her own.

It was her fate, from which she could not escape. There, side by side, it seemed, they must race until one or the other should fall. They were on the jump before she knew—a low hedge and a wide, deep ditch beyond. The mare rose swiftly as ever, cleared the hedge, then sank, pawed at the gravelly bank, rolled over. As the girl lay there she could see the roan go over them, land firm on the sod beyond. If he would only ride on and leave her there by herself! But Stanberry was pulling viciously at his horse.

"Edith!"

As he knelt above her she could see the gleam of triumph in his bloodshot eyes.

"Are you hurt?" he whispered.

"No—I think not," she said faintly.

She lay against the bank and rested her dizzy head on her arms while he knelt there beside her. The hunters had passed on; she could hear the cry of the hounds in the woods over the hill. They two were alone, and she no longer had that mad desire to escape. The swift flight and the sudden fall had swept the impulse away; and as she lay there with closed eyes she thought dreamily of those other hunts on hazy autumn afternoons like this, when they had come back together through the woods and the fields, talking of all the pleasant nothings of the day. She looked into his hot eyes, so full of trouble, and smiled faintly.

"You feel better," he said eagerly. "Can you get on my horse?"

For the mare had scampered off to finish her run.

"I'll sit here a little while," she said. So he sat down beside her, and they talked of those other times and the little things that had happened when they rode together.

"It's my first this season," he said unsteadily at last. "You know why I came!"

A cloud settled over her open face. She rose slowly and looked away, across the familiar, gentle landscape.

"You must let me explain!"

The girl turned her face to him, suddenly hard, with stony eyes.

"What is there to explain?"

The man's face flushed, but he replied steadily:

"Of course you saw what the papers had about the hearing; but that is not the whole story!"

She knew only too well, not merely the vivid account in the newspapers, with the pictures of Stanberry, his office, the fatal "collar box," the stenographer's confession, but what the Saybrook colony were saying and their laughter—especially the laughter. Her face went red.

"It was all a frame-up," he stammered. "I mean that woman was bought; her story about me was just a lie!"

She recalled the thinly veiled insinuations of the attorneys at the hearing.

"You didn't believe that?" he stammered.

"No."

His tense face relaxed somewhat as he muttered: "I was afraid."

"I didn't mind the woman," she said simply.

"The jury'll acquit me if they ever bring it to trial," he went on more buoyantly. "No jury could convict on her evidence!"

He stopped to wipe the sweat from his face and looked anxiously at the girl. She said, raising her eyes to his for the first time:

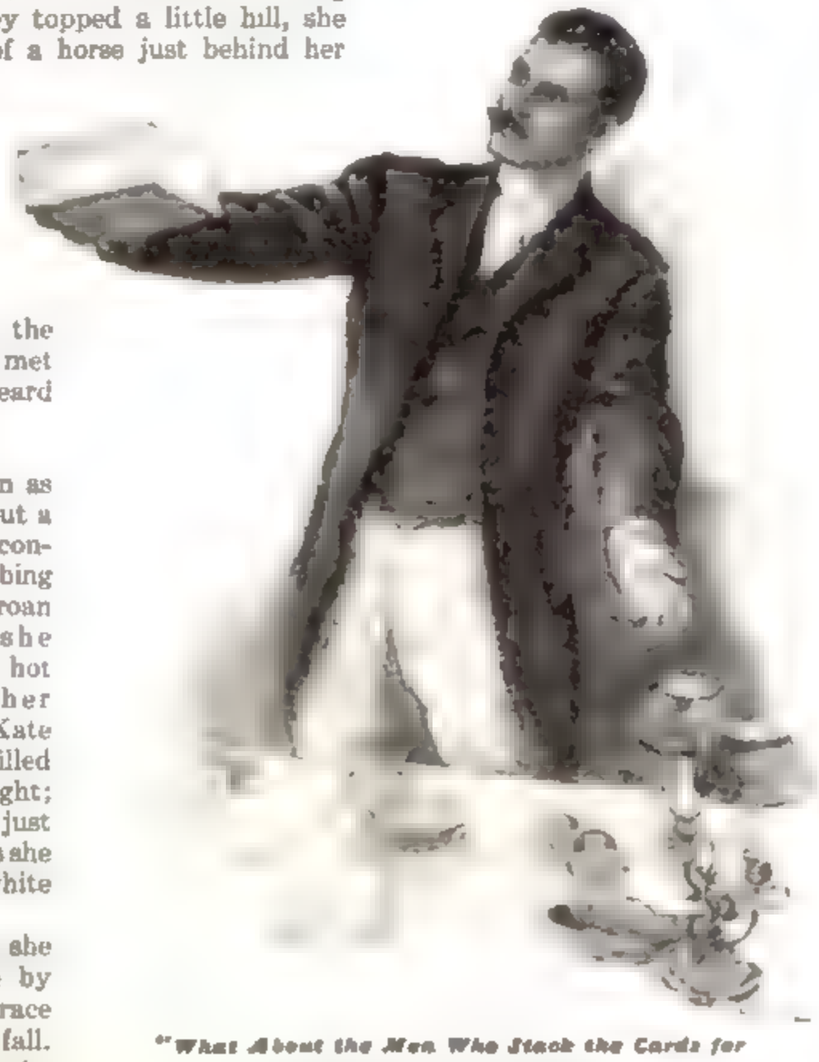
"Was it so?"

"What?"

"Did you know what the money was to be used for—that money you put in the—the collar box?"

Her lips curled scornfully, as if she found difficulty with the ridiculous word emblem of mean guilt, common bribery! Before her glance the man's face slowly blanched. She might read the struggle within him while the moments passed and he did not reply. At last she looked away and then he said steadily: "Yes! Of course I knew!"

They began to walk toward the clubhouse,



"What About the Men Who Stack the Cards for Us Little Fellows to Play?"

which could be seen in the misty distance, nestling among the trees. The big roan followed quietly, looking in puzzled fashion from one to the other.

It was a scant mile to the clubhouse; and, as if realizing that the opportunity that had cost him so much was fast slipping from his hands, the man urged his case desperately, trying to make her understand that strange man's world where he had fought successfully, where he had been caught in a false move, necessitated by circumstances, and haled before the world as a culprit—he alone! The girl, gazing far away across the misty autumn fields, listened an impenetrable aloofness about her through that his eager words could not cut.

"In business there are certain things that must be done—or you go under. Every man understands that!"

His hand pointed to the horizon where in the woods appeared the houses of the Saybrook colony. Just below them on the right was the Reddick house, an immense affair, now shuttered and closed. Peter Reddick had been president of a great bank in the city and he had done something—she did not know just what—and he had been found out too. His friends said that it was only a technical crime—common enough; but he would have had to go to prison if his wife's father had not stepped in and settled with his angry enemies. She could not understand the thing. Elsa Reddick was a stupid, kindly woman, very fond of her country place and her children. The family had gone away somewhere, out of sight, and their house was for sale. Men did those things, it seemed.

"The newspaper racket means nothing," he explained. "Those fellows have to feed the public with scandal. In a few weeks everybody will have forgotten the thing," he said. He was not "down and out"—far from it! He was too valuable a servant to his masters, so he hinted. They understood the big ones behind him. They, too, had their troubles with the law. Think of all the men in this one community who had been under indictment first and last!

She recalled the squib in the funny column of the newspaper, when Saybrook had been referred to as "our fashionable penal settlement." Over the hill could be seen the tall red chimneys of Fairlawn, old Stevens Durlop's place. He had been indicted two or three times for something to do with coal. The Durlops had had to spend a season out of the country on account of it. When he finally could come home the men had given him a great dinner at the club—a very amusing affair, so they seemed to think. Some of them masqueraded as officers of the court and a sheriff had come in with a warrant. They had an asbestos record made that couldn't be burned up when the make-believe lawyers threw it into the fire; and a clever young artist who happened to be there decorated the men's broad shirtfronts with black bars and their dress coats with red stripes. The dinner had been an immense success! Certainly these prominent citizens did not take their legal troubles seriously whether they came from coal or oil or meat or steel. Even her father had been indicted once, she remembered, in a railroad matter. He had explained to her philosophically at the time why so many of their nice neighbors got into trouble with the law these days; they were accused of what he called "imaginary crimes."

The thing that had overtaken Stanberry did not seem to her simple woman's mind one of these gentlemanly imaginary crimes. Perhaps it was that fatal collar box that made all the difference. As if he were following close on her thought, the man urged:

"Your father will understand the matter. Ask him!"

"My father never did anything wrong!" she retorted.

A smile relaxed his tight lips.

"Your father ——" he began; and then he shut his mouth upon the words.

"My father?" she said quickly.

"No," he replied gently; "your father never used a collar box!"

They walked on for a time without speaking, the big roan following submissively. As they neared the club stables Stanberry stopped.

"So it's the end?" he asked in a low voice.

She nodded.

"There is no hope for me—none at all?"

She bent her head again; and he understood that she had tried his case and entered judgment—and there was no appeal.

"It wasn't that woman's talk about me ——"

She shook her head vigorously.

"And it wasn't altogether because I did something—irregular?"

She was silent.

"It's because I was found out!" he exclaimed bitterly, his eyes sweeping the pleasant horizon, where dwelt in their comfortable houses those others who had been more astute, luckier, than he.

"Yes, you were found out!" the girl said pitilessly, with all the hardness of youth. Found out, she seemed to add, bribing a common grafter with a few thousand dollars tucked into a collar box! The laughter about it stung her.

"I took my chances, like many another," he muttered after a time, "to get what I wanted—to get you!"

She looked at him haughtily.

"And it might have been—you might have ——"

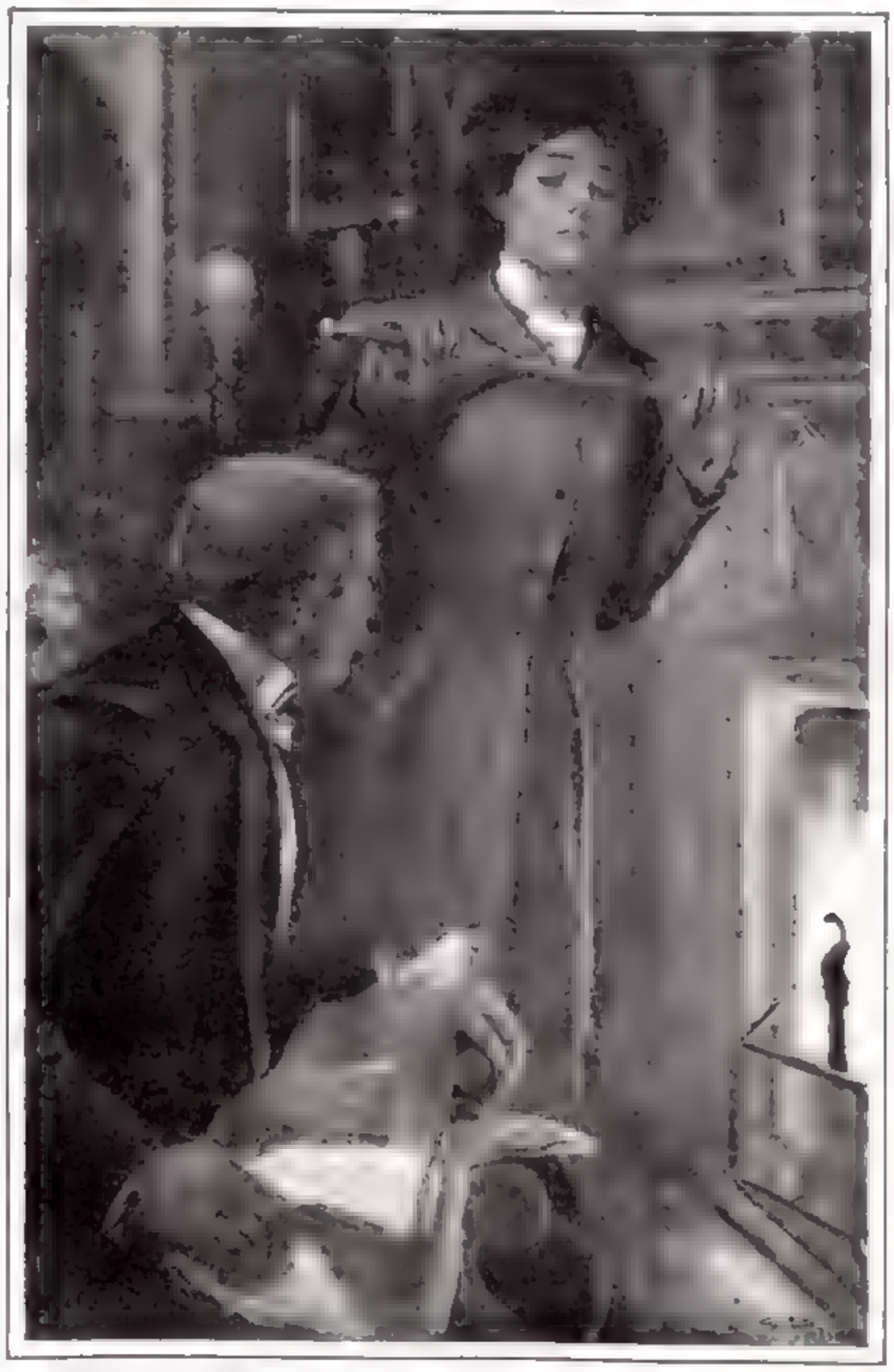
Her eyes flashed and she said between her teeth:

"You have no right to say what might have been!"

"That's so," he replied humbly. "I'll leave you here. Goodby."

He led the big roan toward the stables, while the girl made her way alone across the open field to the club-house. As she stepped upon the veranda a chorus of sympathetic exclamations greeted her.

"Yes, I was thrown," she said quietly; "that was all."



"All Men are Alike it Seems. Only Some are Found Out and Some Hide"

II

THAT evening the master was to give his annual dinner to the members and afterward there was to be dancing. The pleasant dining room had been decorated with trophies of the harvest and the long tables were laden with country cheer, supplemented by champagne. The master in his scarlet coat presided over the feast, beaming genially up and down the tables.

In the confusion of seating, the stolid, weary-looking man who had come to the meet in Stanberry's car slipped into the vacant place next Miss Sanford. With a glance at his bald, middle-aged head, the young woman turned to the boy on her other side and exchanged with him the reiterated commonplaces of the hunt. After a time she looked over her left shoulder and watched her neighbor, who was devoting himself with squared elbows to the serious task of devouring his dinner. He glanced up, with a friendly smile on his broad face.

"Good, ain't it?" he remarked.

"Yes. I didn't see you on the field this afternoon," she said politely.

"Me hunt!" The baldheaded one relaxed in laughter. "I came out with Stanberry," he explained, pointing with his knife to where the younger man was seated, near the master.

"Oh," the girl replied coldly, "you are a friend of Mr. Stanberry?"

"Not exactly—that is, I've known him some time, but haven't seen much of him before this—hearing."

"Indeed!"

"He ran across me just by accident this morning. He seemed lonely—wanted to have some one along to talk to, I guess. So I came out with him."

He smiled sympathetically, as if the girl must understand the situation. They both looked at Stanberry, who was drinking a good deal and talking noisily.

"He's likely to do something foolish," the man observed thoughtfully.

"He has done something—foolish," the girl murmured into her plate.

"Oh, that!" her neighbor exclaimed tolerantly. "Yes, it was foolish—or worse, perhaps."

The girl shrugged her shoulders.

"Why does he come here, then?"

"Can't you see he must? He must act just as if nothing had happened. If he can only make 'em take his bluff, then it'll be all right!"

"And if he can't?" she ventured.

"Few pull themselves together when their bluff has been called in a matter of this sort."

He spoke with the authority of a connoisseur of men, yet kindly.

"You see, Miss ——"

"Sanford," she supplied.

"You ain't Harvey Sanford's girl?" he asked quickly.

She nodded and laughed at his quaint speech.

"I knew your family when they lived in the city, before your father bought his place out here. I used to see you playing out in your yard when you were a little girl!"

"Really!"

"Stiffert—Pete Stiffert—that's my name."

He spoke confidently, as if the name must be familiar to every one.

"I was alderman then," he added.

Some vague recollection of the politician—stories she had heard—came to the girl, and she looked at the man with fresh interest. He talked on easily, as if she were an old acquaintance.

"You see it was the collar-box business that really hurt him."

Her cheeks flamed at the ridiculous word. She said dryly:

"Yes; he was found out ——"

"No, not that. Others have been 'found out,' as you say, doing crooked things maybe some of these prominent citizens about this very table—and it doesn't seem to make any great difference to them."

"What do you mean?"

"He handled the money—at least that's what every one believes."

The girl's face was puzzled.

"It's this way, Miss Sanford. There's a lot of crookedness in politics and in business, as you have doubtless heard. I've known a good many crooks in my day all kinds—swells and snobs and bums. Those that weren't never found out, even by themselves; those that everybody knew to be crooks, like—well, we won't mention names. And it doesn't make any difference, if they keep out of prison, whether they are found out, so long as they can stand up and make their bluff. The ones that go to pieces, like Stanberry here, are the ones who handled the money—touched the stuff themselves. It seems like it poisoned 'em somehow. A crook can sit up in his inside office and lay out a deal and take his rake-off in bonds or stock or what-not; and if he hasn't had his fingers in the money itself he can pull down his vest and go out the door with a big front to face the world. I can't see that that telephone ordinance Stanberry got into trouble with has worried any of these gentlemen." He nodded generally around the tables, with a placid smile.

"Whom do you mean?" the girl demanded sharply.

"The directors, the bankers—the ones in the inside office, who planned the job and put it up to the small men like Stanberry to pull it off for 'em. They are a big sight worse, to my thinking, Miss Sanford, than the tools they use—only they're likely to get off without even being

(Continued on Page 51)

Making Over the Public Schools

Raising a Crop of Young Farmers—By Henry M. Hyde

DECORATION BY B. CORY KILVERT

IOWA is the typical agricultural state. It stands first in the production of oats, hay, hogs, poultry and eggs, second in corn and cattle and close to the top in all other farm crops. The whole state is one fertile and prosperous farm, with no great cities within its borders and comparatively few large towns. Yet the population of Iowa was some seven per cent less in 1910 than it was ten years ago. That in the face of the great back-to-the-land movement and of all the efforts of Roosevelt's rural life commission and the other powerful agencies that have been striving to make the farmer believe—apparently against his will—that his lot is to be envied.

The lure of cheaper lands in the Northwest and the general introduction of labor-saving machinery do not account for the loss in Iowa's farming population. Iowa has at last realized that the fault is its own and, together with its sister states of the Middle West, is hard at work on one of the most important and interesting experiments in the history of education.

The experience of Page County, in the southwestern corner of the state, is typical. He who reads between the lines of that story will get a vivid idea of the great movement—to a considerable extent nation-wide.

Five years ago Miss Jessie Field was chosen county superintendent of schools. She took a horse and buggy and drove over the country roads, visiting and inspecting every one of the one hundred and thirty rural schools. By the existing standards many of them were in fair condition; some, of course, much better than others. School buildings were unpainted and more or less dilapidated, coal sheds and other outhouses were conspicuous, inconvenient and disheveled. Schoolyards were unfenced, bare and cut up by holes and ditches, where mosquitoes bred and scum gathered. There was no shade and little attempt at growing grass or flowers.

Spreading an Epidemic of Education

THE shrewd superintendent bought a camera and took photographs of the best and worst schoolhouses in each locality, both outside and interior views. These pictures were printed side by side in the little country weeklies. Under the photograph of the well-kept school was a title which identified it. The contrasting picture that accompanied it was, in each case, left without a label. It didn't need it. All the patrons of the rundown school recognized it at sight with a sudden thrill of wounded pride. An epidemic of improvement swept over Page County, which included even the people whose children attended the better-kept schools. In some cases new buildings were erected and more ground bought for the schoolyards. In almost every instance the buildings were newly painted and repaired, trees and shrubs set out, grass and flowerbeds planted, unsightly outhouses moved and remodeled, the playgrounds leveled and fenced.

By the aid of the camera, also, the interiors of the schoolhouses were transformed. Soot-stained walls were tinted, sectional bookcases installed, the dirty water bucket, with its tin cup, thrown out, and—in two-thirds of all the rural schools—a fountain put in, with individual drinking cups for all the children. Soon more than three-quarters of the pupils were using individual cups—a percentage that still puts Chicago and other large cities to the blush.

All that was simply the start—giving little Johnny Jones a bath and getting ready to tackle the real problem. The course of study in the rural schools was the usual one, approved by years of experience.

"Bound and give the principal products of Bulgaria."

"Name the first six kings of England."

"If Johnny has twelve pineapples and gives Willie three how many will he have left?"

"Spell 'metropolis,' 'millionaire,' 'business,' 'opportunity' and 'Chicago.'"

In the "reader" there was always a thrilling story of how Marshall Field left his father's farm at the age of thirteen, his only earthly possessions being a pair of socks and a stone-bruise; and how, after forty years of life in a great city, he was obliged to hire a dozen men with adding machines to keep track of the increase in his fortune.

Miss Field began her work of reform in what a great many people will certainly think a very foolish way. She persuaded somebody to give her six thousand tulip bulbs, two for each of the three thousand rural pupils in the county. Traveling from school to school, Miss Field distributed these bulbs among the children, giving each one two for his very own, with instructions to plant them in the yard and see which child could produce the biggest and most gorgeous flowers to be shown at the next visit of the superintendent. Here was something which the farmer boys and girls could understand. In every schoolyard a tulip-bed was started, which presently became the center of a keen and intelligent contest. They still tell astonishing stories out in Page County of how a certain bad boy, winning first place with a pair of blood-red blossoms, began also to have a pride in standing near the top of the class in his studies. But one need not emphasize these wonders. The tulip contest made it easy to interest the children in seed-corn germination boxes and, almost before even the superintendent herself realized it, the whole course of study was changed.

"If a forty-acre field, planted to corn, produces sixty bushels the first year, fifty the second year and forty-two the third, what is the total value of the corn grown in three years at forty cents a bushel?"

When children at a country school have problems in arithmetic put to them in that style they begin to prick up their ears.

"Suppose, instead of planting corn continuously, the same field were planted to corn the first year, producing sixty bushels an acre at forty cents a bushel; to oats the second year, producing sixty bushels an acre at thirty cents, and to clover the third year, producing three tons an acre at eight dollars a ton—what is the value of the crop for three years?

"Which plan would produce the most money in three years? How much more? Which would leave the land in the best condition at the end of three years? Are there any other advantages to either plan?"

When a boy, studying the multiplication table, incidentally picks up the information necessary to answer questions like those, he is plainly on the way to becoming an intelligent and interested farmer.

All through the rural schools of Page County the boundaries of Bulgaria were extended to let in the study of common seeds and insects, the judging of corn and the method of using a particular milk-tester. Along with higher literature of the more conventional type, these children read the farmers' bulletins of the experiment stations and agricultural colleges.

With this work under way, Miss Field organized a boys' agricultural club, to which every farmboy in the county was eligible. Its members were instructed in corn testing, planting and judging, and regular contests were held to which the boys brought the best ears of corn that they or their fathers had raised, prizes being offered by the local merchants. As a result of the teaching in the schools and through the club Page County boys won first prize in every class for corn at the national corn show at Omaha, while the county exhibit as a whole won the grand premium of an automobile. And now behold the final proof that a prophet is not without honor in his own country! By unanimous vote of all the exhibitors the motor car was turned over to Superintendent Field, that she might more easily visit the small and scattered country schools that were her pride.

The Way Wisconsin Informs the Farmer

OUT in Page County they have learned that the greatest crop that an agricultural country can produce is a crop of good farmers and that successfully to raise such a crop the work must begin early. This is a lesson that is being taken to heart all over the country—most of all in the fat farming states of the Middle West.

Agricultural education in the United States is more than fifty years old—and yet it has just begun. There are now forty-nine land-grant agricultural colleges in the country, and many of them have been in existence for nearly half a century. They have done a great and important work, but as a means of making agricultural education anything like universal they have been a failure. In constructing either a skyscraper or a system of education it is always a mistake to begin with the top story. The colleges appealed only to young men and women of adult age. Meanwhile the majority of farm boys and girls had been caught by the lure of the city and had given up any idea of sticking to the land.

In bringing agricultural education down to the mass of the people, Wisconsin has been a leader. Ten years ago its legislature passed a law establishing secondary agricultural and domestic-science high schools in various sections of the state. There are now six such high schools in operation and several more are in process of establishment. An average of sixty boys and girls attend each of these schools during the winter months, while the summer course attracts three times that number. Elementary agriculture is also taught in every rural school in the state and an agricultural course is also provided in many of the regular high schools.

An amusing, yet very important, result followed the teaching of scientific agriculture to school-children in Wisconsin—and that state is not at all peculiar in this regard. Farmers are generally supposed to be extremely conservative and reluctant to adopt new plans and methods. For that matter, it has been generally observed that it is extremely hard to pry a new idea into the head of any man who is over forty years old. At any rate, when schoolboys first began to come home and talk about seed-corn germination boxes, cross fertilization and all manner

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THE GRAIN OF DUST

XIV

By David Graham Phillips

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. WENZELL

IT CHANCED that Norman met Dorothy Hallowell in the street about an hour after Tetlow's call.

He was on the way to lunch at the Lawyers' Club—one of those apparent luxuries that are the dire and pitiful necessities of men in New York fighting to maintain the semblance and the reputation of prosperity. It must not be imagined by those who are here let into Norman's inmost secrets that his appearance betrayed the depth to which he had fallen. At least to the casual eye he seemed the same rich and powerful personage. An expert might have got at a good part of the truth from his somber eyes and haggard face, from the subtle transformation of the former look of serene pride into the bravado of pretense. And as, in a general way, the facts of his fall were known far and wide, all his acquaintances understood that his seeming of undiminished success was simply the familiar bluff. Its advantage to him with them lay in its raising a doubt as to just what degree of disaster it hid—no small advantage. Nor was this bluff altogether for the benefit of the outside world. It made his fall less hideously intolerable to himself. In the bottom of his heart he knew that when drink and no money should finally force him to release his relaxing hold upon his fashionable clubs, upon luxurious attire and habits, he would suddenly and with accelerated speed drop into the abyss. We have all caught glimpses of that abyss—frayed fine linen cheaply laundered; a tie of one-time smartness showing signs of too long wear; a suit from the best kind of tailor with shiny spot glistening here, patch peeping there; a queer unkemptness about the hair and skin. These are the beginnings of a road that leads straight and short to the barrel-house, the park bench and the police station. Because when a man strikes into that stretch of the road to perdition he ceases to be one of our friends, passes from view entirely, we have the habit of saying that such things rarely if ever happen. But we know better. Many's the man now high who has had the sort of drop Norman was taking. We remember when he was making a bluff such as Norman was making in those days; but we think now that we were mistaken about him.

Norman, dressed with more than ordinary care—how sensitive a man becomes about things when there is neither rustle nor jingle in his pockets, and his smallest check would be returned with the big black stamp "No Funds"—Norman, groomed to the last button, was in Broadway near Rector Street. Ahead of him he saw the figure of a girl—a trim, attractive figure, slim and charmingly long of line. A second glance and he recognized her. What was the change that had prevented his recognizing her at once? He had not seen that particular lightish-blue dress before nor the coquettish, harmonizing hat. But that was not the reason. No, it was the coquetry in her toilet—the effort of the girl to draw attention to her charms by such small devices as are within the reach of extremely modest means. He did not like this change. It offended his taste; it alarmed his jealousy.

He quickened his step and when almost at her side spoke her name—"Miss Hallowell."

She stopped, turned. As soon as she recognized him there came into her quiet, lovely face a delightful smile. He could not conceal his amazement. She was glad to see him! Instantly, following the invariable habit of an experienced analytical mind, he wondered for what unflattering reason this young woman who did not like him was no longer showing it, was seeming more than a little pleased to see him. "Why, how d'ye do, Mr. Norman?" said she. And her friendliness and assurance of manner jarred upon him. There was not a suggestion of forwardness; but he, used to her old-time extreme reserve, felt precisely as if she were bold and gaudy, after the fashion of so many of the working-girls who were popular with the men.

This unfavorable impression disappeared—or, rather, retired to the background—even as it became definite. And once more he was seeing the charms of physical loveliness, of physical—and moral and mental—mystery that had a weird power over him. As they shook hands she was saying: "I've been wondering what had become of you."

"I saw Tetlow," he said. "He promised to send me your address."

At Tetlow's name she frowned slightly; then a gleam of ridicule flitted into her eyes. "Oh, that silly, squeamish old maid! How sick I got of him!"

Norman winced, and his jealousy stirred. "Why?" he asked.

"Always warning me against everybody. Always giving me advice. It was too tiresome. And at last he began to criticise me—the way I dressed—the way I talked said I was getting too free in my manner. The impudence of him!"

Norman tried to smile.

"He'd have liked me to stay a silly little mouse forever."

"So you've been—blossoming out," said Norman.

"In a quiet way," replied she, with a smile of self-content, so lovely as a smile that no one would have minded its frank egotism. "I don't intend life to be Sunday when it isn't work. I got very cross with him—Mr. Tetlow, I mean. And I took another position. It didn't pay quite so well—only fifteen a week. But I couldn't stand being watched—and guyed by all the other girls and boys for it."

"Where are you working?"

"With an old lawyer named Branscombe. It's awfully slow, as I'm the only one, and he's old and does everything in an old-fashioned way. But the hours are easy, and I don't have to get down till nine—which is nice when you've been out at a dance the night before."

Norman kept his eyes down to hide from her the legion of devils of jealousy. "You have changed," he said.

"I'm growing up," replied she, with a charming toss of her small head—what beautiful effects the sunlight made in among those wavy strands and strays!

"And you're as lovely as ever lovelier," he said—and his eyes were the eyes of the slave she had spurned.

She did not spurn him now—and it inflamed his jealousy that she did not. She said: "Oh, what's the good of looks? The town's full of pretty girls. And so many of them have money—which I haven't. To make a hit in New York a girl's got to have both looks and dress. But I must be going. I've an engagement to lunch"—she gave a proud little smile—"at the Astor House. It's nice upstairs there."

"With Bob Culver?"

She laughed. "I haven't seen him since I left his office. You know, Mr. Tetlow took me with him—back to your old firm. I didn't like Mr. Culver. I don't care for those black men. They are bad-tempered and two-faced. Anyhow, I'd not have anything to do with a man who wanted to slip round with me as if he were ashamed of me."

She was looking at Norman pleasantly. He wasn't sure but that the hit was for him as well as for Culver, and he flushed. "Will you lunch with me at the Astor House at one tomorrow?"

"I've got an engagement," said she, "and I must be going. I'm awfully late." He had an instinct that her engagement on both days was with the same man. "I'm glad to have seen you ——"

"Won't you let me call on you?" he said imploringly, but with the suggestion that he had no hope of being permitted to come.

"Certainly," responded she with friendly promptness. She opened the shopping bag swinging on her arm. "Here is one of my cards."

"When? This evening?"

Her laugh showed the beautiful deep pink and dazzling white behind her lips. "No—I'm going to a party."

"Let me take you."

She shook her head. "You wouldn't like it. Only young people."

"But I'm not so old."

She looked at him critically. "No—you're not. It always puzzled me. You aren't old—you look like a boy lots of the time. But you always seem old to me."

"I'll try to do better. Tonight?"

"Not tonight," laughed she. "Let's see—tomorrow's Sunday. Come tomorrow—about half past two."

"Thank you," he said, so gratefully that he cursed himself for his folly as he heard his voice—the idiotic folly of so plainly betraying his feelings. No wonder she despised him! Beginning again—and beginning wrong.

"Goodby." Her eyes and her smile flashed, and he was alone, watching her slender grace glide through the throngs of lower Broadway.

At his office again at three he found a note from Tetlow inclosing another of Dorothy's cards and also the promised check. Into his face came the look that always comes into the faces of the prisoners of despair when the bolts slide back and the heavy door swings open, and hope stands on the threshold instead of the familiar, grim figure of the jailer. "This looks like the turn of the road," he muttered. Yes, a turn it certainly was—but was it *the* turn? "I'll know more as to that," said he, with a glance at the clock, "about this time tomorrow."

. . . . . .

It was a boarding-house on the West Side. And the slovenly maid said, "Go right up to her room." However, working-girls must receive, and they cannot afford parlors and chaperons. Still—it was no place for a lovely young girl, full of charm and of love of life—and not brought up in the class where the women are trained from babyhood to protect themselves.

He ascended two flights, knocked at the door to the rear. "Come!" called a voice, and he entered. It was a small, neat room, arranged comfortably and with some

taste. He recognized at first glance many little things from her room in the Jersey City house—things he had provided for her. On the chimneypiece was a large photograph of her father—Norman's eyes hastily shifted from that.

The bed was folded away into a couch—for space and for respectability. At first he did not see her, but when he advanced a step farther she was disclosed in the doorway of a deep closet.

"How do you like my room?" she asked. "It's not so bad -really quite comfortable—though I'm afraid I'll be cold when the weather changes. But it's the best I can do. As it is, I don't see how I'm going to make ends meet. I pay twelve of my fifteen for this room and two meals. The rest goes for lunch and carfare. As soon as I have to get clothes ——" She broke off, laughing.

"Well," he said, "what then?"

"I'm sure I don't know," replied she carelessly. "Perhaps old Mr. Branscombe'll give me a raise. Still, eighteen or twenty is the most I could hope for—and that wouldn't mean enough for clothes. You spoiled me," she went on, "those few months over there in Jersey City. It made such a change in me, though I didn't realize it at the time. You see, I hadn't known since I was a tiny little girl what it was to live really decently, and so I was able to get along quite contentedly. I didn't know any better." She made a wry face. "How I loathe the canned and cold-storage stuff I have to eat nowadays! And how I do miss the beautiful room I had in that big house over there! And how I miss Molly and Pat—and the garden—and doing as I pleased—and the clothes I had! I thought I was being careful and not spoiling myself. You may not believe it, but I was really conscientious about spending money."

She laughed in a queer, absent way. "I had such a funny idea of what I had a right to do and what I hadn't. And I didn't spend so very much on out-and-out luxury. But—enough to spoil me for this life."

As Norman listened, as he noted -in her appearance, manner, way of talking -the many meaning signs of the girl hesitating at the fork of the roads—he felt within him the twinges of fear, of jealousy—and through fear and jealousy the twinges of conscience. She was telling the truth. He had undermined her ability to live the life to which her earning power assigned her. . . . Why had she been so friendly to him? Why had she received him in this informal, almost if not quite inviting, fashion?

"So you think I've changed?" she was saying. "Well—I have. Gracious, what a little fool I was!"

His eyes lifted with an agonized question in them.

She flushed, glanced away, glanced at him again with the old, sweet expression of childlike innocence that had so often made him wonder whether it was merely a mannerism, or was a trick; or was indeed a beam from a pure soul. "I'm foolish still—in certain ways," she said significantly.

"And you always intend to be?" suggested he, with a forced smile.

"Oh—yes," replied she—positively enough, yet it somehow had not the full force of her simple, short statements in the former days.

He believed her. Perhaps because he wished to believe, must believe, would have been driven quite mad by disbelief. Still, he believed. As yet she was good. But it would not last much longer. No matter how jealously he might guard her, she would go that road if once she entered it. If he would have her for his very own he must strengthen her, not weaken her; must keep her "foolish still—in certain ways."

He said: "There's nothing in the other sort of life."

"That's what they say," replied she, with ominous irritation. "Still—some girls—lots of girls seem to get on mighty well without being so terribly particular."

"You ought to see them after a few years."

"I'm only twenty-one," laughed she. "I've got lots of time before I'm old. . . . You haven't—married?"

"No," said he.

"I thought I'd have heard if you had." She laughed queerly—again shook out her hair, and it shimmered round her face and over her head and out from her shoulders like flames. "You've got a kind of a—Mr. Tetlow way of talking. It doesn't remind me of you as you were in Jersey City."

She said nothing, she suggested nothing that had the least impropriety in it or faintest hint of impropriety. It was nothing positive, nothing aggressive, but a certain vague, negative something that gave him the impression of innocence still innocent but looking or trying to look tolerantly where it should not. And he felt dizzy and sick, stricken with shame and remorse and jealous fear. Yes—she was sliding slowly, gently, unconsciously down to the depth in which he had been lying, sick and shuddering no, to deeper depths -to the depths where there is no light, no trace of a return path. And he had started her down. He had done it when he, in his pride and selfishness, had ignored what the success of his project would mean for her. But he knew now; in bitterness and shame and degradation he had learned. "I was infamous!" he said to himself.

She began to talk in a low, embarrassed voice: "Sometimes I think of getting married. There's a young man—a young lawyer—he makes twenty-five a week, but it'll be years and years before he has a good living. A man doesn't get on fast in New York unless he has pull."

Norman, roused from his remorse, blazed inside. "You are in love with him?"

She laughed, and he could not tell whether it was to tease him or to evade.

"You'd not care about him long," said Norman, "unless there were more money coming in than he'd be likely to get soon. Love without money doesn't go—at least, not in New York."

"Do you suppose I don't know that?" said she, with the irritation of one faced by a hateful fact. "Still -I don't see what to do."

Norman, biting his lip and fuming and observing her with sullen, jealous eyes, said, in the best voice he could command: "How long have you been in love with him?"

"Did I say I was in love?" mocked she.

"You didn't say you weren't. Who is he?"

"If you'll stay on about half an hour or so you'll see him. No—you can't. You must go now, in fact."

"Yes—I must be going," said he absently, rising and reaching for his hat on the center-table.

She stood up, put out her hand. "I'm glad you came."

"Thank you," said he, still in the same abstraction. He shook hands with her, moved hesitatingly toward the door. With his hand on the knob he turned and glanced keenly at her. He surprised in her face a look of mystery—of seriousness, of sadness—was there anxiety in it also? And then he saw a certain elusive reminder of her father—and it brought to him with curious force the memory of how she had been brought up, of what must be hers by inheritance and by training—she, the daughter of a great and simple and noble man ——

"You'll come again?" she said, and there was the note in her voice that made his nerves grow tense and vibrate.

But he seemed not to have heard her question. Still at the unopened door, he folded his arms upon his chest and said, speaking rapidly, yet with the deliberation of one who has thought out his words in advance:

"I don't know what kind of girl you are. I never have known. I've never wanted to know. If you told me you were what is called good I'd doubt it. If you told me you weren't I'd want to kill you and myself. They say there's a fatal woman for every man and a fatal man for every woman. I always laughed at the idea—until you. I don't know what to make of myself."

She suddenly laid her finger on her lips. It irritated him to discover that, as he talked, speaking the things that came from the very depths of his soul, she had been giving him only part of her attention, had been listening for a step on the stairs. He was hearing the ascending step now. He frowned. "Can't you send him away?" he asked.

"I must," said she in a low tone. "It wouldn't do for him to know you were here. He is terribly jealous."

A few seconds of silence, then a knock on the door.

"Who's there?" she called.

"I'm a little early," came in an agreeable, young man's voice. "Aren't you ready?"

"Not nearly," replied she in a laughing, innocent voice. "You'll have to go away for half an hour."

"I'll wait out here on the steps."

Her eyes were sparkling. A delicate color had mounted to her skin. Norman, watching her jealously, clenched his strong jaws. She said: "No—you must go clear away. I don't want to feel that I'm being hurried. Don't come back until a quarter past four."

"All right. I'm crazy to see you." This in the voice of a lover. She smiled radiantly at Norman, as if she thought he would share in her happiness at these evidences of her being well loved. The unseen young man said: "Exactly a quarter past. What time does your clock say it is now?"

"A quarter to," replied she.

"That's what my watch says. So there'll be no mistake. For half an hour—goodby!"

"Half an hour!" she called.

She and Norman stood in silence until the footsteps died away. Then she said crossly to Norman: "You ought to have gone before. I don't like to do these things."

"You do them well," said he, with a savage gleam.

She was prompt and sure with his punishment. She said, simply and sweetly: "I'd do anything to keep his good opinion of me."

Norman felt and looked cowed. "You don't know how it makes me suffer to see you fond of another man," he cried.

She seemed not in the least interested; went to the mirror of the bureau and began to inspect her hair. "You can go in five minutes," said she. "By that time he'll be well out of the way. Anyhow, if he saw you leaving the house he'd not know but what you had been to see some one else. He knows you by reputation, but not by sight."

Norman went to her, took her by the shoulders gently but strongly. "Look at me!" he said.

She looked at him with an expression, or perhaps absence of expression, that was simple listening.

"You must marry me!"

Her gaze did not wander, but before his wondering eyes she seemed to fade, fade toward colorlessness, insignificance. The light died from her eyes, the flush of health from her white skin, the freshness from her lips, the sparkle and vitality from her hair. A slow, gradual transformation, which he watched with a frightened tightening at the heart.

She said slowly: "You want me -to -marry -you?"

"I've always wanted it, though I didn't realize it," replied he.

She seated herself deliberately.

After he had waited in vain for her to speak he went on. "If you married me I know you'd play square. I could trust you absolutely. I don't know—can't find out much about you -but, at least, I know that."

"But I don't love you," said she.

"You needn't remind me of it," rejoined he curtly.

"I don't think so so poorly of you as I used to," she went on. "I understand a lot of things better than I did. But I don't love you, and I feel that I never could."

"I'll risk that," said Norman through his clenched teeth; "I've got to risk it."

"I'd be marrying you because I don't feel able to—to make my own way."

"That's the reason most girls have for marrying," said he. "Love comes afterward if it comes. And it's the more likely to come for the girl not having faked the man and herself beforehand."

She glanced at the clock. He frowned. She started up. "You must go," she said.

"What is your answer?"

"Oh, I couldn't decide so quickly. I must think."

"You mean you must see your young man again—see whether there isn't some way of working it out with him?"

"That too," replied she simply. "But—it's nearly four o'clock ——"

"I'll come back at seven for my answer."

"No; I'll write you tonight."

"I must know at once. This suspense has got to end. It unfits me for everything."

"I'll—I'll decide—tonight," she said, with a queer catch in her voice. "You'll get the letter in the morning mail."

"Very well." And he gave her his club address.

She opened the door in her impatience to be rid of him. He went, with a hasty "Goodby" which she echoed as she closed the door.

When he left the house he saw standing on the curb before it a tall, good-looking young man—with a frank, amiable face. He hesitated, glowering at the young man's profile. Then Norman went his way, suffocating with jealous anger, depressed, despondent, fit for absolutely nothing but to brood in fatuous futility.

XV

UNTIL very recently indeed psychology was not an ology at all, but an indefinite something or other "up in the air," the sport of the winds and fogs of transcendental tommy-rot. Now, however, science has drawn it down, has fitted it in its proper place as a branch of physiology. And we are beginning to have a clearer understanding of the thoughts and the thought-producing actions of ourselves and our fellow-beings. Soon it will be no longer possible for the historian and the novelist, the dramatist, the poet, the painter or sculptor to present in all seriousness, as instances of sane human conduct, the aberrations resulting from various forms of disease ranging from indigestion in its mild, temper-breeding forms to acute homicidal or suicidal mania. In that day of greater enlightenment a large body of now much esteemed art will become ridiculous. Practically all the literature of strenuous passion will go by the board or will be relegated to the medical library where it belongs; and it and the annals of violence found in the daily newspapers of our remote time will be cited as documentary proof of the low economic and hygienic conditions prevailing in that almost barbarous period. For certain it is that the human animal, when healthy and well fed, is invariably peaceable and kindly and tolerant—up to the limits of selfishness, and even encroaching upon those limits.

Of writing rubbish about love and passion there is no end—and will be no end until the venerable traditional nonsense about those interesting emotions shares the fate that should overtake all the cobwebs of ignorance thickly clogging the windows and walls of the human mind. Of all the fiddle-faddle concerning passion probably none is more shudderingly admired than the notion that one possessed of an overwhelming desire for another longs to destroy that other. It is true there is a form of murderous mania that involves practically all the emotions, including, of course, the passions—which are as readily subject to derangement as any other part of the human

organism. But passion in itself—even when it is so powerful that it dominates the whole life, as in the case of Frederick Norman—passion in itself does not produce acute selfishness, paranœac egotism, but a generous and beautiful kind of unselfishness. Not from the first moment of Fred Norman's possession did he wish to injure or in any way to make unhappy the girl he loved. He longed to be happy with her, to have her happy with and through him.

He represented his plotting to himself as a plan to make her happier than she ever had been; as for ultimate consequences, he refused to consider them. Indifference, coldness—the natural hardheartedness of the normal man—return only when the inspiration and elevation of passion disappear in satiety. The man or the woman who continues to inspire passion continues to inspire tenderness and considerateness.

So, when Norman left Dorothy that Sunday afternoon, he, being a normal if sore-beset human being, was soon in the throes of an agonized remorse. There may have been some hypocrisy in it, some struggling to cover up the baser elements in his infatuation fpr her. What human emotion of upward tendency has not at least a little of the varnish of hypocrisy on certain less presentable spots in it? But in the main it was a creditable, a manly remorse, and not altogether the writhings of jealousy and jealous fear of losing her.

He saw clearly that she was telling the truth, and telling it too gently, when she said he was responsible for her having standards of living that she could not unaided hope to attain. It is a dreadful thing to interfere in the destiny of a fellow being. We do it all the time: we do it lightly. Nevertheless, it is a dreadful thing—not one that ought not to be done, but one that ought to be done only under imperative compulsion, and then with every precaution. He had interfered in Dorothy Hallowell's destiny. He had lifted her out of the obscure niche where she was ensconced in comparative contentment. He had lifted her up where she had seen and felt the pleasures of a life of luxury.

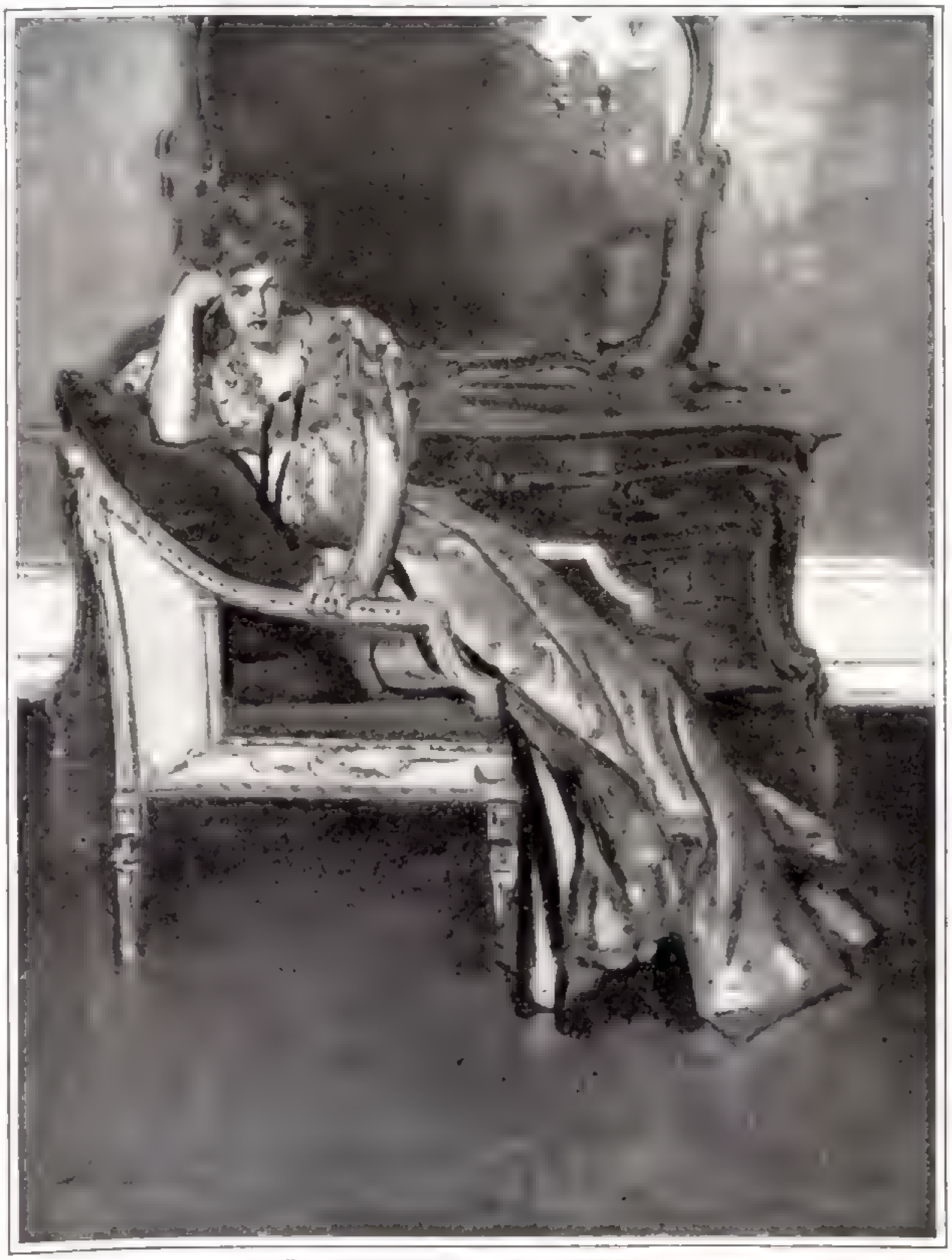
"But for me," he said to himself, "she would now be marrying this poor young lawyer, or some chap of the same sort, and would be looking forward to a life of happiness in a little flat or suburban cottage."

If she should refuse his offer -what then? Clearly he ought to do his best to help her to happiness with the other man. He smiled cynically at the moral height to which his logic thus pointed the way. Nevertheless, he did not turn away, but surveyed it and there formed in his mind an impulse to make an effort to attempt that height if Fate should rule against him with her. "If I were a really decent man," thought he, "I'd sit down now and write her that I would not marry her, but would give her young man a friendly hand in the law if she wished to marry him." But he knew that such utter generosity was far beyond him. "Only a hero could do it," said he. He added, with what a sentimentalist might have called a return of his normal cynicism: "Only a hero who really, in the bottom of his heart, didn't especially want the girl" And a candid person of experience might possibly admit that there was more truth than cynicism in his look askance at the grand army of martyrs of renunciation, most of whom have simply given up something they didn't really want.

"If she accepts me I'll make it impossible for her not to be happy," he said to himself, in all the fine unselfishness of passion—not divine unselfishness, but human—not the kind we read about and pretend to have—and get a savage attack of bruised vanity if we are accused of not having it—no; but just the kind we have and show in our daily lives -the unselfishness of longing to make happy those whom it would make us happier to see happy. "She may think she cares for this young clerk" so ran his thoughts—"but she doesn't know her own mind. When she is mine I'll take her in hand as a gardener does a delicate, rare flower -and, by Heaven, how she will blossom and bloom!"

It would hardly be possible for a human being to pass a stormier night than was that night of his. Alternations between hope and despair -fantastic pictures of a future with and without her, wild pleadings with her—those delirious transports to which our imaginations give way if we happen to be blessed and cursed with imaginations in the security of the darkness and aloneness of night and bed.

And through it all he was tormented by her loveliness—her hair, her skin, her eyes, the shy, slender graces of her form. He tossed about until his bed was so wildly disheveled that he had to rise and remake it.



"I'm Afraid I've Made a—a Dreadful Mistake"

When day came, and the first mail, there was her letter on the salver of the boy entering the room. He reached for it with eager, trembling arm, drew back. "Put it on the table," he said.

The boy left. He was alone. Leaning upon his elbow in the bed he stared at the letter with hollow, terrified eyes. It contained his destiny. If she accepted he would go up, for his soul-sickness would be cured. If she refused he would cease to struggle. He rose, took from a locked drawer a bottle of rye whisky. He poured a tall glass - the kind called a bar glass—half full, drank it straight down without a pause or a quiver. The shock brought him up standing. He looked and acted like his former self as he went to the table, took up the letter, opened it and read:

I am willing to marry you if you really want me. I am tired of struggling, and I don't see anything but dark ahead.—D. H.

Norman struggled over to the bed, threw himself down flat upon his back, arms and legs extended wide and whole body relaxed. He felt the blood whirl up into his brain like the great red and black tonguesof flame and smoke in a conflagration, and then he slept soundly until nearly one o'clock.

To an outsider there would have been a world of homely, commonplace pathos in that little letter of the girl's if read aright—that is to say, if read with what was supplied between the lines. It is impossible to live in cities any length of time and with any sort of eyes without learning the bitter, unromantic truths about poverty—city poverty. In quiet, desolate places one may be poor, very poor, without much conscious suffering. There are no teasing contrasts, no torturing temptations. But in a city, if one knows anything at all of the possibilities of civilized life, of the joys and comforts of good food, clothing and shelter, of theater and concert and excursion, of entertaining and being entertained, poverty becomes a hell. In the country, in the quiet towns, the innocent people wonder at the greediness of the more comfortable kinds of city people, at their love of money, their incessant dwelling upon it, their reverence for those who have it, their paniclike flight from those who have it not. They wonder how folk, apparently human, can be so inhuman. Let them be careful how they judge. If you discover any human being anywhere acting as you think a human being should not, investigate all the circumstances, look thoroughly into all the causes of his or her conduct, before you condemn him or her as inhuman, unworthy of your kinship and your sympathy.

In her brief letter the girl showed that, young though she was and not widely experienced in life, she yet had seen the horrors of city poverty, how it poisons and kills all the fine emotions. She had seen many a loving young couple start out confidently with a few hundred dollars of debt for furniture—had seen the love fade and wither, shrivel, die—had seen appear peevishness and hatred and unfaithfulness, and all the huge, foul weeds that choke the flowers of married life. She knew what her lover's salary would buy—and what it

(Continued on Page 69)

REBUILDING A RAILROAD

By EDWARD HUNGERFORD

EIGHT years ago a man came East from out of the great Northwest and told New England that the great railroad system that had been the pride of one of its busiest states was worn out. The man—his name is Charles S. Mellen—expected an outcry at that and he was not disappointed. The New Haven road, as New England familiarly knows it, was supposed to be the last call in construction. You could meet a man from Connecticut anywhere in the Middle West and he was lukewarm in his enthusiasms, for he maintained that there was a stretch of track from New York up to Yale College that was the finest railroad in the world.

But the quiet, emotionless Mellen had been schooled under that veteran pedagog, James J. Hill. And Hill had taught him that the best railroad is none too good in these days of grinding competition in lowering operating costs between the big systems of the country. That lesson Mellen took East. He gave it application by tearing the New Haven more or less to pieces. He found wooden bridges and light steel bridges, he rode over lines that were a heterogeneous mass of curves and grades gathered together in a process of benevolent assimilation that had just been finished. Then he got his engineers together and began revision.

It is most of it done now. There are still one or two wooden bridges left upon the New Haven, but they are upon unimportant side lines. Yet only a month ago Mellen showed that his application to the details of the system of which he was president included side lines, for he then finished a four-year job digging a tunnel through a Connecticut hill so that the former New England road should have a more direct route from Waterbury over to Hartford. The bridgemen are still at work on the red spans of a brand-new structure on the so-called airline at Middletown, which eventually will give a shortened main line to Boston and make the running of four-hour trains between New York and Boston an easy possibility.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

As far back as the early fifties the great work of rebuilding the trunkline railroads was begun. Certain serious errors in the original alignment of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad between Baltimore and the Potomac River were corrected, even though at a considerable expense. As time went on, other railroads continued this correction work. It is still being prosecuted east and west of the Mississippi. Ten million dollars—fifty million dollars—looks like a lot of money to the stockholders of any company when their president tells them that this is to be the cost of this new relief line—this reconstruction, that cutoff; but what is a million dollars when it is going to save more than a hundred thousand dollars a year in the operation of your railroad? This viewpoint is due to the big feature that the railroads make nowadays of this reconstruction work.

The Battle With the Big Salt Lake

MR. HARRIMAN, with his transcontinentals from the Mississippi watershed west, was almost the pioneer in this work of wholesale reconstruction. The wholesale operating benefits that have resulted from it in the case of his group of Pacifics were largely responsible for his preeminence in the railroad world. And yet, once his method was tried, it all seemed simpler than A, B, C.

Take the case of the Lucin cutoff on his Union Pacific: When that historic railroad war being pushed across the plains and threaded over the Rockies and the Sierras, the Great Salt Lake of Utah lay directly in its path. The railroad did the obvious thing and carefully made a détour around the lake.

When Mr. Harriman took over the Union Pacific, then in a state of physical decadence, and surveyed the situation carefully, he decreed that the Great Salt Lake should no longer cause a trunkline railroad to double on its path. He caused a line to be surveyed directly across the marshy lake from Ogden to Lucin; and when that was done he had a line—on paper—one hundred and three miles long as against one hundred and forty-seven miles by the old line. The engineer hesitated, but Harriman urged, and they courageously began the construction of miles and miles of embankment and of trestle. Then new difficulties arose. Sinkholes developed. In a few minutes structures that had been the work of long months silently disappeared. The engineers in charge came to Harriman.

"It is not possible," they told him.

"You must carry it through whether it is possible or not," Harriman replied.

Eventually they carried it through.

When it was done the Union Pacific had not only shortened its transcontinental line forty-four miles but it had eliminated more than fifteen hundred feet of heavy grade and three thousand nine hundred and nineteen degrees of curvature. An operating economy of between nine hundred thousand dollars and one million dollars a year had been effected and the stockholders of the company had a good investment for the ten million dollars that the Lucin cutoff had cost them.

Nor was that all on the Union Pacific. On other sections of its main line similar reconstruction work has added to the economy of operation—by millions of dollars each year. For twenty miles west from Omaha, where the old historic transcontinental formerly dipped south to avoid a series of undulating hills, the new Lane cutoff runs squarely across them—twenty miles of deep cuts and heavy fills—"heavy railroad," as the engineers like to put it. And again, where the old line twisted and wound itself over the Black Hills and wobbled unsteadily through Wyoming, the engineers in charge continued to press their work of reconstruction.

It is not generally understood that the summit of the Union Pacific is in the Black Hills, which constitute the first foothill range of the Rockies, rather than in the mountain crest beyond. The Black Hills have always been a baffling proposition, with their short, steep slopes. The engineers wrinkled their brows at the thought of correcting the old line through there; but Harriman simply said that they must; the board—which meant E. H. Harriman himself—had directed that two hundred and forty-seven feet be cut from the road's crest in that particular place.

Two hundred and forty-seven feet—almost to the inch—were cut. It took giant fills and embankments and an army of men, but the grades were brought to a minimum for a Rocky Mountain stretch. Wooden trestles, old and affording a constant fire risk, were swallowed up in embankments; a single slice through a hilltop, a quarter of a mile long and eighty feet deep, did its part in reducing the grades; antiquated cars disappeared before equipment of the modern class, and dilapidated shanties were supplanted by fine, permanent railroad stations. The new Union Pacific is a monument to the reconstruction engineer—and E. H. Harriman.

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Other railroads by the dozen, whose lines traverse mountainous or even hilly country, are engaged in this proposition of lowering their grades. F. D. Underwood, president of the Erie, and known as one of the ablest operating heads in this country, has been engaged in cutting off some of the heavy hill-climbs on that old-time route from the seaboard to the lakes. Underwood has already seen hopes of success in developing Erie essentially as a freighting property; and for the immediate improvement of that portion of its facilities he has built three new relief lines, a small stretch near Lake Chautauqua, in western New York; another through the upper Genesee Valley; the third and most important eastward from a point near Port Jervis and piercing the summit of the Shawangunk Mountains.

The line through the Genesee Valley extends from Hunt, on the Buffalo division, about twenty miles west of Hornell, to Hinsdale on the main line, and is thirty-three miles long. It cuts off a heavy grade between Hornell and Hinsdale on the main line—something approximating a little over one per cent—for both eastbound and westbound freight. At that particular point, Erie's westbound freight approximates seventy-five per cent of the eastbound and so the new line recognizes that fact by establishing the westbound maximum grade at three-tenths of one per cent as against a maximum of two-tenths of one per cent in the other direction. Brought to a plain understanding, a single locomotive has no difficulty in handling eighty cars, each bearing forty tons of coal, over this new lowgrade line. To take one-half that load over the old main line required a pusher.

Tripling the Load by Cutting Grades

ON THE east end of the line, where the Erie's engineers built their greatest lowgrade cutoff, the coal rolls down to the seaboard in such quantities as to make the westbound tonnage only a quarter of the eastbound; so the reconstruction engineers were satisfied with a maximum westbound grade of six-tenths of one per cent as against the maximum of two-tenths eastbound, in the direction of the heavy traffic. The cutoff, which is double-tracked and is forty-two and one-half miles long, increases the distance from New York to Chicago eight miles, but this is not an essential fact; for, like the Genesee Valley road, it is built exclusively for freight service and not only almost triples the hauling capacity of a locomotive but actually permits of faster running time for the freight trains between Jersey City and Port Jervis. To build the cutoff required a really great expenditure, for, like all these new lines, it was "heavy work," embracing a tunnel nearly a mile long under the crest of the Shawangunk Ridge and a steel trestle over the Moodna Valley, thirty-two hundred feet in length and one hundred and ninety feet high. Still, President Underwood can contemplate his locomotives hauling three times their old loads over it. The economy of such a proposition becomes apparent upon the face of it.

The Baltimore & Ohio, the Southern and the Norfolk & Western have recently lowered their grades and straightened their curves in similar fashion. The Lehigh Valley,

by the erection of a great new bridge at Towanda, Pennsylvania, has taken a bad link out of its main line. When the engineers told the Chicago & Alton that it must abandon miles upon miles of its main line—for long years its pride and build anew, the railroad said go ahead. Stretch by stretch the old road was revamped to meet modern conditions in every way. A steel bridge across the Missouri, which had been the first steel bridge built in America, at the cost of five hundred thousand dollars, was sent to the scrapheap though the old-timers groaned. "That which yesterday was a railroad marvel becomes a curiosity tomorrow," observes Mr. Frank H. Spearman, in speaking of this very thing.

The rebuilding of the Chicago & Alton was a clean-cut affair. The seventy-pound rails were torn from the main line and sent to sidings and branch lines, eighty-pound rails replacing them. While men were tearing at the tracks, the shops were working overtime. Fifty-five-ton freight engines that could haul thirty cars were to give way to one-hundred-and-sixty-five-ton motive power, capable of picking up and drawing a hundred cars with ease. That was why the old bridge had to go—in favor of one that cost an even million dollars. And when the Alton built heavy new bridges at dozens of other points besides over the Missouri—it built them after the new fashion, with solid rock-ballast floor, affording additional comfort and safety to its patrons.

Laying Out a Road With a Ruler

IN A FLAT state like Illinois there were no very serious grade defects to be corrected, but through the gentle undulations of rolling country the line twisted and turned like a lazy brook. The rebuilders stopped that. When they were done there was a single section of forty miles straight as the arrow flies and many tangents of from fifteen to twenty-nine miles. In some cases, when the trains were transferred to the completed line, the old, spindly, wobbly affair could be seen for miles, in roadbed, at one side or the other of the new road. In some cases this abandoned right-of-way was sold to interurban electric railroads—in one particular case one of the abandoned bridges was included in the sale.

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The Delaware, Lackawanna & Western is one of the old-time Eastern roads that has waxed immensely prosperous with the years. Originally built as an anthracite coal carrier from the eastern Pennsylvania mountains to the seaboard, it has developed into a through freight and passenger carrier of importance. The old-time engineer knew how to plan good railroads—the Pennsylvania today is building its new lowgrade freight line on the very surveys made by its pioneer surveyors three-quarters of a century ago—but, as we have already intimated, those railroads themselves were financially weak. Early annual reports of the Pennsylvania tell how its stock was peddled in Philadelphia from house to house—up one street and down another—and how sometimes two houses joined together to buy a single share. Money was not plentiful in the middle of the last century.

So, the Lackawanna engineers were compelled to build their road in semi-mountainous districts, along the lines of least resistance, rather than by the most direct routes. As it came east from Scranton, over the Pocono Mountains, it found its way in a roundabout course to the middle of northern New Jersey. The road wound south and then wound north, its grades were steep, some of its curves were short and it dipped through two tunnels—one at Oxford Furnace, the other at Manunka Chunk.

To iron out those timetaking dips, the sharp curves, the grades and the tunnels, the Lackawanna cutoff, the "heaviest" bit of railroad in the world, was begun three years ago. A new route twenty-eight and one-half miles long was surveyed diagonally across from Port Morris on the main line in New Jersey to the main line again at Delaware Water Gap. Despite the fact that it must cross the watersheds diagonally—watersheds formed by deep valleys and high rocky ridges—the line as surveyed and built is only three miles longer than a direct airline. It shortens the Lackawanna's main stem from New York to Buffalo—already the shortest route between these two cities—by fifteen miles and brings that busy lake port a trifle within four hundred miles of the seaboard.

To cross those watersheds at a sharp diagonal meant "heavy work"; and the engineers, to run their straightcut, lowgrade line, found that they would have to make tremendous cuts and fills these last alone totaling fourteen million six hundred thousand cubic yards. The Lackawanna's engineers will give you a faint idea of the stupendous size of these embankments. To build them up of stone and earth, at the rate of a cartload a minute for each working day of the year, would require eighty-one years for the job. To do it in less than three years has meant the employment of whole trains of dump-cars, the purchase of six-hundred-acre farms for single borrow-pits, the energy and administration of real engineers.

There have been cuts through solid rock, sixty-five bridges and culverts to be wrought of concrete, a single embankment—at the Pequest River—three miles in length, one hundred and ten feet high and three hundred feet wide at its base. The traveler who rides over the completed double-track road will have but a faint idea of the human labor and the human energy that have gone to construct it.

. . . . . .

The great railroad that traverses Pennsylvania is another monument to the engineer. The Pennsylvania Railroad was no wobbly affair at any time. Its grades and curves, considering the character of the country through which its trunk rests, are not excessive. It has been a good standard railroad for many years past; but, along in 1902, the Pennsylvania found that its troubles rested in the volume of traffic that was being offered it. The heavy tonnage business began to clog the road's fast passenger traffic its especial pride—and the fast freight traffic—the mainstay of its shippers; and an appeal was made to the reconstruction engineers.

It was no slight appeal at that. Pittsburgh, handling four hundred thousand freight cars a month, was clogged, congested with such streams as had never before tried to crowd through that narrow neck of the Pennsylvania's bottle; and the orders that went forth for relief were emphatic. Vice-presidents, general managers, superintendents and general superintendents, and engineers of every sort, crowded into the president's office in Broad Street Station, of Philadelphia. Out of that conference the plans for an exclusively lowgrade freight line from New York to Pittsburgh, and for the traffic relief of Pittsburgh itself, were born.

Every large city has become, in a sense, a bottle-neck for the important railroads that pierce it. In some cases, like Chicago or St. Louis, or Kansas City or Indianapolis, the situation has been solved by the creation of beltline freight railroads partly or entirely encircling the town. At Buffalo the New York Central lines have built a connecting line to enable through traffic to escape the congestion of city yards and terminals; while at New Haven the road of the same name has recently spent several million dollars in enlarging its narrow throat in the middle of the town.

Nowhere else did the situation approach that at Pittsburgh. Through the Pennsylvania's passenger station there poured not only an abnormally heavy passenger traffic, owing to a heavy suburban service, but also every pound of freight bound between the parent company and its two great subsidiaries the Panhandle and the Fort Wayne. There were further complications right at the station, owing to the proximity of two of the very worst grade-crossings in America, where Penn and Liberty Avenues swept their busy tides of city traffic all day long over the Fort Wayne's main-line tracks. It was a problem that called for the best engineering skill—and it received it.

The Pennsylvania dug deep into its pocketbook and solved the problem magnificently. It began by going back into the vicinity of its great Pitcairn freight yards on the east of the city and from there building two connecting laterals—the one to the south and across the Monongahela River, to connect with the Panhandle tracks; the other to the north—known as the Brilliant cutoff—across the Allegheny and connecting with the tracks of the West Penn Railroad, which in turn connected with those of the Fort Wayne in the one-time city of Allegheny. That sounds simple, but it was in reality a decidedly expensive undertaking. The mile of Brilliant cutoff, "heavy work" every inch of it, cost five million five hundred thousand dollars and is today the most expensive mile of railroad track in the world.

However, the gripping hand was off the traffic throat of Pittsburgh and commercial Pittsburgh breathed more easily once again. The Union Station and its approach tracks were restored to passenger uses and in the course of things the Pennsylvania tore down the old station and built a new one, wiping out the two wicked city crossings as with the stroke of an Aladdin's hand.

So much for Pittsburgh. Now consider the great new freight line leading to the east from there. Not all of that railroad has yet been built, but the greater part of it is already completed and every part of the old road that was under tension because of freight congestion has already been relieved.

Showing What Can be Done With a Packsaddle

TO BUILD this new double-track railroad across three hundred and fifty miles of a mountainous state the engineers studied two points—grade and curvature. Distance was no object, for speed is the very last attainment of heavy tonnage movement. The new route consisted in part of the enlargement of the old routes and in part of the construction of brand-new line. It started east from Pittsburgh, where the great Brilliant cutoff had been built to relieve the tremendous terminal freight congestion and followed up the valley of the Allegheny River on the route of the West Penn road—a Pennsylvania property. The main line of the Pennsylvania comes east from Pittsburgh up the valley of the Monongahela for a distance and then across to Blairsville Intersection, fifty miles east of Pittsburgh, where it is intercepted by the lowgrade freight route.

From Blairsville to Gallitzin the road winds through the narrow and forbidding Conemaugh Valley most of the way. It twists itself through the slender defile of Packsaddle. A dozen years ago or more, when the Pennsylvania's engineers were ordered to four-track the original double-track through that narrow niche in God's great world, they shook their heads dubiously; then—after the fashion of engineers—they went ahead and did it. When the order came for two more tracks in the Conemaugh's defile they placed them there, although they had literally to blast out a shelf on the fearfully steep mountainsides for the lowgrade line.

Just beyond Gallitzin, where the Pennsylvania pierces with two great tunnels the very summit of the Alleghanies, the lowgrade line takes its own course once more, breaking farther and farther away from the main line and for long sections following the trail of the long-since abandoned Portage Railroad. The day is coming when the Gallitzin tunnels are to be left high in the air. The Pennsylvania's officers tell you that frankly.

"We have plans already made for a six-mile tunnel, to be handled by electric motive-power," said one of them just the other day; "and every year we wait that tunnel grows longer, the approaching grades less and less. It will cost money—money into the millions of dollars—and it will earn ten per cent on the investment."

From Gallitzin the lowgrade line delves far south to Hollidaysburg and then follows the tracks of a former branch line up to Petersburg, on the main line, with which it runs parallel to the Susquehanna. Where the main line crosses the Susquehanna at Rockville the lowgrade freight route diverges once again and follows the west bank of the river for a number of miles, completely avoiding in that way Harrisburg and the towns to the south of it, with all of their conditions of congestion. The freight route crosses

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PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 25, 1911

Democrats at the Bat

PRESIDENT TAFT is not an especially humorous person, but he can hardly have called a special session of Congress without indulging in a grim and satirical grin. Two years ago he convened Congress in extra session for the purpose of considering the tariff. The net result of that extra session, politically speaking, was a vast wreckage in his party. In calling another extra session he hands the same fatal puzzle over to the Democrats, the condition being that they must solve it or suffer destruction.

Among the Democrats in both Houses of Congress are a good many Little Brothers of Protection. To find their names one has only to consult the roll-calls on free raw materials when the Payne-Aldrich bill was on passage. The Little Brothers do not call themselves protectionists, but that is obviously unimportant so long as they vote for protection. If the Democrats satisfy the country with respect to the tariff at this extra session their chance of carrying the next Presidential election will be excellent. If they fail they may as well close indefinitely for repairs. In twenty years no party has really satisfied the country with respect to the tariff. The McKinley bill sidetracked the Republicans for a period. The Wilson-Gorman bill canceled the Democrats' brief lease of power. It is rather doubtful whether any party, with a wholesale revision that gives the Little Brothers so much opportunity for log-rolling, can produce a satisfactory bill. Any Little Brother tariff legislation will pretty certainly relegate the Democratic party again to that lonesome bourn whither the Wilson-Gorman bill sent it.

Keeping the Country Stirred Up

A DEVOTED band of Democrats in the House, led by Representative Fitzgerald of New York, killed the Tariff Board bill by an eleventh-hour filibuster, after the bill had passed both Houses, in somewhat different form, by substantial majorities. One of the fatuous arguments against the bill was that a permanent board would keep the country stirred up about the tariff.

More than three years ago it became practically certain that the Republicans, if continued in power, would take up tariff revision. Their platform of 1908 pledged them to that course and Mr. Taft discussed tariff revision extensively during the campaign. His first act as President was to call an extra session to revise the tariff. The result of that session was to make tariff agitation more acute than ever. Last fall's Congressional elections turned largely upon that subject, and we are now upon the eve of another extra session that will concern itself chiefly with the tariff. For three years, that is, the country has been continuously stirred about the tariff, and the process will continue indefinitely.

The Great Divide

FOR purposes of a new party the National Republican Progressive League offers an unwieldy and elephantine name, but an excellent program. It does not at present discuss the tariff or attempt to say how national resources should be managed. Currency, the trusts, civil service, Governmental economy, the army and navy are not mentioned in its immediate platform. It begins simply with direct election of Senators, direct primaries, direct election of delegates to national conventions, initiative, referendum and recall, and a sweeping corrupt-practices act governing elections. In fine, it is content for the present simply to advocate a genuinely democratic organization of government—actual rule by the people.

To some earnest persons who are zealous for a realignment of politics this program may seem discouragingly unambitious; but all other political differences finally sink into it. It offers a base line as fundamental as that of Conservative and Radical, for every real Radical program is predicated upon the free acceptance of the people. It is Conservative programs that are based upon the absence of that acceptance. Any new party that proposes to begin otherwise than with a genuine democratic organization of government might as well not begin at all.

About a New Party

IN THE Senate the bitterest fight of the regular session was over the Lorimer case. Eleven Democrats and thirty-five Republicans voted for the Illinois Republican; eighteen Democrats and twenty-two Republicans voted against him. It was Bailey, leading Democrat, who fought most desperately in Lorimer's behalf, threatening to tie up appropriation bills in order to force a vote. Nine Democrats joined twenty-four Republicans in defeating, by an exceedingly slim margin, the resolution for direct election of Senators. Some Democratic Senators were most active in hindering the Tariff Board bill, and stood shoulder to shoulder with stand-pat Republicans in opposition to Canadian reciprocity, while in the House seventy-seven Republicans voted for the reciprocity agreement and eighty-eight voted against it. This agreement is the most important measure of Mr. Taft's Administration, the measure to which in greatest degree he pins his political hopes; and in respect to it the Republican President must depend very largely upon Democratic support in Congress.

The best reason for thinking there will be a new political party is that, for legislative purposes, there are no longer any old political parties. If there is to be any party alignment it must apparently be a new one, for in Congress the old one has disappeared. Of the thirty-three Senators who defeated the resolution for direct election of the members of the Upper House ten retired on March 4. This makes the Senate simply more Insurgent and tends more completely to obliterate the old party lines.

The Coal Trust's Sunny Corner

THE Delaware, Lackawanna & Western is one of the railroads comprised by the hard-coal trust at which the "commodities clause" of the Hepburn act was especially aimed. It differs from the Erie and the Reading in that it has not been a conspicuous pawn for high finance to juggle with, and its stock consequently is not watered. When the Supreme Court, in a remarkable decision, held that the "commodities clause" was valid, yet did not prevent railroads from controlling hard-coal mines by indirect ownership, the Lackawanna organized a coal company to handle its anthracite coal and declared a cash dividend of fifty per cent, one-half of which its stockholders might use in purchasing the stock of the coal company. Practically it presented them with the coal company stock and an equal amount of cash besides. Since that time it has been paying regular cash dividends of twenty per cent a year.

The Wall Street Journal figures that, including the profits of the coal company, Lackawanna's net earnings in 1910 amounted to forty-nine and three-tenths per cent on its capital stock and in four years the net earnings have amounted practically to two hundred per cent.

It is interesting, on some such rare occasion, to see what an able monopoly can really earn on unwatered stock.

Trade With Canada

OVER a thousand persons, including accredited representatives from nearly every Central and South American state, attended the recent Pan-American Commercial Congress in Washington. It was a pleasant and profitable occasion, characterized by much hopeful oratory concerning closer trade relations with the people to the south of us. But there are also people to the north of us, and Pan-American doesn't mean simply South American.

Canada buys from us considerably more than twice as much as all South America. The increase alone in our exports to Canada from 1901 to 1907 amounted to as much as our total exports to South America. Moreover, Canada's purchases from us amount to nearly a hundred million dollars a year more than her sales to us, while South America's sales to us amount to nearly a hundred million dollars a year more than her purchases from us. If you had one customer who sold to you twice as much as he bought from you and another customer who bought from you twice as much as he sold to you, which one would you be most anxious to cultivate? And if the customer who bought from you twice as much as he sold to you was obviously capable of taking a much greater quantity of your goods, that customer would be exactly in the position of Canada with respect to the United States.

For increasing Pan-American commerce the Canadian reciprocity treaty is by far the most promising measure ever brought before the country.

Mossgrown on One Side Only

EIGHT years ago the steel mills of the United States were beginning to make open-hearth rails. The total output in that year was six thousand tons. Only four years ago the output of open-hearth rails was well below two hundred thousand tons, while the make of Bessemer steel rails was nearly three million eight hundred thousand tons. At that time Pittsburgh, of course, was headquarters of the rail industry, but the United States Steel Corporation was beginning to build the huge plant at Gary, Indiana. Last year the output of open-hearth rails had risen above one million seven hundred thousand tons—almost tenfold what it was four years ago—and the make of Bessemer rails had fallen slightly below two million tons. In 1906 open-hearth rails were less than five per cent of the total output; in 1910 they were forty-five per cent of the total. Meanwhile, Indiana had surpassed Pennsylvania in rail-making.

In other words, a big revolutionary change has occurred in the rail industry within eight years. We are anxious that the public should know this and give due credit to the enterprise of the gentlemen who are conducting our rail industry and have brought about the change; because from another set of figures the public might form a wrong and injurious notion that these gentlemen were mere fossilized moosbacks, incapable of any change whatever. This other set of figures states the price of steel rails, which during the whole period has remained quite unchanged at twenty-eight dollars a ton.

Sentiment and Crime

WE DO not think anybody ought to steal a sheep. Neither do we think anybody who has stolen a sheep ought to have his right hand cut off, or have his ears cropped close to his head, or be hanged. There is really an important difference between the two propositions, but a good many well-meaning persons cannot see it.

Whenever a report appears that crime of any sort has increased anywhere, several amiable members are sure to rise and remark: "Now you sentimental people see what comes of encouraging crime by your lackadaisical notions about prison reform, parole systems, aid to released convicts, and so on. You don't want a burglar beaten black and blue in police station or tied up by the thumbs and infected with tuberculosis in prison; you want to make burglary a pleasant occupation. You disapprove of capital punishment? Then of course you approve of murder."

What the sentimental people really want is to be better than a burglar, and the only way of achieving that ambition is to be less stupid and cruel than he is. If you were going to encounter a burglar while he was professionally engaged you would like him to be one who would regard you as a human being, with human hopes, claims and affections, rather than merely as an obstacle to be disposed of in the most expeditious manner possible. The chance of his being that kind of a burglar is obviously smaller if society regards him merely as an inhuman obstacle.

The Poor Boy in Politics

THE recent speech of a distinguished politician in his own defense reminds us that farm life, among other modern handicaps, has lost the political advantage that formerly attached to it. Half a century ago practically every adult male in the United States had been a poor boy on a farm. In that period and considerably later, for an eminent politician to have been, like Lincoln, a poor boy on a farm gave him a ready means to the sympathy of nearly all voters. But owing to the growth of urban populations most voters today began life as poor boys in a city. They know the country only through occasional vacations. In their minds farm life is associated with pleasant images. Far from sympathizing with a candidate because he was born on a farm, they would more likely lay it up against him as an invidious advantage that he had enjoyed. The last candidate, so far as we remember, who paraded his rustic origin was Mr. Fairbanks, and everybody knows what happened to him. Log cabins and rail fences are played out as political assets. The grimy pavement, precarious livelihood and swift kicks of Newsboys' Alley have supplanted them for the time being; but juvenile courts, sanitary officers, children's playground associations and a more businesslike organization of newspaper vending are encroaching upon the effective horrors of the alley. We are at a loss to know where the poor boy in politics of the future would best come from, but that detail will adjust itself automatically, for in the future as in the past most of the men in politics and out will have been born poor.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

The Man From Maine

THERE seems to be no doubt that Charles Fletcher Johnson, the new Senator from Maine, is reasonably set in his opinions. Indeed we have the mature judgment of the Hon. Warren C. Philbrook on the point, and Mr. Philbrook, although of opposite political faith from Mr. Johnson, as they say in Maine, where they take their politics very seriously—also themselves—has known the Senator for many years and is well qualified to judge.

"Can the leopard change his spots?" inquired Mr. Philbrook, when speaking recently on this phase of the subject. "Yea, a thousand times, ere Charles F. Johnson changes his honest convictions." Naturally the thought arises that a leopard that changed its spots a thousand times would be a pretty busy leopard, but we can let that pass, although it would be worth seeing. Probably a leopard, unless it had an automatic spot-changer, couldn't change its spots more than twice a week, and it would be well along toward the end of Mr. Johnson's first term before there would be any necessity on his part to change any of his convictions. Hence we may expect, now that the Senator has arrived and relieved the Hon. Eugene Hale of the toga, that he will remain steadfast for quite a spell—for, really, when you come to think of it, the leopard part of it wouldn't work anyhow.

Mr. Philbrook tagged Senator Johnson with this fixedness of purpose and continuity of conviction at a banquet that was given the Senator up at Waterville, in celebration of his election and as a tribute to him from his old friends and neighbors, both Democrats and Republicans. Indeed Judge Cornish, when it came his turn to speak, said that if there had been as many Republicans at the polls, in proportion to Democrats, as there were at the head table and in the room, they never would have held the banquet. It was a whale of a banquet. They had grapefruit and oysters, and celery and radishes, and soup, and vienna rolls and breadsticks, and fillet of sole, and roast young Maine turkey, and roast fillet of beef, and roast spring lamb, and mashed Maine potatoes, and peas, and sherbet, and Roman punch, and fricasseed pheasant, and potted pigeon, and larded grouse, and hearts of lettuce, and harlequin ice cream, and Roquefort and sage cheese, and coffee, and some other things not supposed to be found in the state of Maine, owing to certain prohibition laws, but occasionally found there just the same. A lot of Senator Johnson's friends said nice things about him, and a Waterville paper next morning reported: "The banquet was among the most gorgeous that have ever been given in Waterville, and it was, withal, delightfully informal, where laughter and friendly jest were mingled with kindly word"—to say nothing of the various other things mingled with, as set down above.

His Platform is Broad Enough for Any Democrat to Stand On

In the Dawn of Democracy

IT WAS always the philosophy of Bradley B. Smalley, of Vermont, for many years the Democratic leader in that Republican state, that it is a heap more fun to be in the minority in a commonwealth where there isn't a chance to win than to be in the majority. Mr. Smalley held that he got just as much politics out of it and didn't have any of the responsibilities that come with power. There are, of course, more Democrats proportionally in Maine than in Vermont, but, at that, being a Democrat in that state has never until lately been much of a political asset, except so far as the stern joy of holding on to a principle is concerned, and of walking up boldly to the polls to get wiped out for the sake of said principle or principles, or whatever the set of tenets of the Democratic party for the past twenty-five years may be called.

Senator Johnson has always been a Democrat. He mixed in the game judiciously now and then, in the intervals of his law practice, and presently came to be known as one of the leaders of his party. The result was inevitable. When there was a plum to be handed out, there was Johnson, the logical man for the plum. He had been fighting the fights of the minority for many years, buoyed, perhaps, by the hope that some day those sturdy agriculturists in Maine would shift or stay at home in sufficient quantities, or do something that would permit a lifelong Democrat to get a look in; and the hope came true. Owing to Senator Hale's little plan for nailing down most of the offices in the state for the Hale family, coupled with the same kind of a revolt against existing conditions that was setting the grass afire in Kansas and elsewhere, the hardy proletariat of Maine put one across on the Republicans of that state. When the smoke of the battle had died away after the din of the conflict had subsided, a survey of the field, as all our best political writers say, showed that the result was even greater than had been anticipated. There had been some prospects of electing the governor, but not many, except in the way of dreams, of getting the legislature.

On the morning after election the Maine folks woke up to discover the trick had been turned. They not only had a Democratic governor but a Democratic legislature and, for that reason, would presently have a Democratic United States Senator, for the first time since 1847. This shows exactly the kind of a road Democrats in that state who have had senatorial aspirations have been traveling. Once this information had been assimilated, Charles Fletcher Johnson, leading Democrat of Maine, forlorn-hope fighter since 1886, stepped out and said in confident tones: "Gentlemen of the unterrified Democracy of Maine: I observe that the party to which I have the honor to belong has among its assets this bright morning one toga, now being worn with jaunty grace by Eugene Hale, Esquire. Esteeming Mr. Hale as I do, I am loath to take anything that belongs to him, but inasmuch as he is to retire on March fourth next, at the hour of noon, to enter private life, I need only say that he and I are practically of the same physical conformation and that his toga will fit me exceeding well." Immediately there was a tornado of cheers, and when the legislature got down to business it selected Mr. Johnson with pleased alacrity.

The first Democratic Senator from Maine since 1847 was born twelve years after that year of lapse, in 1859, in the town of Winslow on the Kennebec River. He went to the district schools and was educated by his father until he was twelve, when he went to work on a farm and finally passed the entrance examinations at Bowdoin. There he did anything that he could turn his hand to to help pay his board and tuition, and graduated in 1879. He worked as a railroad clerk and taught school, and after a while became principal of the Machias high school, where he remained for five years. He was admitted to the bar in 1886 and started to practice in Waterville, where he has lived ever since. As a Democrat he held various local offices in Waterville. He ran for mayor once and lost by forty-seven votes; and ran a second time and lost by sixty-nine votes. In 1892 he was nominated for governor by the Democrats, and was whipped, of course; and the next year he was elected mayor of Waterville.

His tactics were working out. He kept continually in the field. He was sent twice to the legislature, but was defeated for state senator. Naturally, with all this political experience and prominence he was in the spotlight when the Senatorship came along. And the result justified all the years of campaigning and fighting on the minority side. Once in a blue moon it pays to be a Democrat in Maine, but when it does pay it pays exceedingly well.

When they were jollying Senator Johnson at his banquet in Waterville they all told how much they loved him and how glad they were that he was to be Senator. Then the Senator spoke and he announced his platform to be this: "I shall go from you with the feeling that the markets of this country are for the consumer as well as for the producer, and should not be controlled by the latter to the injury of the former. I shall go from you with the firm and abiding conviction that labor in all walks of life is to be protected and guarded, and allowed to guard the fruits of its honest industry; and that capital employed in honest industry in more important undertakings is also to be protected and to receive the rewards to which it is entitled." That platform, it would seem, is broad enough for any Democrat to stand on, and it is likely that Senator Johnson will not have any trouble maintaining his balance on it.

The new Senator is popular in his state, has high attainments as a lawyer, and is respected and admired for his abilities and his sterling character. Likewise, as he stuck to the Democratic party in Maine through all those lean years, it is quite probable that the quality of persistence will make him a man of considerable prominence among wobblers he will find on his own side of the Senate chamber.

A Modest Protest

THE circus had come to a certain Southern town last summer. Just before the parade a prosperous-looking negro approached the manager of the show, doffed his hat and said: "Does you-all showmen know you has youh show on my lot?"

The manager replied he knew nothing about the matter and ordered the negro out of the way. The claimant, however, stood his ground and finally proved to the manager that he did own the lot. Then the manager looked up the real-estate agent who had rented the lot for circus purposes. The real-estate man came up. "What you want here?" he asked of the owner.

"Nuth'n', co'n'l, nuth'n', cep' I was jes' tellin' dese yer show fo'ks they done got th' tent on my lot."

"Did they tear your fences down?"

"No, sir, co'n'l, case dey ain' no fences."

"Well, don't you know you can't keep people off your lot unless it is fenced? They can play ball on it, or dig bait on it, or have a show on it, or pasture their cows on it, so long as it isn't fenced and no house is on it."

"Is dat so?" inquired the owner anxiously. "All right, co'n'l, all right. I wasn't wantin' nuth'n' cep' to have you-all admit I owns that there lot."

Saluted Spirits

AN OLD negro woman, who takes in washing in Indianapolis, had a bad attack of the grip this winter. She was quite sick. Her daughter went to the house of one of her mother's patrons to do the washing and was asked how her mother was.

"Oh," she replied, "she's bettah, thank you. She can sit up now an' take a little whisky. Of course, though, she salutes it befo' she takes it."

Black Injustice

A NEGRO farmhand entered the office of a lawyer in a Southern town.

"What is it?" demanded the lawyer.

"Jedge," replied the negro, "ef a white man owes a niggah a dollah is they any law in them books up on them shelves dat say he gwinter haf' to pay it?"

"No; not a thing," replied the lawyer.

"Ain' they one line whut says so, jedge?"

"Not a line."

"Well," announced the caller, "all I gotter say is dat ef a niggah owed er white man a dollah evah leaf in dem books would say: 'Niggah, pay dat dollah.'"

The Misfit Prizes

THE circulation manager of a well-known periodical offered some prizes to a group of boys in a Texas town who were engaged in a friendly competition in selling his paper. The results were so good that he decided to send all the boys prizes.

He picked out a lot of things such as boys like and sent them down with a letter to the boys. Presently he had a reply, which read:

"*Dear Sir:* The prizes came and they are very nice. We like them bully, only there was a mistake or two. That pair of boxing gloves was given to a boy who has only one arm and that big harmonica went to a boy who is deaf and dumb."

THE LUCK OF JENKIN DOY

Granite's Greatest Mystery—By John S. McGroarty

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

IF YOU were to meet one of the few old-timers of Granite who are still alive—any one of them, no matter where—he would be sure to tell you the story of Jenkin Doy. It will be the last tale that the last man of them all will tell, wherever he may chance to mumble it. If it happens to be in Europe that a Granite man meets you he will want you to go with him to Glamorganshire, in Wales, to see the castle in which Jenkin Doy and Ma'ran, his wife, spent their last days

For there were many men who grew rich in Granite through the long and happy years when it sent out its bars of bullion from the great, golden heart of the Rockies to the mints of the States. And they made their money in open and explicable ways, whether it was in mining or at trade or on the turn of the wheel at gaming tables.

But there was one exception. How Jenkin Doy made his fortune no man knew until long after he was dead and gone. On the day when that great mystery was solved it created a sensation and there was a big piece about it in the Granite Chronicle.

Jenkin Doy came to Granite when the camp was comparatively young. He started in at once to earn big wages, for he was a good miner, notwithstanding the fact that he was a little mite of a man. Small though he was, he had strong arms and shoulders that counted at hammer and drill; but it was his skill that counted for more than anything else.

He was noted also for his habits of thrift. In the course of two months he had built a cabin of his own on the outskirts of the camp where the end of Main Street flings itself against Red Butte. In two months more he had sent to Glamorgan, in Wales, for Ma'ran, his wife.

It was perhaps the arrival of Ma'ran that first caused Jenkin Doy to be regarded as a unique character in Granite. Until then he had attracted no special attention, although he was well liked by everybody. Persons not acquainted with Welshmen noticed his odd manner of speech and picked up some of his quaint expressions, but that was all.

The day that Ma'ran came to Granite, however, her husband as well as she became the talk of the camp. Frequent and indeed common as it seems to be for little men to choose big women to wife, Jenkin had carried the custom to fantastical extremes. Ma'ran was an Amazon. No one in the camp wondered, having seen her, that she made her way unchaperoned and unattended across the Atlantic and the American continent by ship and rail and stagecoach to Granite, in the far-away heart of the Rockies.

"Where in Blazes Did You Get This Stuff, Anyway?"

She looked fit to lead an army, so colossal was she, the red blood deep in her rounded and not uncomely cheeks. As Jenkin walked with her up Main Street his head seemed to reach scarcely more than above her massive hips. The spectacle caused great excitement in the town.

The people of Granite found that their first impressions of what the family life of such a physically mismated pair must be were entirely erroneous. It was naturally supposed that Jenkin stood to play second fiddle. Yet this was not at all the case. Ma'ran loved her husband with a touching devotion. She obeyed him like a dog and even seemed to render him a sort of reverence. And the strange thing about it was that no woman could have tyrannized over a husband with greater ease than Ma'ran, not only because of the tremendous balance of power in her favor but also because Jenkin was the gentlest of men.

He was really a timid man, always avoiding the rough occasions of the camp. When taking his drink in the Mint Saloon he never failed to pay a certain deference to the bartender, or to invite Barney, the saloon's useless, lazy old "swamper," to join him in a glass. Neither was he "a street angel and a home devil." He was the same man under his own roof that he was abroad.

The only trouble with Ma'ran was that she contracted a chronic condition of homesickness in Granite. It attacked her early and stuck to her with cruel tenacity to the end. Night or day she could never put Glamorganshire out of her thoughts. The Celtic love of native land, always so marked, was exaggerated in Ma'ran.

"Oh, Jink, my lad," she would sigh in the very midst of a happy moment, "hain't we never goin' back to Wales—the place where we was borned?"

"Sure we shall go back," Jenkin would always answer her at such times, soothing her as best he could. "When we 'ave made the money we shall go, my girl."

"But 'ow much money?" she would insist.

"Well, my girl, you know 'ow cruel poor heverybody is in Wales and 'ow 'ard it is for them there. We will save hup and save hup all the time; and then, when we 'ave enough money, we shall go back."

A talk like that often held Ma'ran for as long as a day, but never any longer. She was not apparently as avaricious as her husband. She constantly reminded Jenkin that an American dollar went a mighty far way in Wales; but the little man held steadfastly to his mark. He was determined that no wolf should ever howl at his door when he went back to Glamorgan to end his days in that dear spot.

So, always with the old home across the waters in their dreams, little Jenkin and his big wife worked and scraped and saved as the months went by. And they were doing very well until one dreary day Jenkin was carried on a stretcher out of the mine to his stricken cabin. Ma'ran rushed down Main Street to meet the solemn procession, the blush faded from her round cheeks and there were deep sobs in her huge throat. But she wept no tears and conducted herself bravely, to the surprise of all. It was expected that she would rend the air with wailings, for her ability to weep had become proverbial. At first she insisted on lifting the little, broken body from the stretcher into her own great arms; but at length she submissively obeyed the men and followed them into the cabin, where Jenkin was gently and tenderly placed on his waiting bed. The camp doctor came and was busy for a long time patching together bones and muscles that had been mercilessly crushed and torn. He said, however, that he believed his patient would recover.

Many weeks passed before Jenkin Doy was able to resume work in the mine; and then he was compelled to engage in light occupations that did not pay large wages. He would never again swing a hammer or hold a drill. But the superintendent was kind to him—everybody was always kind to everybody else in Granite in the old days of its glory. To be sure, there were gunfights and rough-and-tumble encounters every so often, but Granite was a kindly camp and good to those who loved it.

Ma'ran had been a model of self-effacement and self-restraint during Jenkin's illness. Never

She Looked Fit to Lead an Army

once had she mentioned Glamorgan, nor was a tear once seen in her eye. She nursed her man and watched over him day and night, glad with a vast joy at his steady strides toward recovery, singing tender old Cymric songs to him in the twilight and tucking him in his blankets at bedtime as though he were a child.

But no sooner had Jenkin drawn his second month's pay, after his resumption of work, than Ma'ran heard again the call of far Glamorgan in her homesick heart. Greater than ever, it seemed, was her longing to return to that green Cambrian glen where she had been born and reared. Yet her chances were now greatly lessened. While Jenkin was ill their savings had become sadly depleted. Yet she never ceased to hope.

Ma'ran's awful spasms of homesickness were, strangely enough, almost invariably preceded by spells of joyous light-heartedness in which she went about her household duties blithely. On such occasions she was wont to indulge in outbursts of song. And she was a good singer, as so many of the Welsh people are. She had a big contralto voice that was a delight to hear and that would have been like the music of Heaven to Jenkin did he not so surely know what was to follow. Especially if Ma'ran sang Land of My Fathers or The Bells of Aberdovey would his heart sink.

Wales, Wales; my mother's sweet home is in Wales.
Till death be passed
My love shall last,
My longing, my yearning for Wales.

Whenever Jenkin heard that—the national hymn of his country—with the heartbreaking sweetness of its refrain—or:

In the peaceful evening-time,
Oft I listen to the chime
In the dulcet, ringing rhyme
Of the bells of Aberdovey——

he bowed his battered head in his hands and prepared for the worst.

One evening after Ma'ran had indulged in an especially generous outpouring of song, followed, logically of course, by a more than ordinary attack of homesickness, she almost persuaded Jenkin to decide on an immediate return to their native country.

"What's the use of waitin'?" argued Ma'ran. "We can live some'ow in Wales; and, any'ow, it's better to be dead there than alive 'ere."

"Well, just a few months more," pleaded Jenkin. "I'm growin' strong again and I'll soon be able to work at my regular job. A few months of the miner's big wages and we'll be hoff, my girl. We need to 'ave only a little luck."

"Maybe it will be bad luck we will 'ave, like we 'ad afore," wailed Ma'ran, pessimistic to the bone.

And it proved that she was a prophet. The very next day Jenkin was again carried from the mine on a stretcher. This time it was nothing worse than a broken rib, but it incapacitated him for several weeks and made another hole in his savings.

Then began in the career of Jenkin Doy a run of ill fortune that made the little man's name a saying and a byword in Granite. If any one failed to win at cards he would say: "I have the luck of Jenkin Doy." If a man smashed a finger or fell down a winze or ran into a hitching-post at night, or got the worst of anything in any way, it was "Jenkin Doy's luck." Mothers used the same phrase if the children stubbed their toes or burned their fingers or drank bluing fluid on washdays. For it had indeed come to pass that Jenkin was the unluckiest man ever known in Granite. At last he was the poorest little wreck of skin and bones that one might have the heart to see.

Ever brave in misfortune, Ma'ran now rose to real greatness. She was so busy nursing Jenkin back to life from the continuous performance of accidents that befell him she had not so much as sniveled for three years. More than that, she became the breadwinner of the family, going out into the service of her more fortunate neighbors, sweeping and scrubbing their houses and doing their family washings. She retired Jenkin from further work in the mine, setting him at truck farming on a small scale in the summer on ground surrounding the cabin to which they were as welcome as the flowers in May. In connection with his miniature ranch Jenkin raised chickens and ducks. Ma'ran provided him with a horse and wagon by means of which he huckstered his products through the camp.

Even in his new and less hazardous occupation Jenkin's bad luck pursued him. He was good for a disastrous runaway at least once a month and it was nothing at all for him to break a finger or run a spading fork through his foot every now and then. "The luck of Jenkin Doy" passed from a byword into a proverb.

Obviously this condition of affairs could not continue indefinitely. Either Jenkin must soon literally fall apart or his luck must change. Happily it was the latter alternative that Fate decided to choose. The luck of Jenkin Doy did change, and in a manner so startling as to provide Granite with the greatest sensation in all its history.

One time, in the spring of the year, Jenkin and his wagon had been missed from Granite for a full week. People then began to wonder what had become of him and what new mishap had befallen him. Though his misfortunes had long been the subject of many a harmless jest, no one rejoiced in them. Granite never rejoiced in any man's misfortune. Never in any other place in the world were warmer hearts than those existing there in that once glorious camp of the Rockies.

It was on a Sunday morning—which was the same as any other morning in Granite in the old days—that the women and those men who were not at work in the mines again saw Jenkin and his wagon on Main Street. He was driving along slowly, evidently with a heavy load. The sacks in his wagon might have contained potatoes; but no one gave thought to what Jenkin's cargo might be—all that concerned them was that the man himself was there, alive and well. He was greeted heartily from the roadsides and from open doors and windows.

Jenkin, however, drove steadily on, neither stopping to dispose of his wares nor turning to the right or the left until he came to the stamp mill where the ores of Granite were crushed and amalgamated. Pulling up at the little red office, Jenkin crawled stiffly down from his seat and went inside.

As it happened, Jim Keegan, the superintendent of Granite, was the only person present in the office at the time. He was in his digging clothes, just as he had come from the mine. Lifting his eyes from some assay report he had been examining, Jim Keegan hailed Jenkin cheerfully.

"Hello, Jink," he said; "how's the ranch getting on?"

"Fine, lad, fine," said Jenkin as calmly as a man who had a load of onions, and not a load of ore that ran a thousand dollars to the ton, to sell.

"What have you got out there on the wagon? Spuds?" asked Keegan, looking through the window.

"No; hore," answered Jenkin evenly and as though he were a man who had been in the habit of hauling ore to the Granite mill every day in the year.

"Ore!" exclaimed the superintendent, straightening suddenly in his chair. "Where did you get it?"

"Where now would you think?" answered Jenkin, smiling blandly. He was as cool as a cucumber. "Where would you think, Jim? Hore don't come from the sky, my lad. I got a 'ole in the ground, Jim, and that's where I got it. Will you put it through the mill for me?"

"Sure," said Keegan, still thinking hard. "Come; let's have a look at it."

They went out together, Keegan climbing into the wagon and ripping open one of the sacks. Lifting a big lump from the top he held it in the slant of the sun.

"Whew!" he exclaimed as he shifted his eyes from the ore in a keen, searching gaze bent on the little man. He was trying to look clear through Jenkin, but he might as well have tried the trick on a newborn baby. The face of Jenkin Doy was impassible.

"This is mighty good truck, Jink," drawled Keegan, trying with only indifferent success to mask the excitement he felt. "Is it yours?"

"Why, sure it's mine," Jenkin replied. "Whose d'ye suppose it would be?"

"Where did you get it?"

"Ain't I told you?"

"No, you haven't told me."

"Yes, I did. I told you I 'ave a 'ole in the ground where I gets it."

"You mean that you've got a prospect—a claim of your own?"

"Yes."

"Where is it?"

"Ha!" said Jenkin, cackling merrily. "That would be tellin' you, Jim."

Keegan's eyes now narrowed to two cold, gray slits in a gaze that would have felt like the touch of a razor against the throat of any other man than the one who stood there before him with the innocent, happy countenance of a child. There was a silence of several minutes. Then the superintendent picked up a number of other samples of the ore from the various sacks. They were one as good as the other, just like the gold-incrusted, eroded stuff that used to be found close to the grass-roots in the first diggings of Granite when the camp was new.

The superintendent was plainly, at that hour, the most puzzled man breathing the breath of life anywhere on earth. In his attempts to solve unaided the mystery with which he stood face to face he soon dismissed the more ridiculous theory that Jenkin might have in some manner managed to filch the ore from the Granite mine. It certainly would have been impossible for him to have filched a whole wagonload without being caught at it red-handed. Moreover, there was no longer ore of this character and richness left in the workings of the Granite mine. Finally, to Keegan's own absolute knowledge, Jenkin had not been inside the mine for at least seven months.

Keegan then swiftly swept the country adjacent to Granite in mental review, but he could not think of a place anywhere near where gold had been discovered outside of the holdings of his own company. Prospectors without number had peeked into the hills in vain for years and for miles around.

"And yet," thought Keegan, "one never can tell."

The proverb is that "Gold is where you find it." Maybe Jenkin Doy had found gold under everybody's nose after all. Certainly he had found it somewhere. The glittering proof was there in his rickety old wagon—sacks of it and every lump shot through and through with yellow rivets. Jim Keegan, for once in the first time in his life, was "stumped."

"Jink," said he at last, in a tone of complete surrender, "you have got me guessing for fair. Where in blazes did you get this stuff, anyway?"

"I'm not goin' to tell you, Jim," replied Jenkin Doy respectfully but quite decisively. "'Ere it is and what I wants to know is, will you run it through the mill and pay me for it?"

"But, man," flamed Keegan, "if you've got a claim staked out, and your notices up, it's yours; and nobody can take it away from you."

"Oh, they can't, hey? I ain't so sure about it, Jim. I ain't takin' no chances."

"But I tell you it is the only safe way. Somebody is sure to jump you unless you've got your stakes down and your notices up. I'll fix it for you if you don't know how to do it yourself."

"I knows 'ow well enough, Jim, my lad. But I ain't takin' no chances. Nobody won't never find out where it is. It's only a bit of a pocket, anyhow. Don't you worry, Jim."

"All right, Jink, old hoss. It's none of my business," said Keegan resignedly. Calling a couple of men he briskly ordered them to unload the ore, telling Jenkin that it would be carefully checked, a run made of it, the mill charges deducted and a draft for the net result handed to him.

That night, as the news spread like wildfire from door to door and down into the drifts and stopes and winzes of the mines, Granite experienced the wildest excitement in all its history, and that's saying a great deal. Jenkin Doy's cabin, away up on the outskirts of the camp under the shadow of Red Butte, was stormed by the people. Both Jenkin and Ma'ran were bombarded with noisy demands for information, but no man or woman came away a whit the wiser for the trouble. All they could get out of Ma'ran was that she "didn't know nothin' about it." As for Jenkin, the Sphinx was a garrulous gossip compared to him.

"Go 'unt for it as I done," he said to them. But he took care to avoid all semblance of triumph. Indeed, he was elaborate in his protestations against the current belief that he had found anything approaching the dignity of a mine.

"There ain't maybe no more than one more sack of it," he declared solemnly. "It's just a little pocket. There's lots of them if you 'unt around."

With all due respect to Jenkin as a neighbor, and as a man holding a reputation for truth and veracity in the community where he lived, nobody believed his statement that he had not discovered a great mine. On the contrary they were sure he had. As a consequence, there were not sufficient men left in Granite next day to operate the mines. Old and young alike set out at break of day in a wild stampede for the hills. The madness seized even many of the most staid and wise of the old-timers. The situation caused Jim Keegan to make use of a great deal of profane language.

By the time the stampeders had exhausted themselves and had returned disappointed to their homes, Jenkin Doy was again on the streets of Granite

Ma'ran Found Herself Looking Down Into the Cold Muzzle of a Revolver

huckstering his vegetables and poultry, apparently oblivious to the fact that he had upset the camp and had robbed it of the ability to reason. Ma'ran also had resumed her occupation of scrubbing. So, when many days had passed, with the mines and the mill again running, and the common joys and sorrows of life once more intruding themselves as of old, Granite slowly forgot.

Jenkin Doy waited until Granite had forgotten good and plenty before he appeared a second time at the Granite mill with a load of ore. As before, it was upon a Sunday morning. Coincidently the superintendent of Granite was seated in the little red office alone, looking over assay reports as on the former memorable occasion. When Keegan looked through the office window and saw Jenkin descending painfully from the wagon you could have knocked him over with a feather. It was with a great effort that he was able to pull himself together.

"Jink," he managed to falter as the little man appeared smiling at the door, "you ain't back here with—with some more of—of that stuff, are you?"

"The same kind, Jim, my lad; only I think it is a bit better more first-class-like," said Jenkin, his deep-set eyes aglow and a cackle of laughter in his throat.

Keegan went out weakly and took a lump from a sack. It was good enough to eat. The soft, reddish, oxidized rock was set with yellow, shining spots of gold, like jewels in a crown. Holding the lump in his hand, it was the same as though he jingled in his palm a stack of newly coined eagles from the mint.

Placing the sample gently and carefully back in the sack—it was too precious to be handled roughly—Keegan said in a dry voice:

"Jink, your luck has sure turned."

"And ain't it near time?" cried Jenkin Doy, with a sort of savage triumph, for the first time forgetting the subjugation of spirit to which he had determined to adhere. "Ain't it near time, Jim?" he cried again, as the memory of his sufferings and Fate's cruel buffetings swept his soul. "God knows I 'ad my share of 'ard luck."

"You certainly did," said Keegan feelingly. Then his voice changed to a sharper tone. "But, lookyhere, Jink, you can't keep up this joke. You've got to stake out your claim and work it in a legitimate way. Somebody'll kill you if you don't. Besides, it raises hell with our men. Now they'll be off on another fool stampede, same as the other time."

"Well, I ain't goin' to do no stakin' hout, nor I ain't goin' to tell nobody where that claim is."

Jenkin spoke softly but doggedly and with a world of stubborn decision in his words.

"Then somebody'll murder you as sure as God made little apples," declared the superintendent solemnly. "Let's yank this stuff into the office; and then you'd better hike off and hide yourself somewhere for a while."

Jenkin cackled cheerfully. "Nobody ain't going to 'urt poor old Jink," he said.

"I'll tell you what to do," exclaimed Keegan in a burst of inspiration. "Don't tell anybody about this; and I won't, either. Let's keep it a secret. What people don't know won't worry them."

"You'll Go Tomorrow Night on a Dead Sneak. It's the Only Way You Can Get Out Alive"

To this Jenkin willingly agreed. But Granite was always a poor place for secrets. Alone, out there in the wide reaches of the Rockies, with its people close together and having only their own business to mind, a secret lasted just as long as it took the bearer of it to meet the first man or woman who happened to put in an appearance.

This time, however, Granite did not immediately stampede and run wild when the news leaked out that Jenkin Doy had again bobbed up with a load of ore richer than the first and richer than anything that had been known in Granite since the early days. The camp was too stunned to stampede. It acted simply dazed and staggered. It looked on Jenkin Doy with a wonder that amounted to awe. He was asked no questions, nor was his cabin invaded with frenzied prospectors as on the previous occasion.

Yet a condition of this kind could not last long. The camp soon recovered its senses and at the same time its volubility. In the saloons, the gambling houses, the stores, the mines and the homes of Granite the sole topic of conversation, day and night, was Jenkin Doy and his wonderful, mysterious mine.

And the men now became filled with craftiness, habituating themselves to stealth. A thousand eyes were constantly on Jenkin's movements, both in the light of day and in the darkness of night. When he slept there were eavesdroppers at the keyhole of his cabin door and under his cabin windows in the hope that he might unconsciously talk in his sleep and thus divulge his golden secret. But he did not talk, either asleep or awake, on the topic that so engrossed his neighbors.

Nor were the efforts of the womenfolks of the camp to pump Ma'ran in the least successful. The oyster and the clam were loquacious in comparison with her. She was ready enough and eager to converse on every subject in the world except her husband's mining business.

"Jink is a 'ard man," she would say. "A terrible 'ard man. If I hasks 'im questions he gets cross and cruel with me, and I fears to hanger 'im."

That Jenkin could accomplish another coup seemed now impossible with all the eyes of Argus so sleeplessly upon him. But the gods, who had before so bitterly wronged him, appeared now to have been stricken with deep remorse and obsessed with a desire to heighten him in with their divinity. It soon came to pass that Granite was plunged into a wild Fourth of July orgy in which four men were killed in gunfights. As a result, the whole camp was thoroughly distracted for a matter of three days following, during which time people completely lost sight of Jenkin Doy and his affairs.

The little man took prompt advantage of the situation, delivering his third and fourth cargoes of ore at the mill on two successive mornings.

A month later the cage in the main shaft of Granite, filled with ascending miners and nearing the top, broke from its cable, killing two of the best-known men of the camp and horribly wounding several others. For a week Granite was plunged in grief. Jenkin sincerely joined in the general sorrow, but he also had his own serious affairs to consider. He went to the houses of mourning early to pay his tribute of sympathy and regret to the stricken families, but he did not attend the funerals. While the people were in the little cemetery Jenkin delivered his fifth and last haul at the mill.

Four or five nights afterward Jim Keegan paid a visit to the cabin of the Doys. He brought with him the drafts for the last mill-run of Jenkin's ore. But it was not to honor Jenkin that he came. It was to warn him.

"Jink," said Keegan, almost as soon as he entered the door, "this thing can't go on another day. There's no use talking, you've either got to make known the source from which you are digging all this rich ore or else you've got to quit bringing it to our mill. We won't handle another pound of it unless you set yourself right with the company and the people."

"Why, that's wonderful strange, Jim," said Jenkin, evidently hurt. "Ain't I got as much right to dig hore from my mine as you 'ave from yours?"

"I suppose you have," Keegan replied. "But that's really not the point. The point is, Jink, that we don't want to be responsible for you. I am here to tell you that you are a marked man. There's some pretty rough characters in Granite at the present time—men who wouldn't hesitate to commit murder. And there's ugly talk going on about you among these fellows. They're watching you day and night and you can't dodge them much longer. They're going to force you to show them where your mine is and then they are going to kill you."

Jenkin's pale, scared face went paler still at the superintendent's earnest words. The little man at last suddenly realized the dangerous position he occupied, and the thought of it made his blood run cold. Ma'ran ceased swaying in her big rocking-chair and began to wail, but Keegan quickly hushed her.

"Jink," continued Keegan, "I'd get out of Granite at once if I were you. You're a rich man now. You've got a sight more money than you can ever spend. Let somebody else have the mine. They'll be sure to find it anyway. Turn it over to me and let me or the company work it for you; you'll get all that's coming to you. But get out of here as soon as you can sneak. If you don't you are a dead man—and that's all there is to it."

There could be no doubt that Keegan was greatly perturbed. He spoke in tense tones and his eyes had a steely look in them. Ma'ran, as she listened open-mouthed, repeatedly wiped her dry lips with her red hands. Jenkin sat with bowed head. A nervous silence fell upon the house in which the tick of the old clock on the rude mantel sounded like the crack of musketry. Keegan rose.

"Well?" he said.

"I'll go, Jim; I'll go," answered Jenkin tremulously.

"When?" demanded Keegan.

"Soon," said Jenkin.

"How soon?"

"Next week."

"No, not next week; tomorrow night," declared the superintendent. "I'll have a team and two trusty men to take you. You'll go tomorrow night on a dead sneak. It's the only way you can get out alive. Be ready at nine o'clock."

"All right, Jim."

Handing over the checks, the superintendent of Granite turned and left the cabin without another word. Ma'ran and Jenkin rose as if by one impulse and barred the windows and the door. They put out the light and retreated to their little sleeping room, sitting voiceless on the bed, clutching each other by the hand and chilled to the heart with fear.

It must have been an hour that the two sat thus in the vibrant silence. When at length they found the power of speech it was in stealthy whispers that they spoke. Then, when another hour had passed, they stretched themselves on the bed in infinite weariness of body as well as of mind, yet fearing to disrobe. They were like nothing so much as children who lie at night wakeful in an agony of mind, afraid of the dark.

Once Ma'ran suggested in a hoarse whisper that they rush from the cabin to the camp, seeking shelter with known friends; but the idea was abandoned. Their cabin was far out from the nearest of the stone business houses that lined the main street of Granite on each side. On the way they might fall into an ambush. Fearful as was their situation in the cabin, it was preferable to the terrors that lurked in the gloom without. All they could do was to pray for morning, and this they did more fervently than Wellington prayed for "night or Blücher" on the field of Waterloo.

But before the morning came the thing they dreaded came instead. From the back room of the Mint Saloon, shortly after the hour of midnight, two men stole forth softly in the darkness—as fine a brace of villains as ever cracked a skull. They were known as Black Dan and Slim Bekins—the very scoundrels whom the superintendent of Granite had most in mind when he spoke to Jenkin Doy a few hours previously on that same night.

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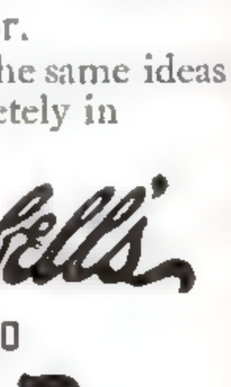

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Soon the pair reached the destination for which they had set out and were crouching against the wall of Jenkin Doy's cabin as it nestled dark and silent at the foot of Red Butte.

"You get him to show up and then I'll spring on him and put the screws to him so's he can't make a noise bigger'n a bullfrog," said Black Dan.

The lure worked admirably. The feigned voice of friendship at their door fell upon the strained ears of Jenkin and Ma'ran gratefully a blessed relief to their quaking nerves as they lay upon the bed. They felt that Providence had sent them the relief they had prayed for in their distress.

The two thugs, crouching outside, joyfully observed from under the curtain of the window the eager face of their prey as he lighted a candle and hastened to answer their summons. Towering at the heels of Jenkin was Ma'ran.

"It's like finding money in the road," whispered Black Dan gleefully to his accomplice as he waited for the door to open.

What happened then was rough work and cruel. Poor Jenkin had not time even to speak a greeting before he was grasped about the neck and a big hand placed brutally over his mouth. Swept from his feet and carried to a chair the heart within him sank with a sickening nausea of dread. At the same instant Ma'ran found herself looking down into the cold muzzle of a revolver in the hands of Slim Bekins. Her limbs refused to sustain her weight. She sank into her big rocker with a groan.

"The first word either of you speaks I'll blow both your heads off with this here gun," announced Slim.

Black Dan then removed his hand from Jenkin's mouth and pushed the candle farther back on the table, so that its light advantaged his fell purposes Meantime Slim kept his gun moving from Jenkin to Ma'ran, backward and forward, with a sinister restlessness.

"Well, old scout," said Black Dan, addressing Jenkin in the most sneering and disrespectful manner imaginable, "I reckon it is scarce needcessary for me to inform you of the purpose of this here little friendly visit. I opine that you can guess the cards we are aholdin' in our hands as easy as if you was alookin' over our shoulders. Howsumdever, fearin' that you might still be in doubt, we are here for to announce to you that the jig is up."

The black-browed scoundrel now paused and turned inquiringly to Slim.

"You have stated the question proper," said Slim, not desisting in his occupation of covering Jenkin and Ma'ran with the gun.

"Whereas, therefore, in order to put the matter legal, Mister Doy, and also Missus Doy," continued Black Dan, bowing profoundly to Ma'ran, "these few lines are for to let you know that the time has now came when you have got to dyvulge where this here great mine of your'n is at. Speak, and speak the truth, or otherwise, my friend will be under the needcessity of fillin' you and your fair wife with considerable cold lead."

A Sioux Indian on the warpath would have softened at the dumb and pitiful appeal that was then in the eyes of Jenkin Doy; but no pity shone from the countenance of the white savage who had spoken. Jenkin tried to make an utterance, but his jaw only wagged voiceless and helplessly. In the glow of the candle Slim's gun moved to and fro with its deadly, untiring menace.

Just then Ma'ran broke into a low, sobbing wail. Black Dan turned on her frightfully,

"Shut up!" he snarled in a hoarse, dreadful whisper.

But it seemed that Ma'ran was wholly unable longer to control her feelings. She wailed on and on despite the horrid threats that were flung at her.

Then a strange thing happened.

Jenkin Doy straightened in his chair and a flush swept across his wan cheeks. Happily it passed unnoticed by his persecutors. It was the flush of courage regained. His fallen jaw slowly resumed its normal position. His head turned toward Ma'ran in a quick, eager attitude of attention, as a bird on a tree cocks its head when you whistle to it softly.

Had the thugs been Welshmen they would have used less formality than they did in their far from gentle attempts to silence Ma'ran, for they would have caught the message of words that she deftly conveyed to her panic-stricken spouse in the sobbing wail that passed from her lips.

She was speaking in the tongue of her fathers all the time—the strange, consonanted, yet singing tongue of old Cambria, the land of bards and melody. Reduced to English prose, this was the message:

"Oh, Jink, my lad, keep up your heart. Speak to them and say that you will lead them to the mine. If they take me, too, all very well; but if they leave me behind I will follow. Take them away to the Big Rocks up the old trail where it is narrow and [illegible], is steep. Leave the rest to me. Something will happen. It is our only chance."

When, after much effort, accompanied at last by blows, Ma'ran was silenced Jenkin had quite recovered his nerve.

"It's over in the hills beind the Big Rocks," he said

"All right," said Black Dan. "Come right along, little man, and point us to the exact, identical spot. We've got a lantern with us which we'll light when we get along on the trail aways. Step lively, Mister Jenkin; we got no time to lose."

As Jenkin rose Ma'ran raised her voice in wailings once more, calling forth new and more sinister threats from the captors.

"Now, old lady," said Black Dan, who appeared to have been agreed upon as spokesman, "you're goin' along with us too."

Slim extinguished the candle and with rude hands they shoved Jenkin and Ma'ran through the door, ordering them to take the lead and threatening them with instant death did they make so much as one false move. And thus, under the stars that hang low above the Rockies, the march to Jenkin Doy's secret mine was begun.

Woeful indeed was the plight of Jenkin Doy in that black and bitter hour, and he would have succumbed miserably had it not been for the courage that Ma'ran injected into his faltering soul at almost every step of the way. In every low murmur and mullled sob that passed her lips there was veiled some word of Cymric speech that bade him be of good cheer and trust in her and the God of their fathers.

The end came sooner than anybody could have expected. The distance from Jenkin's cabin to the Big Rocks was approximately a mile and the greater portion of the distance was now traversed. Black Dan and Slim grew somewhat careless with success. Their victims had plodded along ahead of them apparently in the most perfect subjugation. The two scoundrels even grew merry over the prospect that was before them, passing many a coarse jest and going so far as to divide in imagination the spoils that awaited them, each outlining the uses to which his expected wealth would be put.

If you have ever been in Granite you will easily recall that the trail leading to the hills from the camp narrows and makes a sharp turn at the Big Rocks. The cañon, which begins gently from the plain becomes very deep at this turn, falling almost sheer. Here also the stars fail to help much, because the Big Rocks cast a mighty shadow. The view is lovely by day and the spot was always a favorite haunt of the people in idle hours in the old days when Granite was a place of happiness and plenty; but by night one has to feel his way.

So, when the Big Rocks were reached on this memorable occasion, Jenkin Doy's captors found it necessary to light their lantern in order to proceed.

"How much farther have we got to go?" Jenkin was asked roughly.

"It is a good ways yet," he answered in a broken voice.

"Then we've got to have a light," said Slim. "Set the lantern to goin'."

At this announcement Ma'ran again broke forth into her old, weird wail; and again there passed to Jenkin the Cymric message—this time a message of fate, cold with stern command. Jenkin listened, his heart beating wildly; but he pulled himself together till every nerve in his body stretched taut. Well he knew it was a case of do or die. In a carefully devised wail of his own he sent back an answering message to Ma'ran, telling her he was ready and would carry out her instructions or perish in the attempt.

"Here, you hyenas; quit your yelping," bellowed Black Dan as he bent to light the lamp. What happened to Black Dan then he never clearly knew. What really did happen to him was that Jenkin, catching the ruffian precariously unbalanced on his haunches, leaped with a lightning movement against his shoulders and hurled him

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down the awful slope of the cañon. He went crashing to the very bottom.

At the same instant Slim Bekins' gun was knocked violently from his hand and then he, too, knew no more. Ma'ran had landed a blow between his eyes that would have felled an ox, and no sooner had he struck the ground than she had pounced upon him, pinning his arms with her strong hands and crushing her mighty weight upon his chest. The teamwork had been perfect.

"Quick! Quick!" she cried. "Run back for 'ome like a deer, Jink, my lad. Run and I will follow."

Jenkin needed no second entreaty. He fled down the trail as fast as his stiff little legs could carry him.

Waiting until the sound of Jenkin's footsteps died away, Ma'ran rose from the prostrate form beneath her, lifted Slim Bekins clear from the ground and sent him crashing down the slope of the cañon as precipitately, if not more so, than Black Dan had gone before him. Then, with great, swift strides she also struck down the trail for the cabin from which she and Jenkin had been kidnapped two hours before.

Quickly overtaking her husband, she grasped his hand and fairly dragged him with her, leaving him almost breathless when the cabin was reached. She had set a heartbreaking pace.

"'Itch up the 'orse and wagon," she commanded. "Put in plenty of hoats and 'ay. I'll be with you just now."

She went inside, packed a few things and brought them out with her - cold victuals, some wraps and Jenkin's hat. It was near the hour of dawn, but they drove swiftly, lashing the horse unmercifully. They were well out on the wide plain that lies below Granite before the sun rose. They had made a completely successful escape.

That morning, as soon as the shifts had gone down the mine and the mill was running, Jim Keegan went straight out to Jenkin Doy's cabin. The superintendent was uneasy in his mind. He had heard more ugly rumors and regretted that he had not set a guard over the cabin the night before. He felt now that he could not take a good breath until Jenkin and Ma'ran were well away from Granite. That they must leave as he had planned he was fully determined. He would take care that there should be no fluke.

When he knocked at the cabin door and received no answer he was seized with wild premonitions. Again he knocked, even kicking the door with his heavy boot. Still no answer. He was then thoroughly alarmed. Going to a window he broke it in and crawled through. The cabin was tenantless. He felt that his worst fears were about to be realized.

Yet he held himself in leash and went back to the camp, making guarded but searching inquiries that might lead to information concerning the little man and his big wife. No trace of them was obtainable. Again he went to the cabin, this time to learn that the horse and wagon had also disappeared. At first it struck him that Jenkin was away on another trip to his secret mine, but he soon dismissed that possibility from his thoughts. In such an event Ma'ran would have been left behind to cover the trail. No; Keegan was sure that the worst had happened at last. He never once suspected the truth.

The superintendent was now tremendously aroused and he got into action strenuously. He immediately fastened his suspicions on Black Dan and Slim Bekins, who could be justifiably suspected of any or all of the crimes on the calendar. Rousing from bed the night bartender of the Mint Saloon he obtained information that confirmed him in his conjectures, especially after a close search of the camp showed the two scoundrels to be missing. Keegan's next move was hurriedly to organize a posse which consisted of himself, Herman Berg, who kept the clothing store, Meeks the grocer, and the editor of the Granite Chronicle—Chas. T. Messingwell, whom everybody called "Chas" for short. Naturally enough the posse struck out upon the trail that led to the Big Rocks; and the first clue was found when they came across Black Dan's lantern still lying on the trail. An examination of the ground disclosed the plainly visible signs of a struggle—signs that led the searching party down the side of the cañon to where the two thugs lay broken and maimed for life, but still alive.

It was not until several days afterward that Black Dan and Slim were sufficiently recovered to make the full confession which Keegan mercilessly "sweated" out of them. Unfortunately, however, there were other witnesses present and the only result the confession accomplished was again to stampede Granite in search of Jenkin Doy's mysterious mine. Everybody was now sure that the mine was somewhere beyond the Big Rocks. Was not the fact that Jenkin had led his captors in that direction proof enough?

But, as before, they came back none the wiser. The location of the mine became a deeper mystery than ever—a mystery in which the whereabouts of Jenkin and Ma'ran was now also shrouded.

Nor was it until years afterward that this great mystery was solved. Granite, once so busy with the day's work, so plethoric in its prosperity and so glad in its own contentment, had then come upon the days of its senility and became

It happened that one day in summer a gang of the old-timers were pulling down a wonderfully rich stope. Jim Keegan, then grown gray, was directing the work. Suddenly, near quitting time, the whole upper surface fell in and the men knew that they had gophered up to the grass-roots. Still, strange to say, there was no sign of daylight. They could not tell exactly where they were, but they knew by Keegan's watch that it was not yet dark "on top."

"We've certainly broke through to daylight," said Keegan.

"Yes, but where is it?" laughed John.

"Where is what?"

"Why, the daylight."

"I'm jiggered if I know," said Keegan, "but we'll soon find out. Pull up the ladder and I'll crawl through."

They held the ladder against the hanging wall of the stope and the superintendent ascended, disappearing from sight. The men waited a long time to hear from him and finally became alarmed. They determined to follow, climbing the ladder one after another. Emerging from the opening they descried a square patch of light over their heads through which they swung quickly only to find themselves inside the room of a house and looking at Jim Keegan sitting speechless in a chair, like a man hypnotized.

"Jim, where in the name of the fairies do you suppose we are?" cried old John.

At this Keegan shook himself free from the spell that was on him.

"Where are we, you say? Why, we're in a house," he answered in a voice that sounded, somehow, far away.

"Yes, but whose house is it? There don't seem to be nobody livin' here."

"No," said Jim; "it is a long time since anybody lived here. Don't you know this cabin?"

Old John and the others looked around, but it was either a strange house to them or one that they had forgotten.

"Why," cried Keegan, jumping to his feet, "this is Jenkin Doy's old cabin! This is where he lived with that big, crying, singing, red-faced wife of his."

"Well, well!" said John. "So this is the cabin—the cabin of Jenkin Doy who had the wonderful mine! Ain't it a mighty strange thing, Jim, that nobody ever found that mine to this day?"

"You're mistaken, John," said Keegan dryly. "I've found it."

"You! Where? When?"

"Here; right now. Jenkin Doy's mine was in his cellar—right under your feet, in the cellar of this old cabin. The hole we've just come out of was Jenkin Doy's mine."

And that was the truth. After all the years the secret was out at last.

"I wonder where Jink is now?" ruminated Kevlin.

"He's dead," Keegan answered. "I got it straight from a man who was in the old country. Yes, Jink is dead and she's dead too—the big wife."

"God rest them, then!" said John. And it was Keegan himself who said, "Amen."

And that was the story; only there was still a little more to be told, which was that Jenkin Doy lived to smoke his old clay pipe in a baronial hall in Glamorganshire, where he was born naked into the world and where he had roamed a ragged, barefoot boy. There, in the opulent years of his old age, he was happy and well content and good to the poor. When he died at last, mourned and well beloved, it was not long until Ma'ran, his wife, followed him into the Great Beyond. Bereft of the little man whom she so cherished, she pined away in loneliness. They said she died of a broken heart.

White Trucks are the Culmination of the New Science of Gasoline-Motor Building

WHITE trucks are a typical expression of the best that has been developed in the science of gasoline-motor building. All that foreign and domestic designers and manufacturers have learned through years of experience is embodied in the construction of White trucks and delivery wagons. White trucks are not a product of one man's brain, although genius may have made him supreme upon one feature of gasoline-engine building; but the fusion of the best ideas of the many geniuses whose minds have been occupied by the motor problem. White trucks, therefore, represent one of the world's engineering achievements—not because we think so—but because their careful study by the world's foremost engineers revealed no defects and, finally, because their performance has substantiated this enviable tribute. Tested in the crucible of performance, White trucks have responded to every demand—they have secured results for owners everywhere, improving delivery service by being more economical, or giving more frequent deliveries, or a wider scope to the deliveries.

The Advantages of the White Truck Construction Explained

THE advantages of the White construction are apparent in a number of ways. In the first place, White trucks are economical because of the long-stroke engine—White trucks are economical because they have four forward speeds. Any team driver can handle a White truck because of its simplicity—the cylinders being cast in one piece and every feature of the engine reduced to its simplest terms. White trucks have proven in all actual competition to be the easiest on tires, the largest single item of upkeep. Outside of tires, because of the splendid construction and the use of alloy steels throughout, other repairs are reduced to the minimum—and many of our owners have never had a cent of upkeep expense, excluding tires. White trucks have power to go anywhere and everywhere any firm would expect to do hauling—a three-ton White truck having recently taken a full load up Giant's Despair Hill at Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania. Not as a special "stunt" but as an actual demonstration for a customer. It is this splendid machine—this efficient mechanical means of transportation that we offer to every business house that has hauling to do, with the assurance that it will do everything asked of it, and more, in the most satisfactory way, at the lowest possible cost.

Let us send you our newest catalogue of White Trucks, testimonials of owners and other interesting literature

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Why They Need Oats

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Because oats contain more digestible protein -the builder of bodies - than any other grain that grows.

A canvass shows that seven-eighths of the homes which breed our highest types regularly serve oatmeal. But, of the homes which breed the wan and incapable, not one in twelve serves oats.

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Because oats contain more organic phosphorus—the main brain constituent—than any other grain. Also more lecithin—the builder of nerves.

Four-fifths of all college students come from oatmeal homes. Nine-tenths now eat oatmeal. In one university, 48 out of 50 of the leading professors regularly eat oatmeal.

Brain Workers

Because no other cereal so well supplies what working brains consume. None is so rich in organic phosphorus.

Inquiries made of 12,000 physicians show that four-fifths of them regularly eat oatmeal. Seven-eighths of the homes of the most successful are found to be oatmeal homes.

Muscle Workers

Because scientists say that oats supply endurance beyond any other grain.

By scientific advice, a concern which employs 2,000 woodcutters in Maine has given first place to oatmeal. These workers, whose energy and endurance are taxed to the utmost, start the day on oats alone.

The Ambitious

Because oats supply energy. With people, as with horses, they are an amazing source of vim and vitality.

Nature has lavished on oats all her best energy-givers. A diet of oats, if continued a month, often multiplies a person's activity.

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The Utmost in Oatmeal

The oats in Quaker Oats are selected by 62 siftings. We get from each bushel but ten pounds of these rich, plump grains.

When these selected grains are prepared by our process they form the finest oat food in existence. It has come to be the choice of the millions.

The cost, despite the quality, is but one-half cent per dish.

Regular size package, 10c

Family size package, for smaller cities and country trade, 25c

The prices noted do not apply in the extreme West or South.

Look for the Quaker trade-mark on every package

The Quaker Oats Company

CHICAGO

(143)

Out-of-Doors

Readjustments in Sport

THIS would be a beautiful world if only conditions would remain the same in it; if only there were no opposition; if all the world would take us at our own estimate of ourselves and if that hated person—the other fellow—did not exist. Unfortunately, however, as we may prove by Latin maxims and Roman history as well as by other things, times do change; if we do not change with them so much the worse for us. It is customary in war, business or politics to reform the lines under fire when the enemy develops too much strength or resourcefulness. In short, in almost every branch of activity we, as a people, show our willingness to achieve victories through advancing methods. We meet change with change in almost everything except sport

We would not undertake to send our armies afield today with the shield and spear of ancient Greece or even with Harper's Ferry muskets. We would not go back in business methods today to the time before the telephone and the typewriter. Yet, fond as we are, as a race, of the sports of the field, in our practice of them we hang on to methods that were outgrown decades ago. We do not reform; we do not readjust.

Very enthusiastic in the improvement of our sporting equipment—the best the world ever knew—we need some one to lay a soothing hand on our quixotic brows and to inform us that the creatures against whom we wage war are no longer there. We have applied our old ideas of sport so thoroughly here in America that we have pretty much removed all opportunity for going on further with them. This is rather a sad thing to say in a country with the resources that this but recently owned. All those gentlemen who now in such numbers are coming back from Africa, telling us of the abundance of game in that remaining field, are speaking of a big-game country no better supplied than ours once was and of a region that does not approach our own in outdoor appeal, in beauty of surroundings and in comfort of life in the open. Yet, today, if we will not readjust, if we will not come to the idea of public and private game preserves and game refuges, we might almost as well mark America off the sporting map, so far as big-game shooting is concerned.

The Lust for Killing

We have demonstrated fully enough that we have no use for game laws in America. Under what we call manhood suffrage each of our citizens has a guess as to how this glorious Republic ought to be run; and he usually guesses that it ought to be run for himself and his immediate personal behoof. We import annually about a third of a million men, who come from countries where sport is impossible for them and who land here with an eager desire to kill something—if only a robin. The preferences of these, united with our own large-handed American practices, leave no sentiment in favor of game laws; and we have no stern-handed king to teach us the wrath of God. Rich and poor alike, we are pretty much what we call American. We want to go on killing things when and where we like. It may be stated as a pretty conservative truth that the game season and game-warden system of protective legislation in this country is a failure. Enormous sums are raised for game protection, but to a great extent game protection has become simply a part of the political machinery. It does not arrest the passing of our great game. It is a method of the past and it has failed.

To some extent, all knowledge is empirical. We blundered into a good idea in the notion of game refuges, very possibly a much better idea than the best practical application of closed seasons. Let us take, for instance, the case of the Big Horn refuge in Wyoming, established a couple of years ago, which set aside about sixty-five thousand acres of a region unsuited for any other purpose and made it a permanent home for native wild game, that may not be killed there at any season of the year or in any year whatever. This measure was put through the Wyoming legislature largely through the influence of the old-time cowmen, who quit killing their winter's meat

WHY IS IT SO GOOD?

Out of salt and sugar comes the seasoning; out of hickory smoke, the taste; out of *casserole* cooking, the juiciness; out of the dressing of 42 spices comes the smackish, piquant flavor. And out of them all comes—delicious Underwood Deviled Ham!

TASTE THE TASTE

Taste it in sandwiches or canapes at your next luncheon, tea, card party. Taste it in omelet or soufflé at tomorrow's breakfast. When the outdoor season comes, taste it in your picnic sandwiches and dainties.

Learn how to make all kinds of new, wonderful Underwood Deviled Ham dishes. "Taste the Taste and Some Cookery News," a free book, will tell you more than a score of original, easy-to-make dishes. Sent for your grocer's name. By enclosing 15c you get also a small can of Underwood Deviled Ham to try.

Send, too, for "Underwood's New England Sea Foods," another book, which tells about the appetizing sea flavor of Underwood's tried Sardines, in oil, tomato, mustard, and souse; Underwood's Clams in their own delectable juice; Herring; Mackerel; etc. Free also.

Or, better still, order some Underwood Deviled Ham and some Underwood New England Sea Foods from your grocer, today.

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"I must say, *Shackamaxon* rhymes with satisfaction!"

"I knew you'd say so. I *always* guarantee satisfaction with every suit I make from *Shackamaxon* fabrics.

"The styles are exclusive. You won't find that pattern in a ready-made suit; nor those rich colorings; to say nothing of the *fit*. Yet my price suits you; doesn't it?"

"Surest thing you know."

"These *Shackamaxon* fabrics are all pure wool of the highest grade—the long perfect fibre from *live* sheep. That gives the fine soft finish, and makes them pliable. I can *shape* them to your figure. They fit you without any stretching or pinching. And the shape *stays*.

"So do the color and the finish and the style.

"You'll be satisfied with that suit as long as you wear it! And here's the fabric-maker's guarantee."

If any fault develops in any *Shackamaxon* fabric at any time write to us and we will make it good.

Only merchant-tailors handle these beautiful fabrics.

Write us for the name of a tailor near you who will show you the latest *Shackamaxon* spring patterns, handsome worsteds—clear finished and undressed; fancy cheviots and blue serges in all shades and weaves—a wonderful variety.

Ask us, too, for the new *Shackamaxon* style book with correct-dress chart. Every up-to-date man wants a copy. Better write *today*.

J R Keim & Co. *Shackamaxon* Mills
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Look for this trademark on every yard of the fabric.

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Guaranteed fabrics.

out of the wild herds twenty years ago and have both known and loved the old West. Enter now some thousands of homesteaders and farmers, mostly from the Middle West, each one as eager to kill an elk or deer as your alien is to kill a robin or a bluebird—and what is the result? Why, all the newcomers want the privilege of killing their winter's meat, as the old-timers did a generation back. Moreover, the late political landslide has changed the complexion of the Administration that established this refuge, so that now there is a very good chance that the act will be repealed and the refuge for the big game wiped out. That, of course, means the early wiping out of the remainder of Wyoming's big game, except as it may straggle down from that other and accepted refuge that has proved out so well—the Yellowstone National Park.

There is no intent herein to criticise one political party at the expense of the other. Indeed, one does not see much difference between the tenets of the two great political parties of today. What an opportunity, in Wyoming and elsewhere, for the new men coming into power to show the American people that they are wiser and more farsighted in matters of public welfare than were their predecessors! There exists today the chance of a political lifetime. Bold, progressive and resourceful as a people, we ought to advance not along a part of our line but along all of it. These men now coming into office in Wyoming and elsewhere can lay down a broad, clean line of legislation and say: "Here is where we change; here is where we readjust!"

Now, if wisdom comes empirically, nothing succeeds like success. If the game law idea has failed in America the game-refuge idea has made a distinct success. For some reason, public sentiment adjusts itself to that more readily than to closed seasons. If any man now proposed to abolish the Yellowstone National Park he would be mobbed by a majority vote of some ninety millions. Our most brutish wildfowlers respect the bird refuges that have been established. It seems historically true that if a piece of territory is set apart as a home for wild creatures alone, the public within a year or two comes to accept the fact and ceases to rebel against it. The experiment, therefore, has proved to be one that has worked out successfully; and, since this is true and there seems small hope that the closed-season idea will ever be supported by us as a people, why, in the name of common-sense, should we not readjust our old methods and take on a method that will prove itself good, and that has been accepted by the people as such?

The Humble Catfish Moves East

It seems an unconscious sort of adjustment, too, for the game-preserve idea was long hated as offensively aristocratic and un-American. It still is hated as such, so far as private persons are concerned; but when we take a very large preserve and bar out of it everybody, rich man and poor man alike, and go to raising therein animals that later may stray outside the lines and hence be of use to us, then the idea begins to seem one of thrift and common-sense. As such, it is one pretty sure to extend itself. Let these new farmers of Wyoming, therefore, who have done much to make the personnel of the new legislature of that state, be in no hurry to wipe out their big-game refuge. It is one of the best and most sensible things the state of Wyoming ever put into the form of law and one of the best things that could be devised for the very men who grumble at it. Let them try it a couple of years more.

This refuge alone, together with the Boise and Payette refuges in Idaho and the great safeguard of the Yellowstone National Park, will go a very long way toward keeping up an indefinite supply of big game. We never can go on as we have done in the past and kill this game as we like; cannot even kill our winter's meat out of it as we like; but we can learn the sport of its pursuit and enjoy the chase for many and many a year to come, in like manner if in less measure than our fathers did. It would be most unfortunate and unwelcome news to hear that the new citizenry of Wyoming lacked the intelligence and manliness of those so-called old cowbarons of the range, who lived in a time when life was wider, wilder and more abounding, but who long ago learned that the old West and the new West could not be coincident.

Continued on Page 36.

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—the right time and place

The Simmons process makes it easy for you to wear the most appropriate piece at all times, and save money.

A core of baser metal is substituted for the useless gold hidden at the center. This does not affect in the least the appearance—no one can tell a Simmons piece from solid gold until shown the name "Simmons" on the swivel.

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For one-half to two-thirds the cost of merely repairing an old style solid gold chain, you can get a new Simmons chain—more up-to-date in design, stronger, etc., for your watch.

Or, for the money which would otherwise be tied up in a single chain of solid gold, you can select several Simmons pieces, each the most suitable for its purpose.

Thus, having the fashionable thing—keeping up with the changing styles—costs you nothing at all. You save money or make a better showing for the same money.

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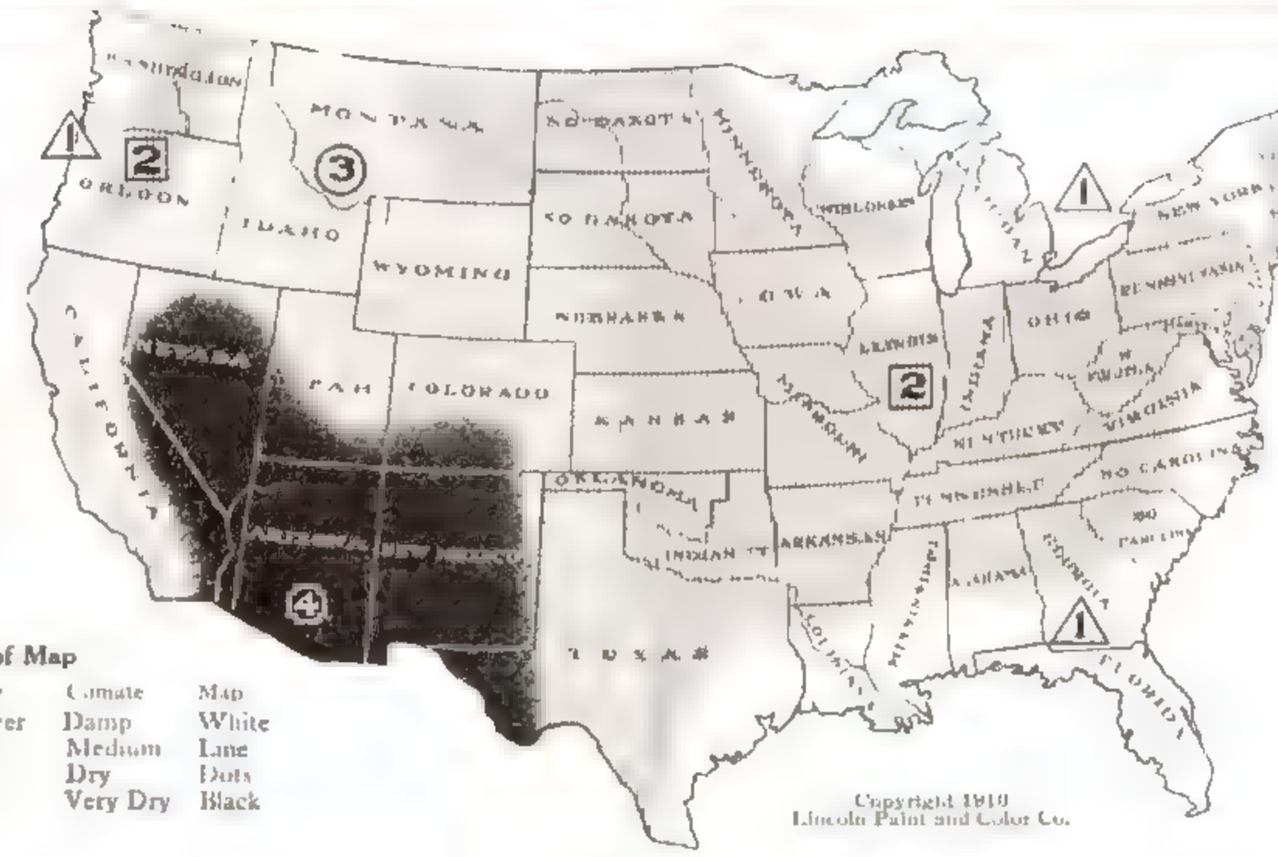

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Lincoln Paint and Color Co.

The First Climatic Map of the United States Ever Published—Showing Adjustment of Paint Formulas to Different Localities.

This map shows you whatever part of the country you may be in, just which formula of LINCOLN CLIMATIC PAINT is especially adapted—or "*pre-acclimated*"—to your use in the climate of your particular section. The formulas are numbered and symbolized—so there can be no mistake

Explanation of Map

Symbol	Formula	Humidity	Climate	Map
Triangle	No. 1	80 and over	Damp	White
Square	No. 2	65 to 75	Medium	Line
Circle	No. 3	50 to 60	Dry	Dots
Cross	No. 4	Under 50	Very Dry	Black

Why Other Climatic Paints Will be Imitations of Ours

Don't be deceived by any claim made in the future that any *other* paint is the same as ours. Such claims are bound to spring up as soon as paint makers see this great truth. But do not be deceived. Lincoln Climatic Paint is patented—our formulas are protected by the United States government. Our formulas are proportioned exactly on correct scientific information—as explained on this page. And as our formulas, based on *correct* scientific information, are patented, ANY OTHER PAINT CLAIMING TO BE CLIMATIC WILL MERELY IMITATE LINCOLN CLIMATIC PAINT.

The Astounding Truth About Paint—A Discovery!—A Revelation!

Paint Must Fit Your Climate—The U. S. Has Four Climates—Lincoln Climatic Paint Has Four Formulas

THE manufacture of MANY paints has been on a basis radically wrong. Nearly every one has had his troubles with paint—with its cracking, chalking, peeling or blistering.

A brand of paint that would seem all right at one time or place, would prove wofully faulty at another. Even the makers have been at their wits' end to understand it.

At last we have discovered the TRUTH about paint. Please consider the facts as we reveal them here.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

You have heard that "this is a big country." Did you ever appreciate just *how big?*

Look, if you please, at the map above. It represents our country—a nation a *continent wide.* In different sections people are overcome by the heat, while others are frozen, at the *same time*—on the *same day.*

Such a country—with its extremes of temperature; its giant water line hugged by two oceans, its vast inland stretches—could not have "*a* climate."

There are *four climates* in the United States. Therein lies the secret of the past faults of *ordinary* paints. For paint must be made to *fit the climate* in which it is to be used.

Climate Versus Paint

Climate always has been paint's "worst enemy." Insofar as paint is concerned climate means *humidity*—or how *dry* or how *damp* is the atmosphere.

Heretofore all American manufacturers have made their paint on the *same formula* for damp and dry sections alike.

Naturally different brands of paint would have different formulas. But no *one* brand ever has been made on more than *one* formula—until now.

Yet a paint that is *good* where the humidity—or degree of moisture—is above 80 per cent, is *bad* where it is below 50 per cent. And vice-versa.

Pre-Acclimated Paint

In the more *moist* climates there should be a larger proportion of *zinc* in the paint. In *dry* climates there should be a larger proportion of *lead.*

The hardness of zinc counteracts the softening effect of moisture—and makes the paint endure. The pigment lead is like lead, the metal—soft-pliant It will stand extreme dryness, its own nature making up for the lack of moisture. The softness of the lead counteracts the hardening effect of the dryness and makes the paint endure.

On the seaboard, paint with too much lead in it absorbs a great amount of moisture, making the paint coat so soft that chalking and checking soon destroys it.

To overcome this chalking or act as an antidote for this moisture, a larger percentage of zinc is required

Our map shows you this country divided according to its four climates. You will see that the divisions are not equal—that the same climate or humidity prevails on the two coasts and the Great Lakes, for instance.

We did not discover that the United States had these four climates. That was already known to scientists and statisticians, Government and otherwise—although we show here the first climatic map of this country ever published.

But the fact that *four kinds of paint* were needed in this country to meet the four different climatic conditions *is our discovery.* A discovery that has led us to originate LINCOLN CLIMATIC PAINT made on four separate formulas—to fit the four climates. A discovery that has solved a nation-wide problem.

The formulas for Lincoln Climatic Paint are based on charts prepared by a committee of the Geographic Society of Chicago from statistics furnished by the Weather Bureau, Department of Agriculture of the United States Government, edited by Professor Henry J. Cox, of the U. S. Weather Bureau, and Dr. J. Paul Goode, of the University of Chicago, and secured from the Central Scientific Company of America. They are fully protected by patents

Lincoln Paint and Color Company, Dept. 20

The Climatic Adjustment of Paints

SINCE ordinary paints are made on the *time-worn* theory that one formula is good enough for the whole country—on the *exploded* supposition that this is a one-climate country—the chances are just three to one against you that you won't get a paint that will wear in your climate if you use ordinary paint in place of Lincoln Climatic Paint.

With such odds against you it is likely you'll get the wrong paint—and find it out *after you've paid the bill*—when your money is wasted.

With Lincoln Climatic Paint—ground by machinery—you can always be *absolutely certain* of selecting the rightly adjusted formula—the paint prepared for the *exact weather conditions* in which you live—the paint that will endure in your climate.

It is the simple business proposition of getting your money's worth.

Why take chances? Especially when the odds against you are so uneven When you don't even get a fair run for your money.

Taking chances with paint not climatically adjusted, has caused many a man endless trouble and needless expense in the past.

Of course it means considerable extra expense to make four paints instead of one. To grind each paint complete. But it also means permanent *satisfaction*—worth a great deal more than the difference in price. It's cheaper in the end, indeed, because your paint is right to stand your climate. You get dollar for dollar value—in paint sure to *last*. Probably you have had trouble yourself with paint cracking and peeling, or chalking.

Zinc is used in the paint for the purpose of hardening or tempering the softness of the lead but too much zinc would make a paint so hard and elastic that it could not stick to the surface.

Of this you may be sure:—When the surface of the wood or iron expands under the heat of the sun and tears the paint coat apart—causing it to crack and peel, and pull off in scales—there is too much zinc in the paint for the relative dryness of the climate

Of this you may also be positive:—Too much white lead in paint used in a damp climate makes a paint coating that is so soft that it will not wear

The linseed oil not being sufficiently hardened is soon destroyed (the excess moisture hurrying the process) and leaves the lead loose on the surface to be blown off by the wind, or rubbed off on the first coat sleeve that comes in contact with it. *This is chalking*

The dampness actually turns the paint into a lead chalk.

No doubt you have seen paint perform in these ways and never understood why. Even the paint makers couldn't fathom it.

Doubtless you have seen with your own eyes a paint that was all right in one section; go all to pieces in another.

You didn't know it was merely a question of *climate*—even the paint makers did not realize it.

Yet it is because no paint has ever been climatically adjusted—*until now* in Lincoln Climatic Paint—that one man in one part of the country would swear by one brand of paint, while another in another part would—well swear *at* it

How could one formula for paint ever have been considered sufficient for this entire country? A country in which men in different sections wear straw hats and ulsters at identical times.

Lincoln Climatic Paint

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

Completely Machine Mixed and Ground

No Chance for Error Here

Lincoln Climatic Paint *simplifies* the paint question It is easy now for you to select just the right paint for your own locality.

Easy if you choose Lincoln Climatic Paint of the formula prepared for your territory. As hard as ever though if you try any other paint.

For Lincoln Climatic Paint is properly adjusted to meet the country's four climates

You have merely to refer to the map above—or to the elaborate climatic map you will find at any Lincoln Climatic Paint dealer's—to determine the correct formula you need. So that there can be no mistake, on each can of Lincoln Climatic Paint the proper Symbol and Formula Number of contents are displayed.

The correct formula of Lincoln Climatic Paint for your locality is, in a sense, made to order for you. In colors, too, no paint can rival Lincoln Climatic in *richness* and *variety*. The formula is on every can. It is honest paint. The dealer knows what he is selling. You know what you're buying.

Accept only the paint suited to your climate and mixed and ground by *machinery*—if you want paint that will endure.

A Book For You

We have prepared a book for you telling all about Lincoln Climatic Paint. We'll be glad to send it to you FREE, with the name of our dealer nearest you. Kindly send coupon today.

A Word to Dealers

This is the first of a series of ads in Newspapers, Farm papers and National Magazines to tell the public the truth about paint. The revelations we make mean a new era in the paint trade. The demand for Lincoln Climatic Paint will sweep over the country like a great wave. We have increased our factory facilities and will need more dealers to handle it. If you want the exclusive agency in your locality let us hear from you at once.

A Lincoln Climatic Paint Dealer is near you.

Send coupon for our dealer's Portfolio showing our complete plans to help you sell this better paint.

CONSUMER'S COUPON

Lincoln Paint and Color Co.,
Dept. 20, Lincoln, Neb.

Send me at once your FREE BOOK and name of the nearest dealer [illegible] Climatic Paint

Name

Street

Town

State

DEALER'S COUPON

Lincoln Paint and Color Co.,
Dept. 20, Lincoln, Neb.

Send me FREE your PORTFOLIO showing your advertising campaign and plans for spreading the sale of Lincoln Climatic Paint

Name

Street

Town

State

Lincoln, Nebraska

Factories:
Lincoln, Neb.
Dallas, Tex.

Imperial $3 Hats

THERE are so many styles in IMPERIAL soft hats that the most discriminating buyer can find just the hat he's after. Style 1042 shown above is one of the new IMPERIAL soft hats shown by the Imperial Hatter in Your City.

Our latest portfolio shows the leading shapes for Spring. Write for it.

SAMUEL MUNDHEIM COMPANY

15 Astor Place MAKERS New York City

The Florsheim SHOE

LOOK FOR NAME IN SHOE

The Buster

Distinctive shaped toe with plenty of "dope" Tan, Black or Patent.

Extra Comfort Features of Florsheim Oxfords are the "Can't-gap" insteps and "Hugtite" heels. "Natural Shape" lasts on every pair The name Florsheim inside every Oxford is the stamp of *best value.*

Ask your dealer about The Florsheim Shoe, or send the amount, and we will have our nearest dealer fill your order

Most Styles $5.00 and $6.00

Our booklet, "The Shoeman," shows "A style for any taste—a fit for every foot."

The Florsheim Shoe Company
Chicago, U. S. A.

When you select a beautiful extension table be sure it is a

Tyden Locked Table

It really pays to get a dining table that can be extended considerably when occasion demands. The Tyden Lock is a simple mechanism operated by a little lever just inside the top where it opens. Its function is to clamp the halves of the pillar snugly together. Without the Tyden Lock they gradually spread apart at the base, spoiling the looks of the table, and straining the construction. It also regulates the extension of the top, locking extra leaves so that the top is exactly over the base—it prevents too much extension on one side. It is little, but it adds so much to the worth of a table that we would like to send its book, Tables Beautiful, to prospective purchasers.

Three fourths of the furniture stores now offer tables equipped with this essential feature.

Tyden Lock Advertising Bureau 661-C Monadnock Block Chicago

This is the quality mark on a dining table

Continued from Page 33

Do we always stop to think how much times really have changed? Here is an old squirrel rifle and near by are half a dozen high-power rifles, bought within as many years to keep up with the times. But what has increased game for these late rifles in equal extent? Here is an old lure of another generation, made out of a silver spoon, with a hook at the end of it—a contrivance that killed many fish in its day. Hard by is a modern artificial minnow, with no less than twenty-four hooks in gangs—a thing to make any sportsman angler frown in disgust; but are there twenty-four times as many game fish now or only one twenty-fourth as many as when this old spoon-hook was devised?

Our rivers formerly swarmed with game fish—pike, perch, and the like. Here are news dispatches telling of seizures of carp—dyed and smoked and sold as "salmon." Your own yard is full of twittering English sparrows. Your own trout stream very likely has brown trout in it now or at least rainbows or steelheads from the Pacific slope. In some ways we have changed, have readjusted, almost in spite of ourselves. Black bass went east across the Alleghanies in Daniel Webster's time and in our times shad and striped bass have gone into the waters of the Pacific Coast and succeeded there enormously. The humble catfish of the Illinois Valley also has extended its habitat toward the east. For that matter, this very game refuge of which we have been speaking, this winter imported a carload of elks from Jackson's Hole—which elks, although from the same state, were a month on the road and had to pass through six different states in order to get to Sheridan, in Wyoming.

How to Preserve Big Game

Today there is hardly a prairie chicken left in all that part of Oklahoma that used to belong to the Indian nations, where once we saw them in uncounted thousands. They are fading away rapidly all through the western part of that state. Ten years ago one town—and not a very large one—shipped in one year two thousand deer-hides, two thousand dozen quails, two hundred wild turkeys, six hundred dozen prairie chickens. What was the shipment this year? Nothing at all, nor was there anything to ship.

A little while ago the Arbuckle Mountain country of Oklahoma swarmed with deer, prairie chickens, quails. A few years ago boasting shooters used to come back and tell of a wagonload of wild turkeys killed along the river-bottoms of lower Oklahoma. All these regions are swept bare today, although it is not the case that they are all wholly occupied by settlers. Wildfowl decrease year by year all across the country. There are many species of plover and curlew that twenty years ago swarmed on the Western prairies; today there is not a feather of them to be seen. Yet we do not readjust our methods at those points here and there in our country where game can still be found in abundance. Not long ago six market hunters with pump guns killed in three days and shipped to New Orleans seventeen thousand seven hundred and thirty ducks; but how many will you be able to kill in that same place ten years from now? And if we killed our tame herds, our tame poultry, on this same basis how many of them would we find remaining two years from now?

We are going "back to the soil" with a vengeance. We need the wisdom of the new men coming into political power to keep us from going back quite so fast to quite so much of it. Let us admit that our game laws are a failure, but not admit that our game refuges are anything but a success. The legislators of Wyoming might very well listen to the words of an old-time cowman, who was the original parent of this Big Horn refuge. Deprecating the practice of some periodicals to call everybody a game hog who kills a head or so of game, this gentleman goes on to say

"We all have our own standards of taste, but they are not compulsory on our neighbors. Yet civilization has enforced on us Westerners the fetters of law which were irksome just after the great freedom of the past. The great majority of sensible people recognize the physical and moral benefit derived from big-game hunting. Why be fanatical in its regulation?

"Now there are three ways by which our wild game may be preserved: by a closed season for a term of years; by late and short

YOU can have

the luxury of a real *desk* and a handsome library *table*—combined in the space of one.

No. 267
One of seventy-five designs
Covered by 4 patents

SIMPLY pulling open a drawer, provides desk space with non-spillable ink-well and pen groove, with large roomy drawer beneath desk lid for stationery and correspondence. Nothing on the table needs to be disturbed.

Seventy-five artistic designs in every staple wood and popular finish give you a wide selection for every purpose.

Styles include reproductions of "Period Furniture" Louis XIV, Elizabethan, Tudor, Flanders, Colonial, Arts and Crafts and Modern Designs, made by skilled craftsmen from the finest materials obtainable

Look for the patented easy-sliding, nickel-plated steel slide which allows the drawer to open freely. Counter-balanced to prevent tipping

Cadillac Desk-Table

[illegible] is for your protection

"CADILLAC DESK TABLES [illegible]

Booklet "P" [illegible]

Wolverine Mfg. Co.

Detroit, Michigan

The largest parlor and library table manufacturers in the world. Our output is more than "a table a minute."

No. 180—One of seventy-five designs
[illegible]

Wolverine Mfg. Co.
Detroit, Mich.

[illegible] Please send us your booklet "P" free

My Name _____

My Address _____

My Dealer is _____

Genuine Panamas

THESE Panamas are made of *fine quality genuine Panama straw*, very closely woven and beautifully finished. They are trimmed with neat silk bands and leather sweat bands. They are featherweight, cool, dressy and quickly adaptable to any shape. **Any retail hat store in this country would charge you from $15.00 to $18.00 each for Panamas of this high grade,** but we import Panamas by thousands every year direct through the Port of Galveston from South America. *We Save You Two Profits*

Remember, each hat is sold with His positive guarantee

Your Money Back if Not as Represented.

Order today. Now and be prepared for Summer. Sent express prepaid upon receipt of price

$6

State Size and Style

Style No. 1

Style No. 2

Style No. 3

Style No. 4

Style No. 5

TEXAS Broncho Buster Hat **$3** Express Prepaid. A regular $5 Hat

The kind our Texas cowboys always wear, very popular all over the West

$3

Order from Houston—Safest way. Dealers write for our special offer

Postage paid anywhere for only

$4

Be Sure to State Size

Address Dept. A

Houston Hat Company

Houston, Texas

shooting seasons, and by the establishment of sufficient game sanctuaries in conjunction with late seasons for small game.

"Of these, the first is prohibitive and contrary to the wishes of the majority of the people. The second is satisfactory at the present time, but whether it will be sufficient for our needs five years hence I cannot attempt to say. The third, in conjunction with the second, will, I believe, preserve our game for many years."

These words are from a man who loved Wyoming so much that he left his own country for it years ago. He has been identified with the cattle business in that state almost from the building of the city of Cheyenne. He loves and values the old West enough to want to see others get a part of its natural riches. His words are temperate and fair; and they are worth remembering. They seem especially valuable because at this time in our history, when so many men are sweeping West, every one of them an American fond of the chase and skilled with weapons, and so certain to wipe out practically all the remaining big game that we have in the Rockies or our other wild regions, there seems so much need of departure from our old, hopeless ways in caring for our sport. This game-refuge idea is a departure. It spells readjustment shows that we are really thoughtful and willing to advance.

Let's Be Modern

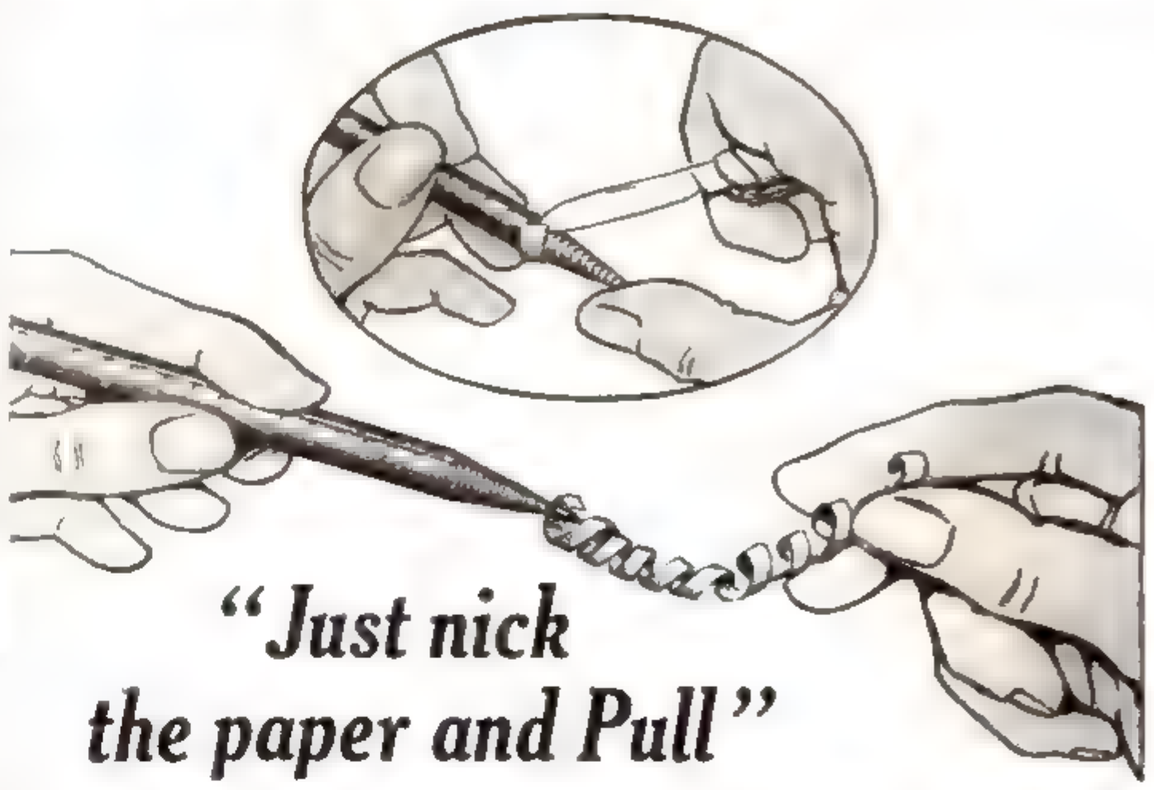
Moreover, it makes good; and that is the final test of all things in America. It can be proved out in analogy by examining the records of the great reserves of the West that have been thrown open as public playgrounds. Last year half a million persons visited these reserves to get close to Nature, to see the mountains, to live under trees, to drink good water and to rest. This year there will be a million who will avail themselves of these privileges.

Now a fence is easier to see than a date on a calendar. The guarded line of the game refuge, the accepted demarcation of a sanctuary where no one may shoot at any time, is something far easier to comprehend and to respect than an arbitrary day of the month. A prairie chicken is just as good to eat on the twenty-ninth or thirtieth or thirty-first of August as on the first of September, especially when there is no one around to watch you kill it. You ought not to, but you do. If you violate a sanctuary of the big game, where no one may shoot at any season, your trail may be followed; you may be detected. Besides, somehow, for some mysterious reason, you don't want to go in there and kill things. You are willing to let it go at that because you know very well that big-game animals move about; that the imaginary keep you out, but does not keep them in. Moreover, inside of your common-sense you accept the truth that hens must hatch chickens if we are to have poultry. Now when we set a hen we don't expose her to the attacks of all the hawks there may be. We give Nature a chance. The game-refuge idea has a valid appeal to American common-sense. It makes good. We have many hundreds of thousands of acres of land that could be devoted better to this purpose than to any other.

Our old cowman goes on to say: "Sport is good for the moral and physical welfare of our people, but to maintain sport we must maintain the proper ratio of the hunted to the hunter. Cannot we devote six per cent of the Big Horn Mountains for a refuge for the game? The great Roman historian wrote of his people: '*Solitudinem faciunt, pacem appellant*—They make a solitude, they call it peace.' Do we wish to make a solitude of our forests and call it civilization?"

We are doing that very thing in America as fast as any people ever did. We are narrowing and making desolate our own country and our own lives. Shall we continue to make this solitude and call it business? There is just a trifle of hope, just a trifle of conviction, namely, that the common-sense of the American people—specifically the common-sense of the people of Wyoming—knows that the old way, after all, isn't business. We wouldn't be guilty of hanging on to the old ways of war and business of the past generation. We shall not be guilty of hanging on much longer to ways in sport—ways regarding the out-of-doors—that are so utterly outgrown and so utterly unbusinesslike as those we have so long forced into service. Why not sit up and be modern?

Blaisdell Paper Pencils



"Just nick the paper and Pull"

BLAISDELL Paper Pencils are cased with paper instead of wood. The paper is wound on in strips spirally. To sharpen you have only to nick the side of the pencil with a pin, knife, or scissors point between the first and second punch mark which loosens the end of the spiral strip; then simply pull off the strip and you have a new, perfectly tapered point. No dirt or muss, no whittling, three seconds time, little trouble, and a pin does the trick.

Blaisdell Graphite ("Black Lead") Paper Pencils

are made in all grades and in all degrees of hardness with or without rubber tips. They are beautifully finished in colored enamels (excepting the lowest priced grades which are natural-varnished). They are sold at 5c, 2 for 5c, 3 for 5c and 1c each. A good quality of graphite is used in each grade as the price permits, the 5c grade *is the very best quality compressed Bavarian lead* and will satisfy the most exacting. Even the 1c grade, however, is a thoroughly good pencil, particularly adapted for school children and others who consume pencils rather extravagantly.

Blaisdell Paper Pencils are always more economical because the leads are not broken or wasted in sharpening and they can be used down to the shortest stub.

For Salespeople

Use Blaisdell Pencils and avoid keeping customers waiting when your pencil breaks in making out a sales slip. Also avoid getting your hands soiled and so soiling goods. You can sharpen a Baisdell with a pin and without the least dirt or muss.

For Students

Any school child can sharpen a Blaisdell Pencil. No dangerous knife, no bothering of others to do the sharpening. The Blaisdell is a boon in the school room saving delay and annoyance to teacher and pupils.

For Stenographers

Blaisdell Pencils make you independent of office boys or pencil-sharpening machines that don't work. You can sharpen your Blaisdell in a jiffy without knife or sharpener. If it breaks while you're taking dictation there's no delay or annoyance to your employer.

For all Women Writers

Mark Twain in "Pudd'nhead Wilson," wrote, apropos of a woman sharpening a pencil: "To see her do it you know she used a knife, but to see it after it is done without seeing her do it you would think she used her teeth." A Blaisdell can be sharpened with a pin—a hairpin if necessary.

Blaisdell Pencils for Business

Business houses find important economies in the use of Blaisdell Paper Pencils. They save the time of employees because anyone can sharpen a Blaisdell in an instant.

They save pencils because leads are never broken or wasted in sharpening and pencils last longer. No expensive sharpening machines need be bought or kept in repair. The wide variety of grades in which Blaisdell Pencils are made permit the selection of a proper pencil at an appropriate price for every sort of work.

Color Check System

A most simple, economical and effective way of guarding against omissions of routine, and errors. The plan is to assign a certain color of pencil to each department or desk to use in checking correspondence, orders, etc. Blaisdell Crayon Pencils are made in 12 different and distinct colors.

Special Pencils

No. 702 is for marking on polished surfaces, metal, glass, etc.

No. 122 is a thick lead graphite pencil for use on "copy paper" for newspaper use, and other work.

No. 852 for indelible marking, and No. 855 for [illegible]

No. 175 is an indelible pencil for copying work, etc.

No. 181 is a crayon checking pencil (9 colors) handsomely finished.

If your stationer cannot supply you write to us for one of our **Special Sample Offers.**

No. 1 OFFER 10c	No. 2 OFFER 25c	No. 3 OFFER 50c
An assortment of 3 high grade Lead Pencils	An assortment of 3 high grade Lead Pencils and 3 Crayons	An assortment of 12 high grade pencils including [illegible] and 3 crayons of different colors

BLAISDELL PAPER PENCIL CO., 4500 Wayne Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

The only manufacturers of Paper Pencils; we also manufacture a complete line of Erasers and Penholders

ALL PARTS R

LUNKENHEIMER "

WHAT TH

A valve that remains tight longer than any other slight amount of labor necessary to renew the seating su with little labor or expense. This must be conceded attainment of VALVE PERFECTION, or as nearly so

Why the "RENEWO" is

BECAUSE it is so designed that it is practically indestructib durability. BECAUSE it is made by skilled mechanics in the most item of its manufacture, from the receipt of the raw materials up t agency can develop. And BECAUSE it is made by The Lunken

Important Details of Construction

PRESERVATION OF SEATING SURFACES—The greatest wear on the seating surfaces of a valve, caused by the tremendous velocity of the steam, takes place when the valve is nearly closed. To reduce this wear, the disc in the "Renewo" valve is provided with a projecting lip on the bottom, which enters the seat ring at the proper time, and permits only a very fine spray to flow between the seating surfaces. This spray thoroughly cleanses these parts, removing any dirt or grit that may have lodged on them, thereby preventing them from becoming marred when the valve is tightly closed.

SEATING SURFACES REGRINDABLE—Should the seating surfaces become worn, they can be quickly and easily renewed repeatedly without purchasing new parts or necessitating the removal of the valve from the connecting pipes. This is accomplished by means of regrinding, a process consisting of the use of an abrasive material, such as ground glass or sand mixed with soap or oil, applied to the seating surfaces, and these surfaces ground one on the other until a smooth face is obtained.

ALL PARTS RENEWABLE—This refers to every part of the valve, making the "Renewo" practically indestructible, and presenting a valve that will last as long as its connecting pipe.

OTHER IMPORTANT FEATURES—The union ring connecting the body and hub is preferred because the connecting threads are protected from the corroding action of the steam, enabling the easy removal of all the parts for regrinding or renewal purposes. It also acts as a tie or binder over the neck of the body, materially strengthening same.

The stuffing-box is provided with a gland follower, which forces the packing tightly around the stem, preventing leakage of steam at this point, and also preventing the packing from wedging in between the threads of the stuffing-box.

A shoulder at the top of the threads on the stem forms a seat beneath the stuffing-box when the valve is wide open, thereby permitting the stuffing-box to be repacked while steam is flowing through the valve.

"MOST SUPPLY HOUSES SELL THEM; YOURS CAN. IF THEY DONT OR WONT, TE

THE LUNKENHEIMER COM

Largest Manufacturers of High-Grade Engineering Specialties in the Wor

General Offices and Works, CINCINNATI, OHIO, U. S.

BRANCHES: 186 North Dearborn St., CHICAGO 64-68 Fulton St., NEW YORK 138 High St., BOSTON

PRACTICALLY I

RENEWABLE

"RENEWO" VALVE

HE "RENEWO" IS

. Should it ever leak, it can be repaired without any expense other than a
rfaces. If any part (no matter what) is damaged or worn, it can be RENEWED
by anyone having had even the slightest experience in the use of valves as the
as is possible.

Properly Called "Valve Perfection"

ble. BECAUSE only the highest grade of bronze and nickel composition is used, insuring its
up-to-date valve factory in the world. BECAUSE the rigid inspection system controlling every
o the very minute the finished valve leaves the factory, insures as perfect a product as any human
heimer Company, and is the result of half a century's experience in valve design and manufacture.

The body is so designed that a free and unobstructed flow of steam is insured, the areas at every point being larger than that of the connecting pipe.

MATERIAL—The Lunkenheimer "Renewo" Valve is much heavier than any competing article, which means more metal, and consequently greater strength, and it will safely withstand the pressure for which it is guaranteed.

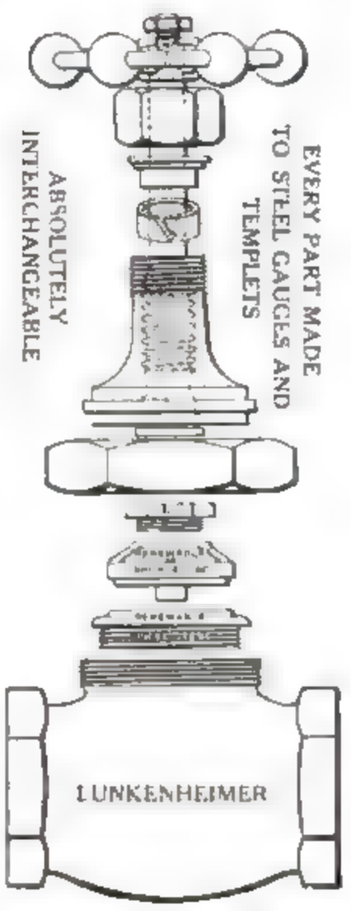
The metal used is made to our own formula, the composition varying according to the location in the valve and the duty of the various parts.

The bronze contains a high percentage of copper and tin, two materials that are essential to the strength and durability of the composition.

The renewable seat ring is made of a hard, close-grained nickel composition, the very best material obtainable for this purpose.

WORKMANSHIP—The elegant and finished appearance of the "Renewo" Valve shows at a glance the very highest type of workmanship. Only skilled mechanics are employed, and, aided by machinery of special design, the accurate and rapid production of the valve is insured.

VARIOUS PATTERNS AND SIZES—The "Renewo" is made in two weights, known as the Medium and Extra Heavy Patterns. The Medium Pattern is guaranteed for working pressures up to 200 pounds per square inch, and the Extra Heavy Pattern for 300 pounds. Every valve is tested under conditions more severe than occur in practice at these pressures and therefore we can safely guarantee its use. The valve is made in sizes ranging from ¼ to 3 inches inclusive.



Observe—All Parts are Renewable

.L US"

IPANY

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A.

35 Great Dover St., LONDON, S. E.

NDESTRUCTIBLE

Regarding Lunkenheimer High-Grade Engineering Specialties

In General

The name LUNKENHEIMER, when associated with engineering appliances, is a synonym of "QUALITY," and the very best at that.

For half a century, with constant care and experimenting and close observation of the necessities of the engineering field, the supremacy of LUNKENHEIMER PRODUCTS has always been maintained, and universally acknowledged.

To maintain this reputation, only the highest type of skilled labor is employed; expensive machinery, enabling accurate and rapid production, is constantly being installed, and only new material of the very best grade is used. The Lunkenheimer guarantee of high quality is a real, definite quantity—not an empty use of the meaning of a guarantee. Every article we make must come up to what is claimed for it.

The Lunkenheimer Company is not only the largest manufacturer of High-Grade Engineering Specialties in the world, but it also produces the greatest variety of Engineering Specialties and Appliances, chief among them being Brass, Iron and Steel, Globe, Angle, Cross, Check, Gate, Blow-off and Safety Valves, Whistles, Water Columns and Gauges; Ground Key Work, Injectors and Ejectors; Oil and Grease Cups; Lubricators, Oil Pumps, Oiling Devices, Automobile and Motor Boat Specialties.

All correspondence and inquiries receive prompt attention. Large stocks are carried, insuring immediate shipments.

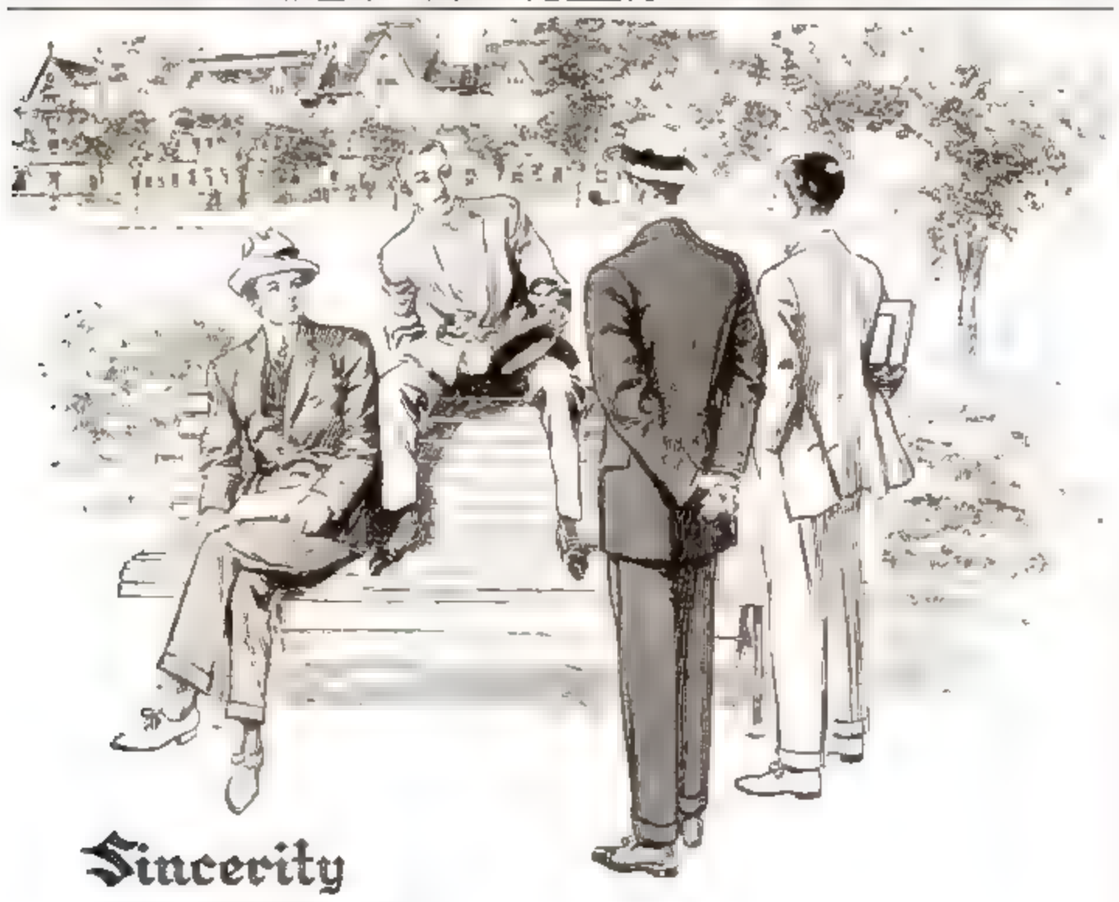
The return of the Coupon brings you, entirely free, the entire 64 pages of valuable tables and data on steam and mechanical subjects.

Name

Occupation or Name of firm employed by

Street

City State



Sincerity

A WORD OF MEANING WITH A WORLD OF MEANING

IN making anything, whether clothes or friends, *sincerity* comes first of all and goes farthest. "SINCERITY CLOTHES" are made with "the care that extends beyond care," because sincerity is the *mainspring* of our efforts and the *main thought* of our tailors.

The *intensely individual* style of "SINCERITY CLOTHES" and their emphatic good form are *effected* through a sincerity of mode, material and making that is never *affected*—that spurns makeshifts or "make-believes"—that is simply and single heartedly *sincere*.

"SINCERITY CLOTHES" are *wool*. Most best clothiers sell them. Our *tool* is *around* them. Our Book of Modes is "the last word" in fashion. Write for it.

KUH, NATHAN & FISCHER CO
CHICAGO. *Builders of* Sincerity Clothes

Get the New Styles *First*

So many of the new models from season to season have been *introduced* by us that our factory is often referred to as "the place the new styles come from."

RALSTON

There's one way, young man, that you can be sure you're getting the very latest styles—that is by wearing Ralstons. They're chock full of ginger, and yet they are not over-extreme or foppish in the least. They are accepted everywhere as Authority Styles. You'll be well pleased if your Spring shoes are *Ralstons*.

Send for Ralston Book
"AUTHORITY STYLES"
Spring and Summer, Free

Ralston's proper footwear for all occasions for men

RALSTON
HEALTH SHOEMAKERS
985 Main Street
Campello
(Brockton), Mass.

Goodyear Welt Union Made
New Town Topic Button
Black Tuscan Calf, also in Tan Russia $4, $4.50, $5
Sold in over 3,000 towns—Ask your dealer

HELPING DAME NATURE

By ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE

How to Get Better Fruits and Vegetables Earlier Than Your Neighbor

AMONG the most fascinating forms of gardening for the amateur are those which deal with novelties and with bizarre and abnormal growths. However, to the man who wants good average returns rather than an occasional monstrous output—who does not feel like risking a crop for the sake of a spectacle—these novelties do not appeal very strongly. Yet there are out-of-the-ordinary ways of growing the common vegetables that are both interesting and profitable; and the assurance that these new ways of growing garden truck will really succeed is their strongest recommendation to practical gardeners. This article will not deal so much with the highly expensive artificial means of forcing growth as with those that are well within the reach of the man of moderate means.

To the grower of melons, cantaloups and cucumbers drought is probably the most dreaded enemy. This adverse condition may be met on a small scale by various methods of watering; but no kind of watering ever takes the place of rain, because there is not along with it a correspondingly humid condition of the atmosphere; and unless one is very careful he may bring on sun-scald, rot or a tender, wilty condition of the plants. The following method of getting the better of a dry season is strongly recommended only after careful experiments:

It is a well-known fact that disintegrated sod makes the best compost in the world, due to the rotting of the matted root-systems of the grass; in fact, sod is the correct basis for all humus-yielding mixtures. It is Nature's own ideal fertilizer. Few gardeners, however, make use of this knowledge, though all farmers count on bumper yields when they plant a field that has had its sod turned under. Fresh sod may be used in the garden with wonderful effect on the fruits and vegetables mentioned. A heavy piece of sod may be placed in the melon-hill and the seeds planted directly over it, covering the whole with two or three inches of earth. The roots of the plants will strike down into the sod and spread through it, finding there an abundance of humic moisture that the spongelike composition of the rotting sod retains and will continue to retain, even through the dryest summer. Sod under white squashes will make them grow like magic and the extra labor incurred by planting in this way will be many times repaid by the increased yield. Where the area planted permits of its use, the seed-and-sod combination will be found to give splendid results.

Money in Potatoes

Green peas are probably the favorite vegetable of the early spring; yet most households must see them disappear with the strawberry in June—except, of course, as a detestable canned product. And, though it is true that it is well-nigh impossible to grow peas in midsummer, it is comparatively easy to grow them later; so that the end of September may find the thrifty gardener astonishing his neighbors with healthy vines loaded with long pods of succulent peas. It is an established fact that the yield and the flavor of the pea approach perfection as the altitude at which it is grown is increased. Thus the green peas grown on the high mountain plateaus of the Far West are said to be the finest in America; but delicious peas are grown in the lowlying gardens of the East. The cooler the season the better will be the peas; in fact, the secret of growing this vegetable in its late season lies in one word, coolness. Without this factor it will be vain to try to get a second crop at the end of the summer. In the first place a trench, eight inches deep and four inches wide, should be prepared in a part of the garden that will be shaded for some hours each day. Toward the end of August plant an early, quick-growing variety, and in a few days the vines will be up. The moist shade of the trench gives the young shoots an excellent start—they will grow straight ahead; and, with careful support and an occasional watering of the trench—if the season be dry—the pods will form and mature before there is danger of a killing frost. Dwarf varieties do best for these late plantings, since little of their stalk-growth will be exposed should scalding conditions arise.

The average gardener makes a capital mistake in not using a little commercial fertilizer on his potatoes. The growers in Maine are almost wholly dependent on it for their record crops, whereas the average farmer of other sections, though liberal enough with fertilizers for wheat and corn, is stingy about giving his potatoes a fair chance. If he only knew it the land planted in potatoes, even with no help from him, will yield more net profit than that planted in any other farm product.

The growing of potatoes is one of the most delightful of all gardening occupations; and its popularity is due in part to the permanent nature of the crop -for it may still be enjoyed a full year after it is planted --and the element of chance created by the form of growth. Most fruits and vegetables can be watched developing day by day. Sometimes the amateur gardener grows sick of watching the first strawberry turn from green to red or the first ear of corn get firm enough to pull; but one never knows just what is going to roll out of a potato hill. One's profits lie buried until the moment comes when the prong-fork lifts the mellow earth. Then, too, potatoes are pretty sure to make a reasonable crop, even if neglected, and a generous return if properly attended to.

How to Get Big Tomatoes

Early potatoes have a much finer flavor than those that come in with the regular midseason yield; the earlier they come out of the garden the more delicate and wholesome they seem to be. There is also great satisfaction in having new potatoes before your neighbors and a very little trouble will persuade Nature to work before her regular time for you. About the first of March, as many seed potatoes as are needed for the space to be planted should be laid in the sun in some room facing the south; the temperature of the room need not be very warm, but it should be rather constant. In a few days the eyes will put out green sprouts and just the minute the ground can be worked these potatoes should be put in it. This early sprouting will frequently yield potatoes two weeks before those planted in the ordinary way. The seed potatoes must be given plenty of light, else the sprouts will be spindly and white, and will rot off in the ground. If there should happen to be danger of frost when the plants first appear above the ground it will not in the least injure them to draw the earth well up over them; in fact, many growers in Maine, the paradise for potatoes, make it a regular custom to "hill-over" their whole crop, both as a protection against late frost and as a means of supplying a greater length of root and tuber-spur-bearing stalk.

The bedded method of planting celery is now employed with great success by those who are obliged to economize garden space. It cannot be used on a large scale nor will it necessarily give unusual growth; but its advantage as a space-saver is remarkable.

By this arrangement the plants are set in checking rows, six inches apart. No trenching is necessary and the support and blanching are accomplished by earth. In a bed thirty feet by thirty feet it is possible to grow nearly two thousand plants and grow them to perfection; whereas in the single-row method only about five hundred could be raised. When the plants in the solid bed attain suitable growth earth should be filled in by degrees. This method derives a secondary advantage from the fact that the small space renders it possible to shade the whole crop with muslin stretched over laths, should the season require such protection.

Probably the only novel method of growing tomatoes worth considering is that of

high support. The tomato is by nature a vine rather than a plant and its climbing instinct is strong. With only ordinary support the stalk is apt to get bent over under the weight of its fruit; and most of the foliage suffers for want of sufficient sunlight and pure air. It would seem, therefore, that the method to be described has much reason to recommend it. Several stout poles should be set in the ground five feet apart. The supports should be seven or eight feet tall. Across the front of these, single wires, six inches apart, should be stretched. A wire netting will answer the same purpose, but it is more expensive. On such an arbor tomatoes will grow like Jack's beanstalk; and their fruit will be much larger, more highly colored and more delicately flavored than that produced by lowgrowing vines. A certain gardener in southern Pennsylvania, who has quite a large family, has found that by this method ten tomato plants will produce all the fruit necessary for table consumption, for canning, and for making chow-chow and chilli sauce.

Frustrating the Frost

The growing of a second crop of strawberries, like the raising of everbearing strawberries, has long been considered by many to be a freak of Nature, and the science cannot yet be said to have emerged from its experimental stages; but the secret will soon be obliged to yield itself wholly—it has done so now sufficiently to warrant one's trusting it.

Every gardener has probably found, late in September, a few blossoms on his strawberry plants—perhaps a few green berries or occasionally a small ripe one; but the why and wherefore of this tantalizing phenomenon has engaged the attention of only a minor percentage. Strawberries twice a year seem like a dream of bliss out of the Arabian Nights; and, though as yet no exact formula can be given for the attainment of this splendid dream, some suggestions will put the alert gardener in line to approach his goal.

"Second crop" is really a misnomer, for the plants that make the best returns in the fall have not borne any berries in the season at all. It is a case of delayed production. The setback in fruiting is brought about by clipping the fruitstalks in the spring and—in August—forcing growth and blossoming. The best methods of this forcing, whether or not a first crop has been taken from the vines, are here briefly given.

In the first place, only the short-season, perfect-flowering varieties should be used. After bearing or after the blossoms have been cut off the whole patch should be given a thorough cleaning when dead leaves, runners and inferior crowned-suckers should be dealt with vigorously. Then the earth about the plants should be lightly but thoroughly stirred; after which a good top-dressing of rotted stable manure may be applied as a mulch between the rows. Then, if arrangements are convenient, a thorough soaking with a sprinkler will give the bed a vigorous new growth. About every ten days thereafter the runners should be cut and the plants themselves should be "petted" and coaxed along into perfect conditions of size and strength.

Watering during a drought is almost necessary with late-crop plants. Just before the time for the plants to come into blossom the soil above the roots should again be raked and a thin dressing of commercial fertilizer—it should have a large percentage of potash—should be thoroughly stirred into the earth. This treatment will give heavy fruiting. With such care, a fine crop of late strawberries will repay the industrious gardener.

Until very recent years a frost in the late spring or the very early fall was looked upon as a disaster from which there was no escape. By some gardeners it is still so considered; but to the wideawake man, who is ever on the alert to frustrate Nature's darker moods, a frost is not necessarily fatal. In Florida, for instance, where fortunes are sometimes made on a few acres of truck, growers do not hesitate to fit large areas with frost-coverings. But the average gardener in the average climate has nothing to do with such elaborate methods of self-protection—his ways and means are simpler and less expensive; in fact, they need cost nothing at all.

Frost can be successfully fought in several ways and the difficulty of combating it increases with the extent of the area threatened. When frost appears liable, either one of two things—sometimes both—should be done: Cover all the plants that are of covering size with fruit jars, flower pots, baskets, newspapers wound into cornucopia shape or with any other available material, or else burn smothered trash that will make a "smoke smudge." The smoke thus made will soon spread over the entire garden, enveloping it in a warm mist that is a perfect defense against frost. There will be no trouble about the smoke's spreading, since the air is perfectly still on nights that threaten frost. This method has been tested to a considerable extent and with great success in Florida and in the fruit-growing belts along the Pacific slope, as well as in progressive gardens and fruit farms in the East. Should frost strike an unprotected garden, the damage may be largely alleviated by watering the plants, washing off the frost with cold water—preferably with a hose sprinkler before the sun touches them. Potatoes can be saved from a hard frost in this way and saved completely.

Transportation is often the deciding factor in the question of a crop's success. A few years ago a successful planter, within thirty miles of Charleston, South Carolina, suffered a severe attack of gold fever; and the sudden and abundant riches that he expected to find lay not at the rainbow's foot but in beds of asparagus. The rich, sandy loam of his plantation was well-suited to the crop; he was able to engage expert help from Mount Pleasant, across the harbor from Charleston, which has long been an asparagus-growing center; he was fortunate in securing fine asparagus roots very reasonably, and all went as well as Byron's marriage bell. Ten acres were set and a splendid stand was made. For three years the crop was cultivated, weeded, manured, phosphated, and the beds kept free from top growths. In the spring of the fourth year a handsome return for all this care and expense was reasonably expected; but the planter had not estimated highly enough a capital factor. One day a neighbor stopped him in the road.

"Say, Will," he said, "I saw your 'grass' the other day. It's fine; but how are you going to get all that stuff to town?"

"Ship it by water," the planter answered. "The Belle's going to make three trips a week for me."

As the questioner went on his way he muttered to himself that he would not ship a dead mule to Charleston in a leaky sloop like the Belle.

Some One Blundered

His sinister forebodings proved correct, for the first shipment of asparagus from the splendid field, sent off with high hopes and with much éclat, was a total loss. The Belle ran aground in Bull's Bay; and the sea-sun, baking down on the tightly packed crates, wilted the precious cargo. When, thirty-six hours after leaving the packing house, it was unloaded on the city wharf, the prospective buyer, who had been waiting eagerly for the shipment, advised that it be given away—just to get rid of it—to the mendicant scavenger negroes who swarm along the waterfront. Other shipments had little better success, for a lack of railroad facilities rendered it impossible to get the asparagus to town in a salable condition. Little need be added, except that the asparagus field—the gold mine—is now growing watermelons and long cotton.

If the secret of successful farming be the careful watching of details, then the secret of successful trucking is to keep in instant touch with the best market. More, perhaps, than in any other business, a slight loss in time may bring disaster, and the disregard of one opportunity may mean the loss of all others.

In any enterprise where great gains or losses are contingent upon the weather, or upon similar heartless and unrespecting agents, there are tragedies to be faced that would put the ordinary business man into the ranks of the obsolete; but the trucker knows what chances he must take and he is generally ready to receive a solar-plexus blow, though he seldom accepts the count.

During last summer, carload after carload of Georgia peaches—Elberta "firsts"—was dumped into the North River at New York because their condition warranted the inspectors in pronouncing them unfit for sale. Some one had made a blunder somewhere. The grower down in

(Concluded on Page 44)

For Any Road and Any Emergency

THERE is a whole lot of satisfaction in knowing that your car, if called upon, will "burn up the ground" and that you don't *have* to be passed by any other car or take its dust if you don't want to. At the Los Angeles Motordrome a $1000 stock Oakland, driven by an amateur, covered five miles in four minutes and forty-one seconds, or at the rate of sixty-eight miles an hour. A $1000 car, in order to do this, must be right from the frame up; it means perfection of construction.

We are living in a "make good" age. The Oakland slogan, "the car for the man who demands proof," was adopted with the manufacture of the first Oakland car. There's a whole lot behind this slogan. It means satisfaction at *your end* and the necessary proofs *at ours*.

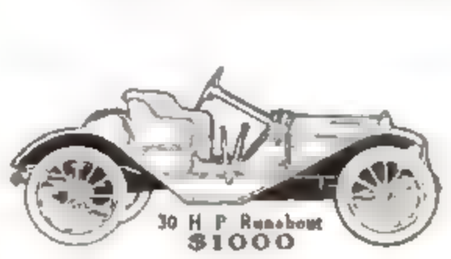
The man who operates and takes care of his car,—and the majority of owners belong to this class,—demands a car that stands up every day in the year as does the Oakland,—the car that has a record that *cannot* be *equalled* by any other car of its price in America (and some higher priced ones, too)

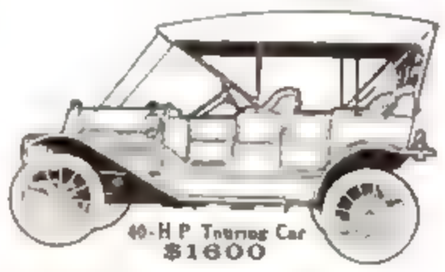
What are our reasons for saying this? Twenty-five hard-earned records—that have behind them work, the hardest kind of work; and proof of performance that lifts our car high above any other car you may mention in our class. We have been *winners* at meets of national importance in competition with the representative cars of America, and always the stock Oakland has run true.

We don't build disappointments. The first Oakland shipped from the factory *is running today*.

1911 Oaklands Include the Following Models:

30 H. P. 4 Passenger Toy Tonneau, Detachable Fore doors,	*$1150*
30 H. P. 5 Passenger Touring car, Detachable Fore doors,	*1200*
(detachable tonneau, if preferred)	
30 H. P. 2 Passenger Runabout,	*1000*
40 H. P. 5 Passenger Touring car, Fore doors,	*1600*
40 H. P. 2 Passenger Roadster, Fore doors,	*1550*
40 H. P. 5 Passenger Touring car,	*1500*


30 H P Runabout
$1000


40-H P Touring Car
$1600

Buy an Oakland and you'll never have to apologize for your selection—a car with an established reputation. There is satisfaction and personal pride in owning an Oakland, for you know it represents the utmost for the money, which is an endorsement of your own good judgment. All cars have that aristocratic finish that makes owners proud of their possession.

We invite your inspection and hope you will be critical in your examinations. Let us convince you of these claims we make. We will gladly put the cars to any test. Our literature will tell you more of this remarkable car's abilities—its construction—its worth. It is a car so simple in construction you can *understand* it by *reading* about it

Mail this coupon to the factory.

Oakland Motor Car Co.
500 Oakland Ave
Pontiac, Michigan

Please send me copies of "Little Stories of Big Victories," "The Man who has Driven One," "The 1911 Catalogue."

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Oakland Motor Car Co.
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American Woolen Company of America

Wm. M. Wood, President

"OF THE PEOPLE"

BECAUSE: We are directly responsible for the welfare of thirty thousand American homes, the homes of our workmen—ambitious, well-paid, happy. They count on us for an annual pay-roll exceeding $13,000,000.

And the reason we can employ this army of skilled workmen, operating up-to-date machinery in modern mills, is because we have with us and back of us the greatest known power in the world—the American consumer.

"BY THE PEOPLE"

BECAUSE: We are directly accountable to over twelve thousand stock-holders whose investment earns and receives due share in our acquired profits.

We are relied upon by scores of American wool-growers. Our annual purchase of raw wool exceeds 75,000,000 pounds.

And again, the ultimate reason for these things is found in the co-operation of the American consumer.

"FOR THE PEOPLE"

BECAUSE: We are the organization through which the American people employ their methods and their machinery to produce dependable fabrics at a price that would be impossible on any smaller scale of operation.

And once again, the courage and wisdom to direct this great organization is found in the approval of the American consumer for whom we manufacture every year more than fifty million yards of cloth.

But who is this "American Consumer"?

He is ***you.*** It is ***your*** power and ***your*** co-operation and ***your*** approval that enables us to produce dependable cloth at prices within reach.

Will you in turn demand it?

We ask the co-operation of every well dressed American in demanding American Woolen Company's fabrics, whether purchased by the piece or in the finished garment. By such co-operation you endorse an American industry which offers you a finished product representing substantial economies—economies to which you are entitled and which are yours on demand.

Order the Cloth as well as the Clothes.

AMERICAN WOOLEN COMPANY OF NEW YORK,

J. CLIFFORD WOODHULL, Selling Agent,

American Woolen Building 18th to 19th Street, on 4th Avenue, New York.

American Woolen Company of America

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In Your Heart You Know that You Are Not Giving Your Body a Square Deal

I KNOW the reasons which keep back any man from giving his body the exercise demanded by good health and common sense. They are just three:

One is sheer lack of will power to force the body to do *anything*

Another is the lack of knowledge as to just what forms of exercise are best.

The third is the notion that you don't need any exercise. This condition is typical of the man of sedentary habits.

Which is YOUR reason?

I can practically rebuild the man who, for the first two reasons, is letting his physical condition go to pot. And I can do the same for the man in the third case, provided he will stir himself enough to acknowledge his physical flabbiness to himself and then to me.

The Thompson Course

will take one of you men whose bodies respond only sluggishly to the commands of your mind, and will force mind and body to co-ordinate—to work in harmony. This will enable you to control not only your own body, but will give you a personality that, instead of bending for others, will sway them your way.

It is not the purpose of the Thompson Course to build big, useless surface muscles. The Thompson Course builds strong, hardy, clean internal organs—and these bring power, health, reserve energy and longevity for the man or woman who enjoys their possession.

If the day's work fa[illegible] you,—

If an ill-chosen meal upsets your digestion,—

If a sleepless night spoils the next day—then you are *not normal*, but are below par, unnecessarily, yes and shamefully.

You were given a body that had an abundant *reserve fund of energy* to draw upon in just such hours of need.

The **Thompson Course** of Exercise is a rational, pleasant and easy means of securing and maintaining that reserve power which your body originally had.

My Course is different from any other in that it benefits (by natural movements scientifically applied) the *dynamos* of the bodily machine, *i. e.*, the lungs, heart, stomach, intestines, etc. All these are *muscles* and can be strengthened by proper exercise. Yet it is an amazing fact that until my Course was evolved, no systematic treatment existed that was based on this axiomatically natural method.

The clearness of your mind, the strength of your nerves, your hopefulness and joy in living, all depend on the tone and vigor of your vital organs.

I offer you something that will benefit every inch of your body and mind through every minute of your life, and I offer it on free-trial-terms that make it impossible for you to lose a penny.

Read in my free book, "Human Energy," how in a few minutes of easy movements each day you can make yourself an example of real health and abounding energy. Send for "Human Energy," free and postpaid.

J. Edmund Thompson Suite 13, Exchange Bldg. Worcester, Mass.

Ever-Ready Safety Razor

With 12 Blades

Buy an Ever-Ready outfit today—we'll guarantee the result. Over 2,000,000 happy users. The entire outfit complete for $1.00 at your nearest Druggist, Hardware Dealer or general store. Extra Ever Ready blades 10 for 50 cents.

American Safety Razor Co., Makers, New York

$1

The Patent Monogram Embosser

[illegible] stationery and marks linen for [illegible] or 3 cents to

The Patent Monogram Embosser Mfg. Co., 24 E. 21st St., New York

Agents Wanted Everywhere

Best Birds, Best Eggs, Lowest Prices

[illegible]

J. W. MILLER CO., Box 13, Freeport, Ill.

Concluded from Page 41

Dixie, who had sprayed his trees in the late winter, had watched their bridal blossoming in the spring and had seen with pride and hope the "indolent, misty" fruit grow perfect in the southern sun—after all his labor and all his expectation—had as a return only a curt telegram stating that his rotten peaches had been dumped out of the cars. It does not take a high degree of imagination to see that grower and to hear him consigning certain people to a certain place.

The Weather Bureau has added to its daily prophecy a special notice to shippers which, if it were definite or if it could be relied upon, would prove quite invaluable; but such forecasts have to be taken with the same reservation as the ordinary weather predictions. Shippers may be warned that "freezing weather" will prevail in certain localities for the following thirty-six hours but things will freeze at any point from thirty-two degrees downward; and though, for instance, white potatoes can stand a pretty cold temperature—thirty-four degrees is said to be ideal for them—sweet potatoes are very easily touched by frost. However, the forecast to shippers accomplishes much good only it is to be hoped that it will soon become reliably accurate.

Many truckers in the North are now buying their cabbage and cauliflower plants from plant growers in the South on the theory that field-grown stock is hardier than that started in a coldframe or in a hotbed. It is claimed that two to three weeks can be saved by using plants grown in the South.

Profit in Strawberries

Next to raising colonels, moonshine, moonlight and molasses, one of the leading industries of the South is strawberry growing. The finest varieties of plants may there be purchased at the absurd price of one dollar and fifty cents a thousand. It is not at all unusual to see several hundred acres set in strawberries; and a beautiful sight it is!—with the green foliage lying softly against the brown mulch of pinestraw, the white blossoms and scarlet fruit adding their tints and tones of color, and the long, arrow-straight rows stretching away out of sight!

The care of the field is left almost entirely to negro women; for, as a rule, negro men are stupid about details, while pickaninnies have bottomless stomachs. Many large growers find it excellent policy to give each woman in their employ a certain number of rows to care for, offering prizes for the best-kept strip. This appeal to pride and energy through the medium of a small outlay repays the wise investor many times over; for the plants are carefully nursed, the berries picked judiciously and the entire crop is cleanly and thriftily handled. With a fair season, good help and proper shipping facilities, a ten-acre strawberry field should net the grower five thousand dollars.

The deadliest foes of the strawberry planter are late frosts, heavy rains during the blossoming and the ripening periods, and a holdup in shipment. The first and second are liable to cause only partial losses and they are unavoidable ones; but a delay in getting the berries to market may mean a total loss and one all the more bitter because it might have been avoided.

One sometimes hears reports from strawberry growers that rains have made their berries sandy; but that is a lame excuse. Fields properly mulched—and straw is certainly cheap enough!—will never yield a gritty berry.

And so, year by year, the grower of ordinary garden truck, as well as the producer of fancy fruits and vegetables, finds ways of eluding Nature's eternal laws, thereby bringing profit and satisfaction to himself and comfort to his fellowmen.

Don't Swear At The Road!

Even a snow, ice or sleet have made it almost impassable and full of ruts;

Even if heavy rains have fallen, [illegible]ing and churning up the mud;

Even if the Asphalt, Creosote Block or Macadam Pavement is slippery and uncertain

When you have *Weed Chains* on your wheels you can go along with perfect confidence, knowing well that this simple efficient, time tried, never-failing device *will prevent skidding* and *slipping* absolutely.

Weed Anti-Skid Chains

"With the Creeping Grip"

are a sure cure for all road troubles. Ruts, slippery pavements, ice, snow, sand—all look alike to a car equipped with Weed Chains. A set on the rear wheel is **Car and Passenger Insurance** and if you want to know what **real steering steadiness** means, put them on your front wheels too. In an emergency Weed Chains are an **absolute necessity.** Then you learn how really effective and reliable is this wonderful anti-skid device.

Only [illegible], inexperienced drivers **dare** leave the garage without Weed Chains.

Cannot Injure Tires

Weed Chains because of the [illegible] cannot injure tires but actually **preserve** them. Many manufacturers object or refuse to guarantee tires if using their tire unless Weed Chains are used. They are guaranteed to have **Three Times the Life** of any other anti-skid device. Being **Reversible** they save themselves. **Two** chains in **One.** No delays or inconvenience as Interchangeable **Repair Parts** are obtainable from every **reputable dealer.**

So Easily Put On

that it is almost no trouble [illegible] minute. When tucked away in their [illegible] they occupy scarcely any room in the car. **Security and confidence** go with each set of Weed Chains. With them a **start** means a **finish.**

"Every Weed is Guaranteed"

because every link of every cross chain is **electrically welded, tempered** and **inspected** [illegible] are smooth [illegible] both sides; [illegible] but not brittle. The name Weed on every connecting hook.

WEED CHAIN TIRE GRIP CO.

28 Moore Street, New York City

THE SIN OF HOMELINESS

(Continued from Page 11)

There was profound philosophy in the declaration of the Boston young lady to Emerson, which the sage repeats in one of his essays with a sort of approving chuckle, that "the consciousness of being perfectly dressed gave an inward peace which even religion is powerless to bestow."

Every woman ought to be dressed just as beautifully as she can possibly afford to be, without risking bankrupting her husband—and she need not worry too much about this latter consideration. The number of men, with the right kind of brains, whose business was in sound condition, that have been bankrupted by their wives' extravagances is about as great as the number of those who die in poverty from having given too much to the poor. "Ruined by his wife's extravagance" is chiefly a belated echo of the old whine in the Garden of Eden.

Not only is it one of the inalienable rights of woman to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness—to have all the money that she artistically needs and can get to make herself beautiful in face, in figure and costume, but she has also the right to refuse and revolt against any form of work, occupation or service, or method of life, which robs her of such beauty as she possesses. We have all become civilized enough frankly to recognize this in the case of children. Any labor, no matter how profitable financially any discipline or confinement, no matter how morally or intellectually beneficial that ruins the health, or stunts the development, or destroys the happiness of children, is in the long run unprofitable and at bottom immoral. Child labor, whether in the dust of the shop or the foul air of the schoolroom, is rapidly taking a place with infanticide, slavery, polygamy and the divine right of kings!

Any form of woman's work, whether in the home or out of it, that produces similar results will soon come under the same ban. No community calling itself civilized can afford to allow any woman to engage for the mere maintenance of her own life in any work or service for others which impairs her health, her good looks or her happiness, whether that work be the slavery of the factory or the shop, the drudgery of the household, excessive child-bearing or the slavish care of more children than can be properly supported and given a civilized chance with the means at her disposal.

Any industry, task or occupation that deforms the hands and hollows the chest, mars the features and destroys the beauty, the health and self-respect of the workers—that makes them indifferent and careless of their personal appearance and cleanliness—is unprofitable, both for the worker and for the community.

All trades and occupations that make the clothing and person of the worker grimy and filthy and foul are unwholesome as well as humiliating, and retain those earmarks of slavery and degradation chiefly because of the greediness of the employer or the stupidity and brainlessness of the worker.

The Early Worm an Invalid

The minute that brains come into a business or a trade, filth and dirt and slouchiness go out of it. Filth, wherever found, is waste of good material as well as of human life, health and happiness. If woman would simply refuse to engage in any occupation or drudgery that would spoil her hands, or break down her figure, or ruin her good looks, she would soon turn housekeeping into a science, instead of a relic of barbarism as it is now.

If man, for instance—who, with all his faults, is a genius at avoiding wasteful and unnecessary or slavish toil—had been compelled to do housework he would have abolished cooking on the open fire at least two centuries ago, instead of day before yesterday; he would have introduced something like civilized standards into the barbaric slave-and-owner relations that exist between mistress and servant; he would have done sweeping and washing and baking by machinery; and he would either have invented a mechanical dishwasher or smashed all the dishes and fed the family off paper mats or shingles.

If woman would simply bring her methods of housekeeping from the sixteenth century up into the twentieth, put her brains into the dishwater instead of her hands, display more self-respect and less patient devotion, she would do wonders toward preserving both her beauty and her health, and leave her husband both less money to spend on outside interests and less inclination to do so. She should demand an eight-hour day, with at least three hours in the open air and an hour for the afternoon nap.

Nothing could be farther from the truth than the popular doctrine that it is a woman's vanities and follies and harmless little dissipations that ruin her health and undermine her stamina. This is simply another bit of man-made morals, assiduously preached and supported by certain public persons. Early [illegible] have times as many nervous wrecks as late hours; and the much-denounced hothouse air of the ballroom is a California zephyr compared with the steam of the washhouse and the soupy, oniony stew that passes for air in the kitchen. Bending over the washtub has caused ten times as much poor health as the corset, and the cookstove has spoiled a hundred complexions where paint and powder have [illegible]. Eternal hog-and-hominy [illegible] forty times [illegible] cream and pink teas; and dish-washing has murdered twenty times as much happiness and wasted a hundredfold as many lives as dancing ever did. From the point of view of unwholesomeness, card playing and rich dinners, and all the extravagance of the social whirl put together, are to just plain cooking for harvest hands, or washing for a family of six, as chicken-pox is to cholera.

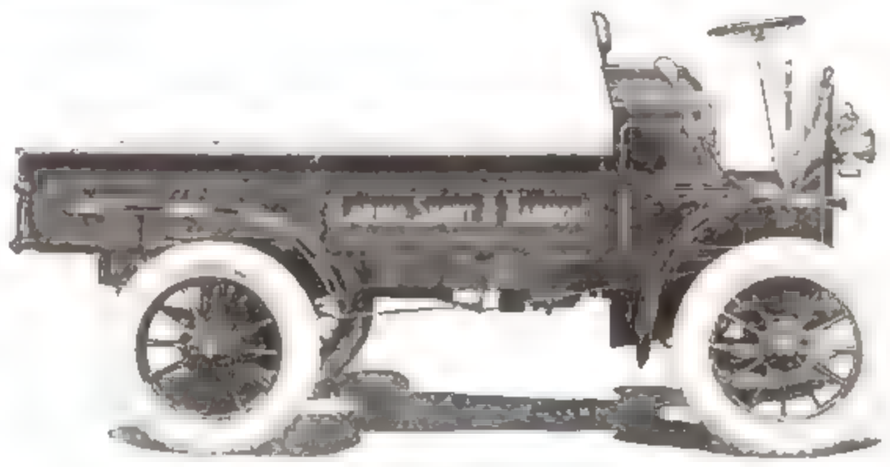
The Relation of Duty to Drudgery

We may denounce the follies, frivolities and vanities of fashionable life as much as we please, but the cold, uncompromising facts confront us—that the highest known percentage of insanity among women of all classes is not among either the giddy rich or the bustling city dwellers, but among farmers' wives in the simple, wholesome country; that the heaviest death-rate, both from consumption and from all diseases, is not among society women, or among teachers, or among office and shop girls, but among domestic servants.

Drudgery, overwork, bad air and underfeeding kill their thousands, while the follies and frivolities of fashionable life, and even of dissipation, barely kill their tens. Every single pitiful instance of the girl whose beauty proves a fatal gift, who sells herself and throws away her life for what she believes to be happiness and "a good time," is held up before the eyes of the young and painted in lurid colors as an awful example of the dangers and unwholesomeness of beauty. But we forget to hold up to public view the tenfold more common and more pathetically pitiful instances of young girls who, through the greed or selfishness of others or morbid ideas of the beauty of sacrifice and the piety of self-denial, have sold their birthrights and renounced their hopes of joy and beauty and happiness, to ruin their health, shorten their lives and embitter their whole existences by thankless, grinding drudgery and privation, whether in the home or in the shop. Yet society has little but approval for this form of human sacrifice, and only reprobation for any revolt against immoral, degrading obligations and the assertion of a girl's inalienable right to happiness, to health and to beauty.

Even the absurd and pitifully short-sighted attempts to imitate good looks by artificial tints and cosmetics are ridiculous rather than harmful from a hygienic point of view. Too much smearing and too heavy powdering of any sort choke up the pores of the skin and prevent its proper respiration and secretion; but they cover too small an area to have any appreciable effect upon the general health. Contrary to popular impression, only a few such here and there are actually poisonous; and they are becoming rarer in the market. Taken all together, cosmetics are not one-tenth as injurious as the bad habits, overwork and foul air which cause that pitiful fading of beauty and withering of health cosmetics endeavor to conceal. The chief hygienic objection to their use is that they tend, however feebly and unsuccessfully, to make their users content with an appearance or rather a poor imitation of health while continuing the habits and practices that are undermining and destroying it.

Franklin Commercial Cars



Pneumatic tires on Franklin trucks last longer, are more economical and give better service than solid tires.

Reports of tire service sent in by operators of pneumatic-tired Franklin trucks show an average of 2740 miles without a puncture.

Total services of from 8000 to 12,000 miles on one set of casings have been obtained.

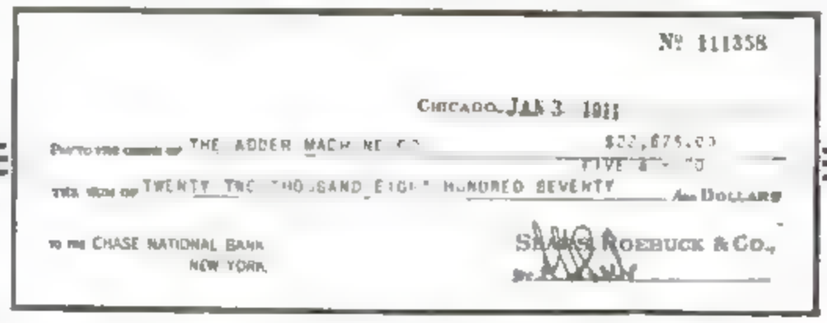
Pneumatic tires on a motor truck save in operating cost because they make the truck easier running. They save in up-keep by keeping jar and shock away from the mechanism of the vehicle. They increase efficiency by allowing a higher average speed to be maintained.

Franklin air cooling is the most reliable and at the same time the simplest cooling system that can be obtained for a motor truck.

It is the most reliable because it demands no attention and because it cools perfectly under the hardest, most continuous running. Where a water-cooled car can easily be disabled by a careless operator the air cooling system on the Franklin is absolutely independent of all attention.

Write for Franklin Commercial Car Catalogue. The Franklin line includes stake platform and express body trucks, taxicabs, a light delivery wagon, passenger 'buses, police patrols and an ambulance.

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY Syracuse N Y



No 111358

CHICAGO, JAN 3 1911

PAY TO THE ORDER OF THE ADDER MACHINE CO $22,675.00

TWENTY TWO THOUSAND SIX HUNDRED SEVENTY AND DOLLARS

TO THE CHASE NATIONAL BANK NEW YORK

SEARS ROEBUCK & CO.

The Largest Check Ever Written

for Adding Machines to be Used in One Office

The check reproduced above was issued by Sears, Roebuck & Co., of Chicago, in payment for 70 WALES Visible Adding and Listing Machines, to be used in their general office. This order was obtained in the face of the most severe competition and on proof of superiority. Before this large order was placed, Sears, Roebuck & Co. investigated every style and make and finally discarded 15 old style machines in favor of the

More than 40 Models for Special Requirements

WALES Visible Adding and Listing Machine

The WALES is the most completely visible adding and listing machine on the market. Because of its visible construction an operator can do more accurate work on the WALES Visible and at greater speed.

5-Year Guarantee

The WALES is the only adding machine with a 5-year guarantee. It is the only adding machine that gives you positive assurance of perfect operation for 5 years without one cent of repair expense.

Free Trial Offer

Tell us the nature of your business and we will send you a WALES Visible suitable for your work. Give it unlimited use in competition with any or all other makes. If the WALES does not prove its superiority we will remove it immediately. We bear all expense of trial. Write us mentioning name of this publication.

THE ADDER MACHINE COMPANY, Wilkes-Barre, Pa. Agents in All Leading Cities

"MY MUVVER LIKES IT, TOO"

WHEN little girls and little boys get to buying Beech-Nut Peanut Butter instead of candy, they'll be buying something that lasts longer than candy and tastes better.

And when little girls and boys eat it on bread or crackers, like jam, jelly or cheese, grown-ups will learn that it's great for party sandwiches, mid-meal snacks, late night lunches, or for children after school.

Get a 10c jar today from your grocer. If he hasn't it, send us his name, and you'll receive a sample jar free, with a copy of "Beech Nut Breakfast News."

Address Beech-Nut Packing Company, Canajoharie, New York.

BEECH-NUT PEANUT BUTTER

"You Can't Mistake the Flavor."

Dates Are a Food and a Candy in One

Dromedary Golden Dates

They should be eaten often, for they are very delicious and very nourishing. However, if you want the very best in the world, you will be careful to ask for Dromedary Golden Dates.

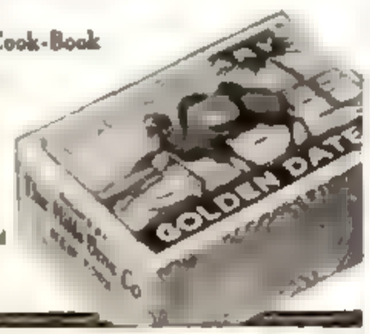
Direct from the garden spot of Asia, they are wrapped most carefully in oiled paper and packed in cardboard cartons.

They are sweet and moist, large and luscious, and *clean*. Sold by grocers and fruiterers. Send 10c. to us for special sample carton.

Write for Free Cook-Book

Gives over 100 recipes of delicious dishes with dates, figs, currants, etc

THE HILLS BROTHERS CO.
Dept. K, Beach and Washington Sts.
New York



Moving Picture Machines MAKE BIG MONEY

Stereopticons

A wonderful opportunity to make big money entertaining the public. Large profits showing in churches [illegible] is necessary. If you want to make $15.00 to $150.00 a night write today and learn how. Catalogue Free. Distributors of Moving Picture Machines, Post Card Projectors, Talking Machines etc.

CHICAGO PROJECTING CO., 225 Dearborn St., Dept. 221, Chicago

ZATEK CHOCOLATE BILLETS

The above shows a full quarter pound of solid chocolates — no cream centers.

They have a rare, rich chocolate flavor. We would like you to try them and learn for yourself how good a chocolate can be

The flavor is delicious. The chocolate used is far above the Government standards.

Get acquainted with Zatek Chocolate Billets, solid chocolates in tin-foil jackets—160 in a pound—which keep them dainty, fresh and clean.

How to Get Them

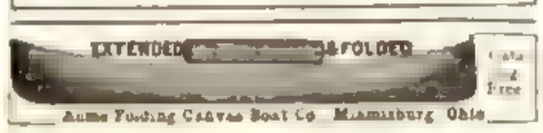
Ask your dealer for Zatek Billets. If he hasn't them send us twenty five cents and your dealer's name and receive by return mail the special quarter-pound box shown above.

A half pound box prepaid to your express station for 50 cents; or a full pound box for $1.00; or a five pound box for $4.00.

We have a proposition that will interest every dealer.

PENNSYLVANIA CHOCOLATE CO.
Dept. N, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Makers of Cocoa, Chocolate Liquors, Coatings, etc.



Write for Free Booklet

Acme Folding Canvas Boat Co Miamisburg Ohio

Even the much-denounced corset is chiefly to be reprobated because it paralyzes the muscles and makes deep breathing an effort, so as to render impossible that free and abundant exercise in the open air at least three hours a day which alone can prevent deposit of fat and loss of the waistline. It causes, in fact, the very shapelessness that it is intended to cure. An intelligent cultivation of real beauty along artistic lines would lead to its complete abandonment; and it is the only thing that ever will lead to it. Preachment, denunciation and ridicule alike have about as much effect upon it as upon the precession of the equinoxes.

Almost the only thing that women wear in the name of beauty which is positively and seriously dangerous is the tight, short, crippling shoe. This, by producing corns, bunions and overriding toes, in the long run ruins the grace, elasticity and beauty of the foot quite as effectually as it interferes with free walking, with balance and with health.

Indeed, if the physiologist were to paraphrase Madame Roland's famous exclamation, "O Liberty! Liberty! how many crimes are committed in thy name!" it would not be "O Beauty!" but "O Duty! how many crimes against the health and happiness of women are committed in thy name!" A woman's first and highest duty is to herself; and what shall it profit her to gain the whole world and lose her own health and good looks!

Etherizing Flora

LILACS in full bloom at Christmastime are possible if the plant is etherized in the early part of December. If allowed to take the natural course the flowers would not come out before April. The bringing out of the flowers at this unnatural season has several advantages.

For instance, flowers out of their natural season are more appreciated and sell more readily. The process that hastens their development also tends to secure more uniformity of bloom. A plant will have all of its flowers out at one time and not have them in several stages of development, as they are where Nature is permitted to have full sway.

Plants that are susceptible to this process have what are known as three rest periods. Take lilacs. They begin to form flower-buds for the next season in the month of June. Then the plant passes into the first rest period, known to students as "before-rest." This lasts from June to September. The second period, which is shorter, includes September and about three-fourths of October. The "after-rest" period begins in the latter part of October and extends into December and, under certain conditions, into January.

The reason these flowers are not made to bloom earlier is due to the competition they would meet during the fall months from other flowers. The big "mum" shows would detract from them. It is not impossible to make them bloom earlier, but it is not advisable commercially.

The varieties that are most used are lilacs of the Charles X variety, azaleas, mock oranges, spireas, deutzias, peonies, viburnums and lilies of the valley. All of these plants are susceptible to the ether treatment.

The process is a very simple one and does not require elaborate preparation. The plants are placed in a small room that is as nearly airtight as it can be made and a given quantity of ether is released. The plants stay in this atmosphere for a period of forty-eight hours. This would be the treatment if it took place in the fore part of December; if earlier—say, September—two treatments would be necessary and a similar quantity of ether should be used at each treatment.

The effect of this treatment is a shock to the plant that stimulates the growth and hastens the development of the flower. Not all plants respond alike, but plants that have been carefully potted operate best; and many field plants in good health can be made to respond readily.

"Saves Miles of Steps for Tired Feet"

Sells on the Word of Delighted Users

One million women in the United States have kitchen cabinets in their homes today.

Four hundred thousand of these women — nearly one-half the total million — have the Hoosier Kitchen Cabinet.

Seven out of every ten sales of Hoosier Kitchen Cabinets are made solely on the recommendation of satisfied users. We know this from reports of licensed agents.

The Hoosier saves you miles [illegible] from reaching to high shelves. It [illegible] the kneading, sifting, measuring over [illegible] and boxes and dozen things for your work. It is unthinkable [illegible] to keep house without the Hoosier.

The Hoosier is built through [illegible] these thicknesses of solid golden oak. It [illegible] a lifetime.

Leading architects everywhere [illegible] mend the Hoosier and install it in flats and residences.

Hoosier Kitchen Cabinet

The Only Cabinet With Pure Aluminum Extension Top

No other cabinet has an aluminum extension top [illegible] work table [illegible] pulled out. If the top is not aluminum it is [illegible]. You can knead bread on the Hoosier [illegible] a fear.

[illegible] are formed by spilling fruit juice or flavoring extract on the pure aluminum table top of the Hoosier.

Notice how much MORE equipment goes with the Hoosier, with NO EXTRA CHARGE:

Metal flour bin with sliding glass panel and removable sifter. Bin holds 55 pounds. Self-feeding metal sugar bin. When a scoopful is taken out the same quantity drops down. Six crystal glass spice cans with aluminum lids. Crystal glass tea and coffee jars with aluminum lids. Hoosier patent "clock-face" want list. Great big aluminum sliding work table larger and higher than a kitchen table. White wood cutting board for bread and meat. Metal bread and cake box. Plate racks, sliding shelf big cupboard, large compartment for pots and pans, cutlery drawer, linen drawer, handy hooks, copper door fasteners and drawer pulls.

Write Us for Our Dollar-Payment Plan

We will tell you where you can see the wonderful Hoosier near your home, without putting yourself under any obligation whatever.

In nearly every community there's a licensed agent who sells the Hoosier Kitchen Cabinet at the low price established by the factory.

The Hoosier Sales System is made up of the leading furniture merchants of the United States.

The merchant who has the Hoosier License Sign (shown below) in his window is a good man to know.

Fill out coupon for our Free Book, beautifully illustrated, showing how to lighten your work.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

HOOSIER MANUFACTURING CO.
13 Sidney St., New Castle, Ind.

Send me your FREE Illustrated Book on Hoosier Kitchen Cabinets and tell me about the Hoosier Dollar-Payment Plan. This puts me under no [illegible]

Name

Town

State

Hoosier Manufacturing Co.

Home Office and Factory, 13 Sidney St., New Castle, Ind.
San Francisco Branch, 223 Pacific Bldg.

World's Largest Makers of Kitchen Cabinets (21)

HOOSIER KITCHEN CABINETS

Look for This Sign of the Licensed Hoosier Agent

This is the Verdict on No-Rim-Cut Tires

After selling half a million Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tires, these are the facts as we find them:

Last year our tire sales trebled—jumped to $8,500,000. Yet No-Rim-Cut tires, during most of the year, cost one-fifth more than standard Clincher tires.

This year, sixty-four leading motor car makers have contracted for Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tires.

At the big Automobile Shows held this year, up to this writing, more pneumatic-tired cars were equipped with Goodyears than with any other make.

Among Goodyear customers, No-Rim-Cut tires outsell our Clincher tires almost six to one, now that the price is equal.

All of which shows that men who know are demanding No-Rim-Cut tires. The day of the Clincher is ending.

How They Cut Tire Bills in Two

Rim-Cutting Impossible

It is utterly impossible to rim-cut a Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tire. We have sold half a million to users. We have run the tires deflated in a hundred tests—as far as 20 miles. In all this experience there has never been a single instance of rim-cutting. And there never can be one.

All this worry and expense is ended forever when you adopt Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tires. Let us explain.

Here is the clincher tire as we and others make it. The picture shows how these tires are fitted in any standard rim for quick-detachable tires. Also in demountable rims.

In using these tires the removable rim flanges must be turned to hook inward—as shown in the picture—to grasp hold of the hook in the tire. These tires are called "clinchers" because they hook into the flange. That is how the tires are held on.

When the tire is deflated, note how that thin rim flange digs into the tire casing forced by the whole weight on the wheel. That is what causes rim-cutting, even when the tire is but partly deflated. In case of a puncture, the tire may be wrecked beyond repair by running a single block.

The 126 Braided Wires

Here is a Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tire fitted in the same standard universal rim. This tire has no hooks on the base. It does not need to be hooked into the rim flange. So the removable rim flanges are turned to hook outward. The rounded edge comes next to the tire, and rim-cutting is utterly out of the question.

The hooks were used because no man knew how to make an unstretchable tire base practical and safe. To prevent the tire from stretching over the rim we had to hook it into the flanges.

We get rid of this need by vulcanizing into the tire base 126 braided piano wires—63 on each side. This makes the tire base unstretchable. Nothing can force the tire off the rim. But, when you unlock and remove the rim flange, the tire comes off in an instant. There is no prying out as with clincher tires, where the hooks "freeze" into the flanges.

When the tire is inflated these braided wires contract. The tire is then held to the rim by a pressure of 134 pounds to the inch. It is so secure that no tire bolts are needed—none are used.

We Control It

These many braided wires, which contract under air pressure, form the only practical way to make an unstretchable tire base. And we control this feature by patent. Many other methods have been tried and discarded. This one alone has made the hookless tire practicable.

We recommend the clincher tire—as do others—where the braided wire base can't be used. But these braided wires perfectly solve the problem. They make the hooked tire unnecessary. They make rim-cutting avoidable. They are bringing a tremendous tide of demand to Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tires.

Tires 10% Oversize

Here is another great saving which this construction makes possible.

The No-Rim-Cut tire begins to flare outward right from the base of the rim. Note the picture. It is not contracted by the hook-shaped flange.

This enables us to give you a tire 10 per cent oversize, and yet perfectly fit the rim. And we give you this extra without extra cost.

That means 10 per cent more air—10 per cent greater carrying capacity. It means, on the average, 25 per cent additional mileage.

The Reason is This

Motor car makers adapt their tire sizes to the expected load. That means the weight of the car as they sell it and the weight of the passengers at 150 pounds each. In these days of close prices few motor car makers can afford to allow much margin.

But most owners add extras—a top, glass front, gas tank, gas lamps, extra tires, etc. And passengers sometimes weigh more than 150 pounds. As a result, the tires are overloaded beyond the elastic limit. The result is a blow-out, often while the tire is new. And the motor car owner, not knowing the facts, usually blames the tire.

To take care of these extras, and avoid this blame, we give you the 10 per cent extra size which the No-Rim-Cut style allows. And we give it without extra charge.

This oversize, on the average, adds 25 per cent to the tire mileage. The No-Rim-Cut feature saves another 25 per cent. It is safe to say that these two features together cut tire bills in two on the average.

They cost nothing extra. You get them both by simply insisting on Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tires.

Our tire book tells how Goodyear tires have been gradually perfected through 12 years of ceaseless experimenting. It tells a hundred facts which motor car owners should know. Ask us to send it to you.

GOODYEAR

No-Rim-Cut Tires

With or Without Non-Skid Treads

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Seneca Street, Akron, Ohio

Branches and Agencies in All the Principal Cities.

We Make All Sorts of Rubber Tires.

Canadian Factory—Bowmanville, Ontario. Main Canadian Office—Toronto, Ontario.

(116)

The "Frankel Fifteen"

America's Greatest $15 Suit

MADE BY FRANKEL BROTHERS OF 5TH AVENUE, NEW YORK, AND SOLD BY A GOOD MERCHANT IN YOUR CITY.

After years of experimenting we are able to sell you a suit at $15 that is *all wool*, *strictly hand tailored* and *guaranteed* to make good or your dealer will give you a new one, FREE.

The styles are the very latest New York fashions in the newest fabrics and colors for Spring wear.

The "FRANKEL FIFTEEN" will appeal to men who have been paying double that price for clothes, for it is pledged to fill all the requirements of higher priced garments.

The retailer selling "FRANKEL FIFTEEN" will be pleased to have you call and inspect these garments, as to style and workmanship—we want you to know them before you are even ready to buy.

Whether you are tall, short, thin or stout, there is a "FRANKEL FIFTEEN" for you.

If you don't know the dealer who handles the "FRANKEL FIFTEEN" in your town—let us know. We will then send you his name together with a style book showing sample fabrics for your selection.

Remember—"FRANKEL FIFTEEN" is guaranteed—a guarantee that is unusual and without parallel in clothing—look for guarantee mark on sleeve and "FRANKEL FIFTEEN" label in inside pocket.

FRANKEL BROTHERS **of Fifth Avenue, New York**

EXPERT SHOE MAKING

Under the Magnifying Glass

AFTER ALL, when you come to the last analysis of manufacturing you'll discover a *man* back of it somewhere.

It's the same with shoes too—good shoes—*especially*.

Here's the proof of it—a plain cut that shows one of the Brown Shoe Company's skilled operatives ready for hand-cutting the fine [illegible] and leather. Its interest to you is that it helps prove why the *best* shoes are White House Shoes

If you'll send for our Style Book, just out, you can see a lot more of similar proof just as interesting.

WHITE HOUSE SHOES

For Men — For Women

Dr. G. W. Sawyer Cushion Sole

$5.00 $4.00 $3.50

AA4—"Women's Dr. Sawyer Cushion Sole White House"

The [illegible] Dr. Sawyer Cushion Sole White House Shoes [illegible] The [illegible] are made from [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Columbia

"One of the THREE BEST cars made"

WHEREVER fashionable people gather, there you will find the Columbia car. Its use is a mark of distinction—a proof of one's appreciation of the niceties, the refinements, the comforts of life.

The Columbia Motor Car Company
Hartford, Connecticut
Member A. L. A. M.

Collar News

If you have collar troubles, write us. We have had 45 years experience and may be able to advise you. Send for booklet showing this and other styles

There's a new Barker Brand Linen Collar for you at your dealers. It is called

THE CANTON

Made in ½, ⅝, ¾ sizes, 2 for 25c
always—everywhere

Ask for it by name. We know you will like its style—the rounded corners—the proper tie space—and the height is just right to insure comfort and to look neat. That it is a Barker Brand LINEN Collar means it will have long life and launder well. All genuine linen collars are stamped "Warranted Linen." Remember the name BARKER in collar buying and look for the bulldog trademark.

WM. BARKER CO., Makers, Troy, N. Y.

SMITH WALLACE SHOE CO. STERLING QUALITY

You—and your entire family—will save money and real suffering—by wearing shoes that bear this trade-mark.

Smith-Wallace shoes cost no more than the ordinary kind—and they're better
A postal will bring local dealer's name.

Smith-Wallace Shoes
Built for Comfort—Style—Wear
CHICAGO

SOFT-NOSED GUS

(Concluded from Page 7)

Yet there were times when Amy was sweeter than she had ever been, running down Porter Nesbit and mimicking him and calling me an old silly for being jealous and wouldn't it be nice if he married Miss Reardon? She would snuggle my hand against her cheek and say there was nobody like her Gus, even if he didn't know much—this very teasing with her head on one side—and, oh, dear! how slow it was to wait for the sixteenth! The cabin was full of clothes and more being made on the new sewing-machine, and the wedding-cake stood in a corner in a tin box, just as it had been expressed out from the department store East. Everything was fast coming my way and it seemed like I could put up with Porter Nesbit a little longer, considering how short a time it was; so I smoked my cigarette while he talked and talked and cold-shouldered me all he dared.

It was a Tuesday, I remember—Tuesday, October eighth—when I rode over like usual to Eagle's Ears, missing supper so as to make the most of the twilight. But unlike usual, the cabin was quiet, and when I knocked on the door and went in, feeling kind of queer at no one to meet me, all I saw was Miss Reardon standing up as white as death.

"Gus!" she quavers. "Oh, Gus!"

I could hardly speak, thinking of an accident or something to Amy, and hadn't more breath than to say: "What's the matter?—what's happened?"

"She's gone," she says—"Amy's gone!" and she holds to me like she would faint.

It came over me she meant dead.

"Gone with Porter Nesbit," she explains. "They were married today at Taft!"

Big and strong as I was, it made me stagger. A man can fight with a bullet in him and not know it, but that—— And all around me were her clothes, and the new sewing-machine, and even that blamed box in the corner—nothing changed except she was married to Porter Nesbit. I don't know what I said. Perhaps I didn't say nothing. I turned right around and went out. There wasn't room on earth for that man and me.

But Miss Reardon was after me, pleading and sobbing. Twice I shook her off, but she came back, clinging to me tighter than ever.

"What are you going to do?" she screams.

"Miss Reardon, you keep out of this," I says, "and don't you get mixed up in anything I am going to do."

"But promise me you won't kill him," she cries. "Oh, Gus, don't! don't!"

I guess she was half crazy and as strong as crazy people are. I should have had to hit her to make her let go, and even at the white heat I was in I couldn't do that. We tussled there together, she and I, alongside my horse, she saying I would be an outlaw with a price on my head, and she couldn't bear to have me tracked down and killed, and that it would kill her too, just like a shot through her breast. She said Amy was a mean little hound and not worth my little finger, let alone my life; and I'd come to see it that way when it was too late and the sheriff's posse was after me. I can't repeat the quarter she said, or how all the time we were fighting in the dark, with me trying to jump on my horse and make a beeline to Taft. Then, sudden, I crumpled up and began to cry, too, like a great big kid; and if ever a man was saved from murder it was me, for as God sees me I should have killed him if it hadn't been for Miss Reardon.

Then I asked how I was going to face up at the ranch, with the portable cottage there all furnished and everybody sniggering at the way I had been sold! When I thought of the ranch and the boys I felt all over again I just had to shoot Porter Nesbit. But she said I was a brave man and everybody knew it, and I was a poor judge of the boys if I thought they would do anything of the kind—how they looked up to me and praised me behind my back, and were always bragging of me and what I had done. She said I was to go back and tell them the truth, and say, "Boys, I'm in big trouble and I hope you will respect it."

That is what I did, beginning with Lord Fitz, and then going into the bunkhouse, having to pull them up mighty short from getting after Porter Nesbit themselves; and instead of anybody sniggering it was splendid the way they took it, and there wasn't one but what shook hands with me and said: "We're all with you in your trouble, old man." If I had prevented them from tarring and feathering Porter Nesbit they did the next best thing, and in the morning the portable cottage had clean disappeared! Yes, sir; gone, fence and all, with nothing to show it had ever been there. I had been dreading the sight of that cottage something terrible, and it showed how right Miss Reardon had been and how wrong I had been in sizing the boys up. There wasn't a finer bunch in the country, bar none; and nobody ever passed a remark.

Amy had the decency to send back the two hundred dollars, which I handed to Lord Fitz to be redistributed where it had come from. She also returned the ring; and that I gave to Miss Reardon when I was for throwing it over the falls. She told me Amy and Porter Nesbit had moved away to Siquash City, not caring to run the risk of meeting me in Taft. The injunction seemed to have moved too, for the Pratt Power and Development Company cut off the creek again; and it stayed dry till Miss Reardon gingered up a new lawyer. The case finally went into three courts simultaneous, and sometimes the creek ran and sometimes it didn't, though I was too full of misery to care much.

It takes time to get over a blow like that, and I guess if it had not been for Miss Reardon I would have broken away and drifted no matter where, like men do when they've come to the end of everything.

Well, winter passed and spring came, and I was chirping up a bit, when one day she said she had news for me.

"News?" says I, wondering what she meant.

"I'm off," she said. "It was a crack-brained business to come here and try to make a living on this pile of rocks. I am going back to bookkeeping and three good meals a day," she says. "The Pratt Power and Development Company has offered to pay my lawyer's bills and give me a thousand dollars besides—and, Mr. Gus, I'm going to take it."

She spoke it mighty gay, but there was a glisten in her eyes and something to her mouth that showed how it hurt.

"Quit?" says I, struck of a heap.

"Back to New York," she says, dropping her head and beginning to cry.

It came over me how much she meant to me and how hard a wrench it was going to be to live along without her. She had got to be a part of my life without my hardly knowing it. There was nobody in the world I liked better than Miss Reardon; and I said so while she cried and cried very silent, with just her shoulders shaking.

We hadn't spoken a word of love all those months—hadn't even thought of it. Yet I saw now it had been there all the time, growing deep and slow, and every day us drawn closer together. Amy had only her gold hair and her pretty face, empty and cheap, and there was nothing in her to twine around a man's heart like Miss Reardon did, or help and comfort him in trouble. It must have seemed like lightning coming out of a clear sky when I said, kind of low: "Miss Reardon, I wish you would marry me."

She looked up, startled, hardly creditingit.

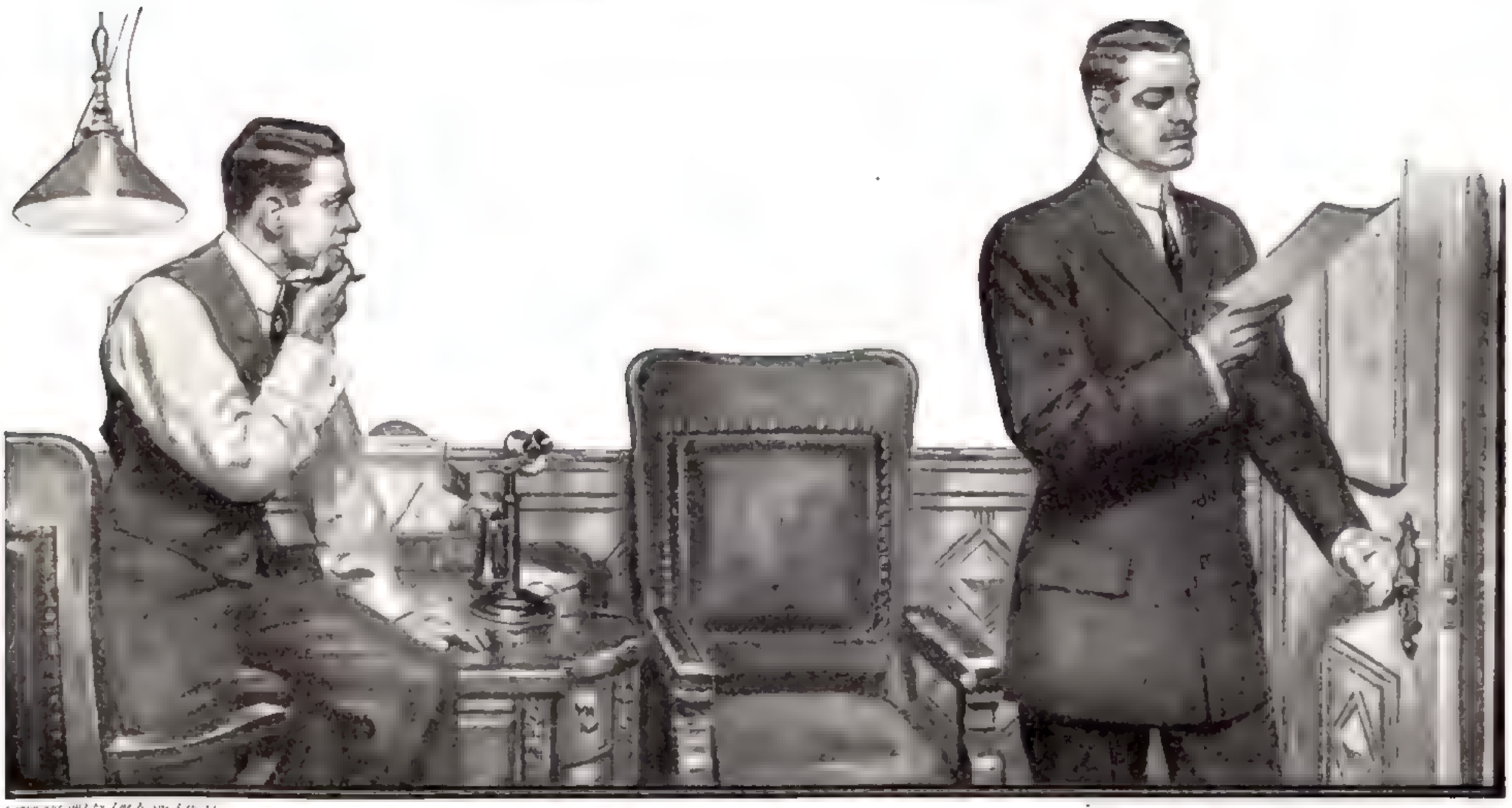
"Out of pity?" she says. "Oh, Gus; no, no; I can't."

"No pity about it," I says. "It's just whether you like me enough to do it."

"Like you!" she says, almost fierce. "Do you think I'm made of ice, or what? I was going away because I—because it was killing me to hide it!"

Then ——

Oh, well; the portable cottage came out of storage again, and this time it stayed where it was put, and I've never regretted it a minute, though three years have come and gone. Things work out mighty queer, don't they? She says it was all foretold beforehand and made in Heaven; but I say it was the Pratt Power and Development Company cutting off the creek. We raised them to two thousand dollars, in stock, not cash—buying out Amy's half interest for six hundred dollars on a note—and now it brings in almost that a year. I sometimes wonder how I ever took Tuttle, the bandit; nowadays I'd scoot for home like a jack-rabbit. I guess I didn't have much to lose then. Now I have.



If I Only Knew his Tailor!

When you look wistfully at the clothes of a smartly dressed associate you wonder, *instinctively*, what TAILOR made them.

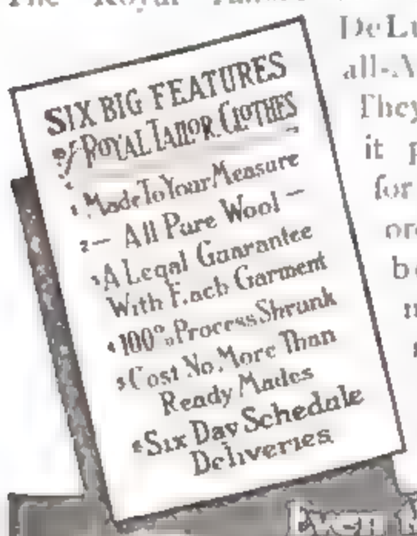
Your own mind automatically suggests a TAILOR. It considers unusually smart clothes TAILOR-bred and TAILOR-built, as an every-day matter of course! For all those features of precision and symmetry you admire; all those finished details of absolute fit and drape, are simply accepted synonyms for tailored-to-order exactness.

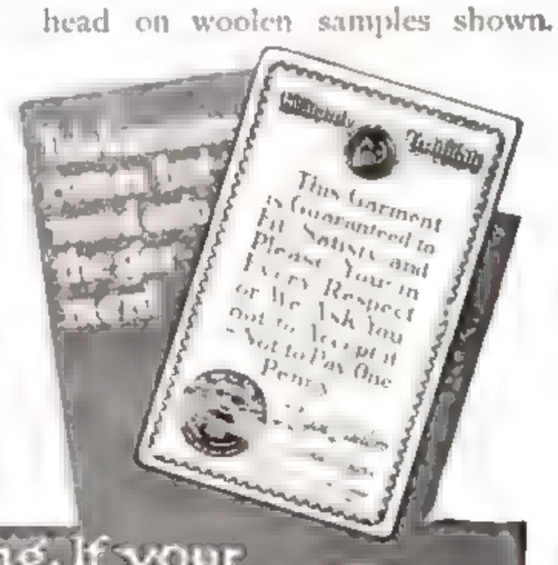
You need not merely *covet* and respect tailor-made clothes; *wear* them. The Royal Service has removed all barriers of high cost, distance, uncertainty. You can order through your dealer the best built-to-order clothes at a moderate price.

The Royal Tailors are Tailors-DeLuxe to all-America. They make it possible for you to order the best in made-to-measure clothes no matter what part of the country you may be in. The New York Clubman away from home, the Chicago or Frisco salesman on the road, can order through a local Royal dealer, in almost any American city or town, the same big-city, built-to-measure clothes they would get at home.

With this difference—the price is often half the big-city local tailor's fee—and the woolen picked out is a real woolen—sincerely and *legally* guaranteed All Pure Wool—and selected from the dealer's display of half-a-thousand of the richest and newest weaves of the season

CAUTION:—It is important in these days of cunning substitution to beware of imitations. To protect clothes buyers—we will prosecute any attempt to use the Royal name and trade-mark on tailored clothes not made by us. But for your own protection—look for the Royal tiger head on woolen samples shown.


SIX BIG FEATURES
of ROYAL TAILOR CLOTHES
1—Made To Your Measure
2—All Pure Wool—
3—A Legal Guarantee With Each Garment
4—100% Process Shrunk
5—Cost No More Than Ready Mades
6—Six Day Schedule Deliveries


This Garment is Guaranteed to Fit Satisfy and Please You in Every Respect or We Ask You Not to Accept it Not to Pay One Penny

Even the very day for delivery is guaranteed in Royal Tailoring. If your garment is not completed on scheduled time we forfeit $1.00 a day in cash for each and every day's delay. This Service is a Royal Certainty

Royal Tailored-To-Your-Order Clothes

The Royal Tailors

Chicago — New York

Joseph Wilson
President

"The Clothes That Real Men Wear"

The Pianola Piano Has Stamped the Impress of Its Superiority Upon the Whole Face of the Globe

What is the Secret of the Aeolian Company's World-Wide Success?

WE WERE asked this question recently by a gentleman who had just returned from an extended tour of the world.

He said, "Everywhere I went I found the Pianola Piano. In some Countries, notably France and Germany, it was the only player-piano in evidence. I made inquiries from friends and was told that other American player-pianos had been introduced, but that the people of these Countries were keenly critical in matters pertaining to music and that these other instruments had failed to satisfy, and efforts to sell them had ceased.

"In Australia, I visited Melbourne, Sydney and Adelaide, and in each city I found one of your branch houses.

"Returning through Europe, in Madrid, Berlin, Paris and London I found that the leading music stores were the branches maintained by your Company.

"An Englishman who was acquainted with the industry, told me that although you had been established in England less than a dozen years, your Company did the largest musical instrument business in Great Britain. This, in spite of the fact that there were other houses that dated back for more than a century.

"All this shows splendid initiative, but it shows something more—something far greater,—what is it?"

The secret of the wonderful growth and development of the Aeolian Company is not far to seek. The measure of its success is but the reflection of the superior merit of its instruments.

The underlying cause for the great volume of business done by this house throughout the world, lies in the superb quality manifest in such instruments as—

The Steinway Pianola Piano **The Weber Pianola Piano** **The Steck Pianola Piano**
The Wheelock Pianola Piano **The Stuyvesant Pianola Piano**
The Technola Piano
The Weber Piano **The Steck Piano** **The Wheelock Piano**
The Stuyvesant Piano **The Stroud Piano**
The Aeolian Orchestrelle **The Aeolian Pipe Organ**
and The Famous Pianola

The distinguished character of these, the Aeolian Company's instruments, together with this Company's unvarying policy of fair, liberal dealing—Its ability to offer greater value for the money than it is possible to obtain from any other source—And a system of selling that guarantees **one price—the lowest**—to every purchaser—these are the secrets, if secrets they are, of the Aeolian Company's success.

In every human being there is an inborn love for music that seeks for expression. And while the delight of listening to a great musical performance is inspiring, it is nothing compared to the fascination of producing the same music equally well one's self.

The Pianola is the key which has unlocked for the whole world the complete music library of every composer—it endows you, without the drudgery of long study, practice and training, with an ability to play the piano which is surpassed only by the great virtuosos.

Whatever your mood the Pianola responds to it—not alone in the variety of selections, but in expressing all the subtleties of your temperament of the moment. And the knowledge that this ability is present and that the new power of enjoyment is yours always to command, remains a permanent source of keenest satisfaction.

The presence of a Pianola in the home brings a constantly increasing delight to every member of your family and friends. Its educational and moral influence is of the highest order, and its music quickly turns the thoughts of the weary business man into new and more agreeable channels.

The Pianola **$250.00** upward.

The Pianola Piano (upright) **$550.00** upward

The Grand Pianola Piano **$1500.00** upward

The Technola Piano **$450.00** upward

The Aeolian Company maintains its own establishments in the following cities:

CHICAGO, ILL. 202 Michigan Boulevard
ST. LOUIS, MO. 1004 Olive Street
CINCINNATI, O. 124 East 4th Street
INDIANAPOLIS, IND. 237 North Penn Street
DAYTON, O. 131 West 3rd Street

Agencies in all the principal cities of the world

Send for descriptive catalog A and the address of our representative nearest to you

THE AEOLIAN COMPANY, Aeolian Hall, 362 Fifth Ave.

The Largest Manufacturers of Musical Instruments in the World **Near 34th St., N. Y.**

¶ You are invited to become a convert to the idea of wearing clothes designed to supply every individual need of all young men who want to win.

THE L SYSTEM Clothes

teach a thorough course of Style Originality; exclusive adaptability to individual requirements; intimate acquaintance with them **proves** that they are everything that they appear to be—**and more.**

Send 2 cents for Style Book; or 24c for set of colored College Posters.

H. M. LINDENTHAL & SONS

Style Originators

Chicago Boston New York

CANADIAN RECIPROCITY

(Continued from Page 5)

But can you think of anything more unreasonable than to defeat the beginning of a mighty international policy of closer trade relations between two related and neighboring peoples for such a small and local consideration as that? Is that good sense, good statesmanship or good patriotism?

So at no point can the American farmer be hurt by Canadian reciprocity. On the contrary, he will be helped in every way. For example, though we were not able to get most of our manufactured products on the free list as we earnestly desired to do, yet we did secure very heavy reductions in large numbers of them. Take automobiles, for example. The tariff on automobiles between this country and Canada is cut down one-third. Other manufactured products are cut heavily.

The Canadian market for all of these, of course, will be increased accordingly. An increased foreign market for American manufactured products means the employment of thousands more of American laborers and the paying of millions more in American wages. And what does this mean to the farmer? Why, of course, this means that these thousands of additional American laborers must buy more of what our farmers raise with these additional millions of wages that are paid to these laborers. Simple, is it not? It is the same argument we protectionists have been preaching to our farmers for years; and it is as true now as ever it was.

This matter of enlarged foreign markets is one excellent and concrete benefit of this treaty. Take the matter of coal, for illustration. There has been a heavy reduction of the tariff on coal between this country and Canada. That means an easier market in Canada for all the coal produced by the mines of our own country west of the Allegheny Mountains. The fuel supply of middle-western Canada, as far east as Toronto, chiefly is drawn and perhaps must be drawn from the coal mines of West Virginia, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and other states of that region.

A Game of Give and Take

Another good illustration is cottonseed oil. The production of cottonseed oil is a growing and already enormous American industry peculiar to us. Under this arrangement cottonseed oil is admitted to Canada free of duty. That means a new market for this American product amounting to millions of dollars every year. Space forbids, or I would give many other illustrations of the enlarged markets that the proposed reciprocal agreement between this country and Canada gives to American products, both manufactured and natural.

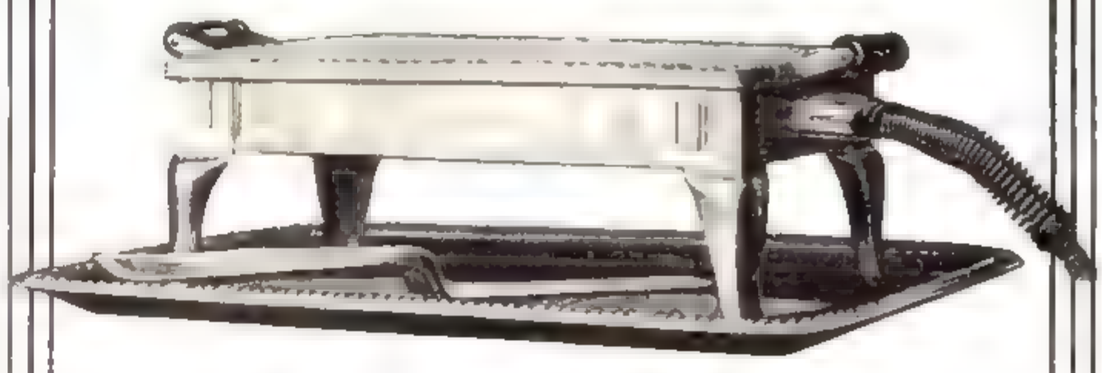
Aside from the effect that Canadian reciprocity will have upon the natural causes of our high cost of living will be its certain effect upon some of the artificial causes. One of the artificial causes has been the cornering of our wheat and other food supplies by mighty financial interests. All of us vividly remember the recent corner in wheat by financial adventurers who speculated on the hunger of the people.

Canadian reciprocity would steady and regulate prices and do much to end the cruel wrong of cornering the food on which our people live. With Canadian reciprocity, the food gambler in the pit would have to corner the products of a continent instead of a country.

Not only are we face to face with the alarmingly high cost of living but with an even more serious problem—the certainty of an increase in the cost of living if we continue our present policy. Our population has grown enormously. On the other hand, we literally have wasted our resources. The pressure of our consumption upon our production is gathering force every moment. Our production is rapidly falling behind our consumption.

Indeed this is true of the whole world outside of Canada. For example, not only are our exports of grain falling off but so are the exports of grain from Russia; and the imports of foodstuffs and the necessities of life are increasing in every industrial country. How to make production equal consumption is the one vast problem that affects the whole world.

Happy the people who, to this question of hunger, have a natural answer afforded



A Perfect and Practical Electric Stove

"ONE woman told offhand of twenty things she could cook on her electric stove. They included small steaks, chops, various kinds of fish, potatoes—grilled sweets that would be hard to excel—eggs in many ways. And the changes she could ring in on toast would make many a chef look to his laurels."

The Westinghouse Electric Toaster-Stove

is practical for all sorts of light cooking. The woman who uses one does not have to go into the kitchen when the maid goes out. The stove is portable and the things may be served from it as they are cooked—right on the dining or tea table. It comes complete with pressed steel top, toasting grid, combination handle and pancake turner, and a nickel plated tray.

Can be used in any room in the house where there is an electrical connection. Heats at the turn of a switch. The price is Six Dollars and upward. A little higher in Canada. Sold by all good electrical dealers and Lighting Companies.

If you want to know what electricity will do to make household duties lighter send for the booklet on Electrical Household Appliances to "Westinghouse Dept. of Publicity, Pittsburg."

Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Co.
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Sales Offices in 40 American Cities Representatives All Over the World

I am the Original Fireless Cooker Man.

Rapid FIRELESS COOKERS

Reduce the Cost of Living

It's an actual fact that my Fireless Cooker saves 75% of your fuel bills, 75% of your time and worry, it cooks your food 75% better and you will never keep house again without one, once you have tried it. I am the Original Fireless Cooker Man. I sold 30,000 Fireless Cookers last year. Nearly every Cooker sold brings me from one to four customers—friends of the first customers.

Special Price Proposition On 10,000 Cookers

Just now I am going to make a special price proposition on 10,000 lot of my Cookers to further introduce them into new localities. You'll be surprised and delighted at the low, direct figure I will quote you on just the Cooker you want right from the factory.

Don't you want to write a postal today for this proposition? Remember my Cookers are the latest improved, most up-to-date Cookers on the market. Mine is the old, original, genuine, Rapid Fireless Cooker.

Sold on 30 days' free home test. Order one of my Cookers, use it in your home for a full month, then decide whether you want to keep it or not.

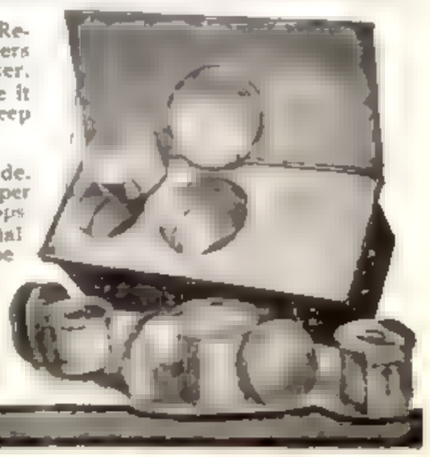
My motto is Low Prices and Quick Sales

My Rapid Cooker is the cleanest, most sanitary Cooker made. No pads, or cloth lining. All metal, easily kept clean, and with proper care will last a lifetime. Beautiful y finished cases with dust proof tops

Send for catalogue and full description, together with special price. Also, I will send you recipe book of 125 different dishes to be cooked in my Rapid Cooker

Remember my Cooker Roasts, Bakes, Fries, Boils, Steams and Stews any and all kinds of food most *deliciously*. Answer this advertisement and get full particulars.

William Campbell Company, Dept. 214, Detroit, Mich.



The Howard Watch

Sometimes you see a prosperous looking passenger inquire the time, and you wonder why he does not take out his own watch to compare with the conductor's.

It is not that he has no watch—but because he is ashamed of the time he is carrying. He has no confidence that it is anywhere near correct and he tries to save his dignity by not making a comparison.

What do you think of the type of man who will carry a cheap and uncertain timepiece because it doesn't have to be seen?

It is quite different with the HOWARD owner. He is ready to match time with all comers.

The HOWARD is the closest rating watch in the world—and worth all it costs to any man of accurate habit and orderly mind.

A HOWARD Watch is always worth what you pay for it. The price of each watch—from the 17-jewel *double roller* in a Boss or Crescent gold-filled case at $40 to the 23-jewel in a 14-k solid gold case at $150—is *fixed* at the factory and a printed ticket attached.

Not every jeweler can sell you a HOWARD Watch. Find the HOWARD jeweler in your town and talk to him. He is a good man to know. Drop us a postal card, Dept. N, and we will send you "The Story of Edward Howard and the First American Watch"—an inspiring chapter of history that every man and boy should read.

E. HOWARD WATCH WORKS, Boston, Mass.

"The mitts that never muff." Already broken in when you buy them. Made with deep pockets that hold the patented Reach Cork Center ball like a vise. Regulation shape, with all the latest improvements. Everyplayer in the World's Series used a Reach Mitt or Glove. Guaranteed perfect. If one goes wrong we will give you a new one.

Used by Thomas, Stanage, Myers, Carrigan, Kling, Livingston, Lapp, Moran, Sullivan, Gibson, Criger, Archer, Payne, Bliss, Phelps, Donohue, Marshall, Stephens, other big leaguers and thousands of minor league and amateur catchers.

"The Very Best."

Reach Mitts

They'll stop all "hot ones" the pitcher can put over. And grounders and wild pitches are "pie" for them. Strong and tough, yet light and pliable. One-piece face, with deep *moulded* pocket. Moulded padding that can't shift or bunch, or get soft or flimsy. Has the Reach Patent Lace. Back double-strengthened by our new patent finger stitching—can't rip. Patent thumb lacing, wrist strap and buckle, edges and back stiffened to keep fingers from being smashed. Double-stitched throughout. Made in rights and lefts.

We are the originators of first basemen's mitts. They are the most practical mitts for this position. Made with our celebrated patented hinge pad, which enables the player to field the ball with the greatest accuracy. All ready for use—no "breaking in" required.

Let Reach Base Ball Goods help you "win out" this season. The most popular dealers everywhere sell them. Send for new colored catalogue for 1911—FREE.

The complete book on base ball—THE REACH GUIDE. Sold everywhere, price 10c.

A. J. REACH COMPANY, 1705 Tulip Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

them by Providence right at their doors. Canada can help supply us. She is ready to help supply us. Shall we permit her to help supply us? Is it not foolish—nay, is it not wicked—not to permit her to help supply us? Is it quite sane for us to refuse to permit Canada to help supply us with what we need and must buy, when in doing so we get new and greater markets for the things that we produce and must sell?

Suppose the trade agreement between ourselves and Canada is not what we should like it to be in all of its items. Once the policy is established, it is absolutely certain that those defects will be remedied. When the two peoples experience the benefits of freer commerce and trade between them not all the politicians and all the special interests in both countries can prevent them from making that commerce and trade still easier and more intimate.

Once the policy is established and proved to be a good thing for the two nations, the pressure of vast economic forces will compel further reductions on articles not already free and a general equalization, ever tending toward complete liberty of commerce between the two countries.

Does it not appear to you to be an unwise statesmanship that, because it is not satisfied with this little thing here or that little thing yonder, would wreck a great national policy designed to benefit more than a hundred million human beings on both sides of the line?

THE BRITISH BUSINESS MIND

(Concluded from Page 9)

at the close stood up and began asking questions. In three minutes he had the eminent Bostonian so wound up that he protested he hadn't come there to answer questions, but to lecture. The Englishman thought that very odd.

In another instance an Englishman, who was manager of the London branch of a large American manufacturing company, came to the United States to see his principals. They entertained him handsomely, but for several days he could not get them to discuss the affairs of the London branch thoroughly. The matter was referred to casually at lunch or on the rear platform of a car going out to the ball game. The London man had plans for the expansion of his branch, but a week passed before he got a conference. Then the president of the company told him that they maintained their London office chiefly for the prestige it gave them; and the vice-president said they could not enlarge that branch because there was no profit at all on goods sold in England. The Britisher waited until they had finished. Then he spread out some papers. He said that probably Englishmen were slow compared with Americans. They were also sentimental in business matters. They liked to stick to one connection as long as possible; and he himself would never give up their London office, even in the face of better opportunities, until it was absolutely necessary. If they thought that the London branch made no profit, however, they were mistaken. While he had been waiting, during the past week, he had spent a good deal of time out in a factory, had gone thoroughly into the cost of making their goods, and could show them that they not only made a profit on London sales but two distinct profits—one when the stuff left the factory and another when it was sold on the other side. Upon his thorough calculations they gave him what he asked for.

The Yankee business mind is a light-running, ball-bearing affair. It assumes much, hopes everything, disregards the past, and jumps quickly from point to point. The British business mind, on the other hand, is very solid and serious, going conscientiously through all the valleys and hollows and reaching the summits only by the most thorough labor and calculation—and often the most gloomy. Both arrive at approximately the same results, however; and as each becomes better known to the other through mutual dealings it is more and more apparent that each has good qualities that the other needs.

Men of Brains

know the importance of right food.

Nature stores in wheat and barley certain elements including the phosphate of potash so necessary to the growth of brain and nerve cells.

The famous food—

Grape-Nuts

has these elements.

In its manufacture, the whole grains (wheat and barley) are ground into flour and combined with pure water, a little compressed yeast and a "pinch" of salt. No other ingredients are used.

Grape-Nuts food is baked for many hours in two separate ovens, producing changes in the starch and making it partly pre-digested—especially adapted to the invalid, convalescent, infant or aged person.

It is also the ideal nourishment for the athlete and hard-working business man.

Grape-Nuts

supplies the *right kind* of nourishment for repairing brain and nerve cells—a fact which has been attested by thousands of successful men and women in all parts of the world.

"There's a Reason"

Read the "Road to Wellville" in packages of Grape-Nuts.

Postum Cereal Company, Limited, Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Limited, Windsor, Ontario

4000 Miles Safe Going Guaranteed

In All Weathers

PENNSYLVANIA
VACUUM CUP TIRES

The tires that remove 90% of the danger of accident, because they're guaranteed not to skid, and statistics show that 90% of automobile accidents result from skidding.

In soft and treacherous mud the heavy knobs of vacuum cup tires take a deep and multiple hold that produces absolute traction whether straightaway or on curves.

The wet of slippery pavements operates to seal the vacuum cups momentarily as they come in contact, exerting an absolute vacuum grip and making side slipping entirely impossible. Understand, however, that this vacuum hold in no way retards the forward speed, because the rolling of the tire automatically releases the cups by lifting them edgewise. A simple thing—but wonderful in effectiveness.

As *economical* in *dry* weather as they are *safe* in *wet*

In dry weather service Pennsylvania Vacuum Cup Tires offer advantages just as great in point of economy. On dry roads there is no suction by the cups, and the height of the knobs gives a half inch more wear as compared with smooth tread tires. These tires will not heat up in warm weather because the knobs and cups give double the radiating surface, and friction with the road is enormously reduced. Due to these facts we guarantee 4000 miles.

Some Plain Talk: Pennsylvania Vacuum Cup Tires are made by an independent company; our prices and selling policy are free from influence by any trade combination or association; our tires carry a guarantee which experience has proved to be much less than the average mileage they will run, and, because of the extra quantity of rubber and the superior design, *we have been enabled to give a guarantee 500 miles greater than the standard guarantee prevailing in the trade.*

PENNSYLVANIA VACUUM CUP TIRES will save you money on all four wheels.

All sizes in stock at below addresses. Prices and full information mailed upon request.

PENNSYLVANIA RUBBER COMPANY, *Main Office and Factory,* JEANNETTE, PA.

DIRECT BRANCHES:

Pittsburg: 505 Liberty Avenue.
Chicago: 1241 Michigan Avenue
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Minneapolis: 67 S. Tenth Street.

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New York City: 1741 Broadway

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You will recognize them as representing the very highest class of dealers in the country. Practically all of them have adopted our tires exclusively and only after rigid tests, which have proved them the most serviceable of any on the market. These names spell SERVICE to the user.

Browning Bros., Ogden, Utah.
Collister & Sayle Co., 1932 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.
Farwell, Ozmun, Kirk & Co., St. Paul.
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Motor and Machinists Supply Co., Kansas City, Mo
Lee Richardson & Co., Vicksburg, Miss
Smith Bros. Hardware Co., Columbus, Ohio
A. J. Winter Co., Portland, Ore

Simmons Hardware Co.
St. Louis, Mo.
Minneapolis, Minn.
Sioux City, Iowa
Toledo, Ohio
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The Glidden Varnish Co.

Cleveland, Ohio **Toronto, Ont.**

FOUND OUT

(Continued from Page 17)

'found out'; but the tool who does the work"—he glanced significantly up the table—"is likely to get it where he can't ever get over it! That's why I'm sorry for Stanberry. He needs a friend now."

The girl looked thoughtfully into her plate, as if an entirely new aspect of the world in which she had lived was dawning.

"It's only another case of the first to cast a stone," the politician said gently. "I don't think there are many here who have the right."

"Who are those—directors?"

The man looked into the girl's shining eyes and then said slowly:

"You'd better ask your father."

Afterward they fell into silence. The merriment at the other end of the tables, where the younger members had congregated, grew louder and above all the noise Stanberry's laugh emerged. Somebody brought in a paper collar box and handed it to him covered with a napkin. There was a burst of laughter at the jest, in which the master, now relaxed with food and wine, joined. Stanberry, turning quite white, rose with the thing in his hand and, steadying himself with his other hand on the table, turned his bloodshot eyes up and down the room.

"Gentlemen," he said uncertainly—and there came a hush over the merry company—"and ladies!—yes, and ladies!" he repeated, with drunken emphasis. At this point the master whispered to one of the men near Stanberry, and this one tried gently to induce Stanberry to sit down. He shook his head solemnly; then, gripping himself, he held out steadily in his two hands the paper box. "See that! You know what that means? It's the collar box!" There was a shiver down the tables and again the man's neighbors tried to argue with him. "No—I'm going to tell 'em something," he said slowly. "I've got something to say they must hear." He waited, swaying slightly until he found his words. "I put the money in the box," he said, slowly turning the thing over. "I did it—that's a fact. A jury of my peers'll let me off, I s'pose, but I did it; and every one of you knows I did it. Why? Because you'd done the same thing if you'd been where I was." He paused to collect himself once more. "Thought I'd bluff it off—came here with that idea—lots of worse men than I, and all that; but it's—no use. I'm found out. Must take my medicine, 'n' all that."

There was a painful pause while the man gathered himself for a final effort, meantime clutching the box and swaying slightly. At last he threw up his head and his miserable eyes rested on the girl's face at the other end of the room. "What I want to say is this," he said in a low voice: "What about the other fellows who aren't found out? What about the men who stack the cards for us little fellows to play? I—I don't have to mention names—you know whom I mean—the fellows who run the game; the ones who turn their backs and wait for us to make good? Won't they be found out, too, some day? Won't they have to get down to rock-bottom the same as I'll have to? Won't God make them to be seen the same as He's made me? . . . There's another thing. See Stiffert over there?" He pointed unsteadily down the table. "Old Pete Stiffert—you know him! They call him a grafter, but you know he isn't—he's straight—a straight politician—and he's the only friend I have in this room. He'd ought to be found out. . . . And the one who is hard," he whispered, "who won't understand—she'll be found out too! . . . Before God, we'll all be found out some day! That's the truth."

He chucked the paper box on to the table and reeled. For a moment there was not a sign or sound up and down the tables.

"He's done for himself this time sure," the politician murmured to his neighbor. "There's nothing for him now but ——" He completed his thought with a swift motion of his thumb and forefinger.

There was something appealing in the girl's eyes as she asked, with dry lips: "You mean ——?"

"They'd have stood by him if he'd kept his mouth shut and bluffed. They'd have had to! But, after blabbing like that—why, he as good as cut his own throat."

At a signal from the master the dinner broke up and the company gathered in little groups, talking. Then the talk broke out and muttered disgust fell from the men's lips—"Drunken cad!" "Coward!"

"He hasn't a friend here," the politician said to the girl, "if he had ——"

"Well, and if he had?" she demanded.

"A real friend—it might make all the difference in the world. . . . Guess I'll take him off before he can make further remarks," he concluded, with a nod.

A boy came up to claim his dance.

"I'm going home," she said. "Find me a carriage, please."

III

MR. SANFORD was dozing over the evening paper before the warm wood fire in his library. His slippered feet were daintily crossed and he held in his right hand the thick black cord of his horn glasses. Opening his eyes, he beheld his daughter standing in the doorway—a small figure, erect and square on her feet. In her tan riding boots, with the hunting skirt looped back and her stiff black hat, she had something the look of a little man; and on her white face, about her set lips, was a man's determination.

"Didn't you stay for the dance, Edith?" he inquired, looking at his daughter with appreciation.

"No—I didn't care to dance."

"Have a good run?"

"Kate threw me."

"Again! You mustn't ride that mare—I'll sell her!"

"I'm going to put her over the jumps tomorrow——"

"Better not try. How was the dinner?"

"The dinner was—unusual."

"How——"

"I sat next a man who said he knew you—us—a Mr. Stiffert."

"Pete Stiffert!" Mr. Sanford exclaimed, with a tone of surprise. "How did he get to the hunt dinner?"

"Mr. Stanberry brought him."

"Stanberry! Was he there?"

"Yes."

"At the hunt too?"

"Yes."

Mr. Sanford stroked his mustache thoughtfully.

"I came back with him after my fall."

The father glanced quickly at the daughter.

"I should think, Edith ——"

"What should you think, father?" the girl demanded quickly.

"You know he's been in trouble."

"He told me about it this afternoon."

"So he told you!"

"He told me the truth."

"Oh, he did!"

"He did it, you know—that thing with the—the collar—box!"

"He told you that!" The father turned and faced the daughter. "Why did he tell you that?"

"Because he was in love with me."

"So he told you that he committed bribery because he was in love with you!" Mr. Sanford remarked, with a slightly ironical stress.

"Yes."

After a time he said indifferently: "I see that they let him off."

"They were bought, too, I suppose."

Mr. Sanford elevated his eyebrows.

"That seems to be the way things are done—in business," the girl added.

"What makes you think so?"

"Mr. Stiffert told me ——"

"Pete Stiffert! The Democratic politician—good authority!"

Mr. Sanford picked up his paper and glanced at it.

"Father!"

"Well?"

"Are you one of the—the directors—the men in the telephone company?"

"Yes, I am a director."

"Did you know about it—know what Mr. Stanberry was going to do?"

"What makes you say that?"

"Because he said something and Mr. Stiffert ——"

"What did they say?"

"They both said: 'Ask your father!'"

"Ah!"

"And at the dinner—he had been drinking—he got up and said things—said he was found out ——"

"So he talked!"

"And he said there were others who—knew—and hadn't been found out."

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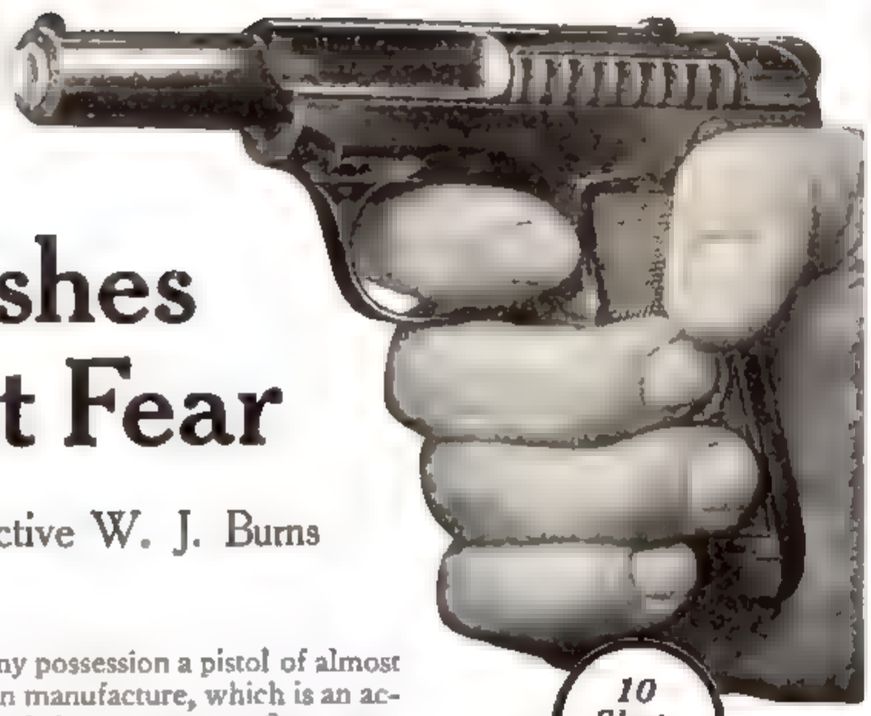

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Other great gun men have made similar comments on the new Savage Automatic, including such as Col. W. F. Cody, "Buffalo Bill," Dr. Carver, W. A. Pinkerton, Walter Duncan, Major Sylvester. And Bat Masterson has even written a book about it, entitled "The Tenderfoot's Turn." Sent free for your dealer's name.

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"Stanberry seems to have made an exhibition of himself."

"Mr. Stiffert said the same thing."

"So Pete talked too!"

There was a long pause while father and daughter studied each other before the final grapple.

"I don't see any good, Edith, in going further into this ——"

She shook her head slowly, as if to notify him that the "dear daughter" tone would no longer answer.

"There are things women can't understand about business."

She smiled. It was the formula, she remembered, he had used successfully with her mother.

"I've begun to understand this afternoon," she replied slowly, "a good deal."

"What do you want to know?"

"Father, were you one of those who knew—who were not found out?"

He met her glance squarely.

"I knew in a general way."

The girl gave a long sigh.

"I was afraid of it," she murmured.

With an effort to recover his manner Mr. Sanford said: "You will have to trust me ——"

She made a weary motion with her hand.

"My child ——"

"Don't call me that! I'm no child. I must know all. Don't you understand why? I—I loved him! Yes, I love him—I might have married him. Don't you see?"

The man's eyes fell before the woman who had emerged from the girl.

"Yes, I see. I am sorry!"

She swept aside his sympathy with another wave of her little hand.

"Now I must kill it—my love! I must despise him for what he did!" Then with fatal, wondering clearness of vision: "And despise you, too, because you let him stand between you and the world! He's found out. You might have been there in court with him."

"Oh, you exaggerate—you don't understand!"

"Yes, I understand! He did it because he had to—did it for you other men. He took the risk for you while you were safe—behind!"

The scorn in her voice brought color to the man's face.

"Whatever he did for the company he was paid for."

"Paid! Can you pay men for things like that?"

Mr. Sanford shrugged his shoulders.

The girl, stretching up her hands with the riding whip tensely clutched in them, laughed softly; then more loudly. At the sound of her hysterical laughter her father's hands shook and his face twitched. This little creature, flesh of his flesh, whom a few moments before he had welcomed joyously, was looking through and through him. He shrank under her fierce eyes.

"Found out!" she murmured.

"Edith!" His voice was appealing; but she did not heed him.

"My father too!—It makes no difference!—All men are alike it seems. Only some are found out and some hide. Found out! Found out!"

As she repeated the words with another burst of bitter laughter she crossed the room and sat down at the writing table. Taking off her gloves, she began rapidly to write a note; and as she finished she turned her head, saying: "I'm writing Alfred Stanberry to come here tomorrow morning."

"What is that for?"

"Because I must see him."

"Why?"

"To tell him I love him."

"Edith!"

"Why not?"

"You are mad—a man disgraced! He'll have to leave the city!"

"Then I will leave with him; and where he goes I go—so far as one must to escape ——"

"Edith!" the father said sternly, "don't be a fool!"

She rose and touched the bell. Waving the note to and fro she said, with another burst of thin laughter: "And why not a fool, papa, as well as—some other things?"

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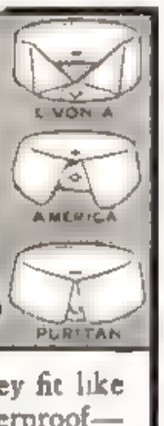

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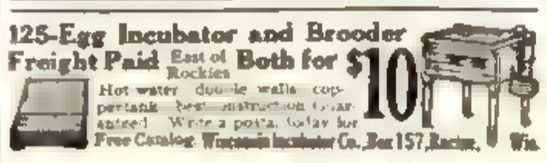

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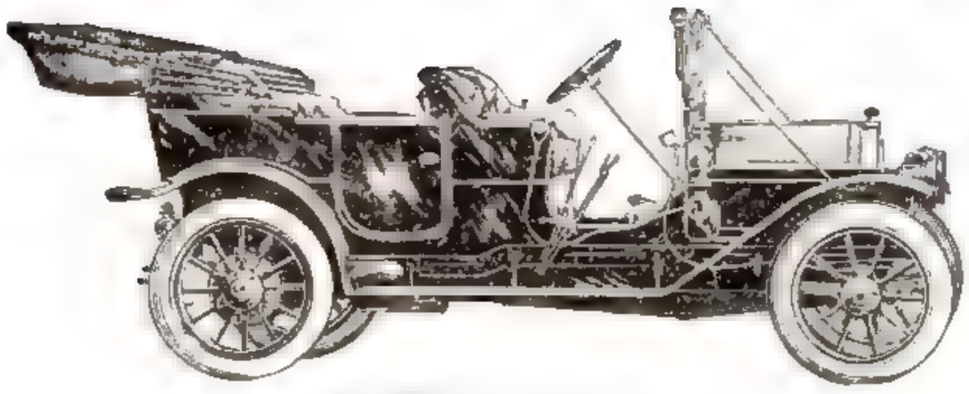

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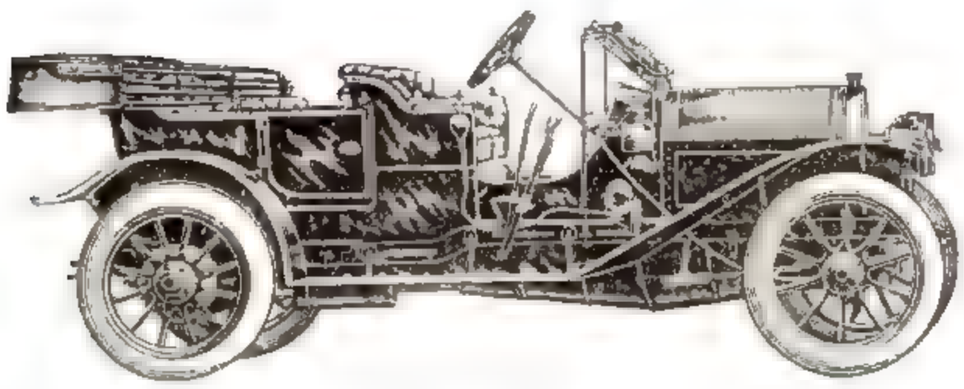

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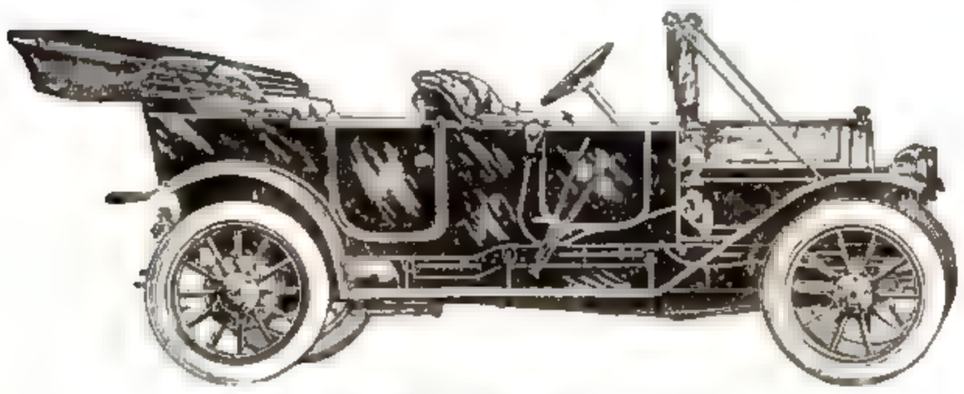

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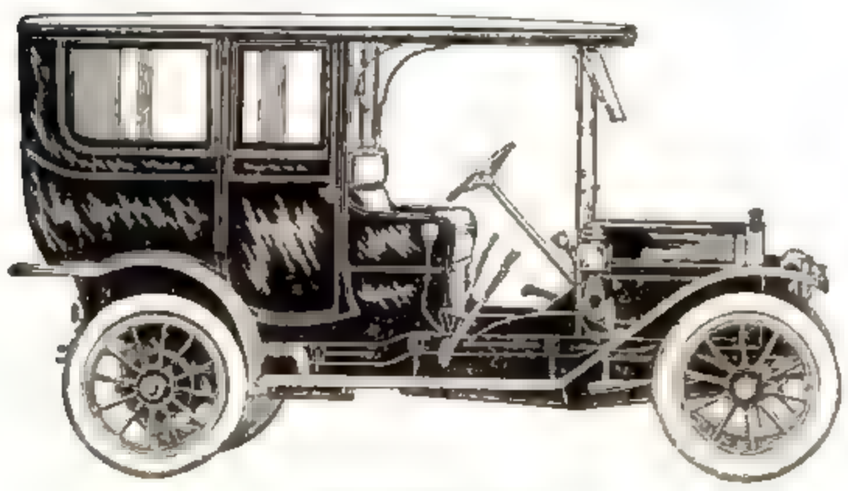

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No fickleness in popular favor; no economic condition; no seasonal setback to the industry, has ever disturbed the demand for its maximum capacity.

In substantiation of this statement it is merely necessary to point out that during the last quarter of the year 1910, notwithstanding a temporary quietness in business in general, the volume of Cadillac sales exceeded any previous quarter in the history of this company. But what is more significant, that volume we believe to have been more than fifty per cent greater than that of any other motor car manufacturer.

Cadillac sales are fixed, staple, steady; greater in some months than in others, of course, but as certain in their totality as the days of the year.

Consider the reputations that have come and gone; waxed and waned; expanded and contracted—and ask yourself: what central potent fact it is that moves so many thousands to be of one mind in regard to the Cadillac car.

The answer is no doubt as ready to the tip of your tongue as it is to ours.

Cadillac pre-eminence is not attributable to some single or even several special features. That pre-eminence is due to the "goodness" of the car as a whole; from its splendid motor down to the last screw incorporated in its make-up.

The Cadillac has made the technical term "standardization" a familiar and homely phrase in thousands of homes, which had its significance first explained to them in a description of Cadillac construction.

It is this "standardization" to which is attributable in large measure the many virtues of the Cadillac car: the harmonious workings of its parts, the smoothness of its operation, the almost vibrationless action, the economy of maintenance, the durability and the bull dog persistency in "making good" even in spite of abuse.

England crowned this car with its most honorable trophy for possessing a degree of standardization unknown outside of the Cadillac.

These are some of the reasons why you and hundreds of thousands of others unconsciously say "Cadillac" first.

Because the Cadillac is a good car, through and through.

SPECIFICATIONS IN BRIEF

Motor, four cylinder, 4½ in. bore by 4½ in. stroke Cylinders cast singly, copper jacketed, affording uniform cooling Automatic splash lubrication. Three speed and reverse, selective sliding gear transmissions Worm and sector adjustable steering gear Shaft drive, I beam front axle, full floating roller bearing rear axle Wheels and tires, 34 in x 4 in Wheel base 110 in Prices: Touring car, Demi-tonneau and Roadster, $1700; Fore-door touring car, $1800, Torpedo, $1850, Limousine, $3000 Prices F O B Detroit including the following equipment: Bosch magneto and Delco ignition systems. Pair gas lamps and generator. Pair side oil lamps and tail lamp; horn and set of tools. Pump and repair kit for tires 60 mile season and trip Standard speedometer; robe rail, full foot rail in tonneau and half foot rail in front, tire holders

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

THE STRANGE JUSTICE

(Continued from Page 13)

The London detective spoke suddenly in a high, crowing voice that was meant to be conversational and cheery: "I wonder why he really did hide himself like that. Something nasty, I suppose. Was he a leper?"

"Something worse than that," said Flambeau.

"And what do you imagine," asked the other, "would be worse than a leper?"

"I don't imagine it," said Flambeau.

He dug for some minutes in silence and then said in a choked voice: "I'm afraid of his not being the right shape."

"Nor was that piece of paper, you know," said Father Brown quietly; "and we survived even that piece of paper."

Flambeau dug on with blind energy; but the tempest had shouldered away the choking gray clouds that clung to the hills like smoke, and revealed gray fields of faint starlight, before he cleared the shape of a rude timber coffin and somehow tipped it up upon the turf. Craven stepped forward with his ax; a thistletop touched him and he flinched. Then he took a firmer stride and hacked and wrenched, with an energy like Flambeau's, till the lid was torn off and all that was there lay glimmering in the gray starlight."

"Bones!" said Craven; and then he added: "But it is a man!"—as if that were something unexpected.

"Is he," asked Flambeau in a voice that went up and down—"Is he all right?"

"Seems so," said the officer huskily, bending over the obscure and decaying skeleton in the box. "Wait a minute."

A vast heave went over Flambeau's huge figure. "And, now I come to think of it," he cried, "why in the name of madness shouldn't he be all right? What is it gets hold of a man on these cursed cold mountains? I think it's the black, brainless repetition—all these forests and over all an ancient horror of unconsciousness. It's like the dream of an atheist. Pine trees and more pine trees and millions more pine trees ——"

"But he hasn't got a head!" cried the man by the coffin.

Though the others stood rigid the priest for the first time showed startled concern.

"No head!" he exclaimed. "No head?"—as if he had almost expected some other deficiency.

Half-witted visions of a headless baby born to Glengyle, of a headless youth hiding himself in the castle, of a headless man pacing those ancient halls or that gorgeous garden, passed in panorama through their minds. But even in that stiffened instant the tale took no root in them and seemed to have no reason in it. They stood listening to the loud woods and the shrieking sky quite foolishly, like exhausted animals. Thought seemed to be something enormous that had slipped out of their grasp.

"There are three headless men," said Father Brown, "standing round this open grave."

The pale detective from London opened his mouth to speak and left it open like a yokel, while a long scream of wind tore the sky; then he looked at the ax in his hands as if it did not belong to him and dropped it.

"Father," said Flambeau in that infantile and heavy voice he used very seldom, "what are we to do?"

His friend's reply came with the pent promptitude of a gun going off.

"Sleep!" cried Father Brown. "Sleep! We have come to the end of the ways. Do you know what sleep is? Do you know that every man who sleeps believes in God? It is a sacrament; for it is an act of faith and it is a food. And we need a sacrament, if only a natural one. Something has fallen on us that falls very seldom on men—perhaps the worst thing that can fall on them."

Craven's parted lips came together to say: "What do you mean?"

The priest had turned his face to the castle as he answered:

"We have found the truth—and the truth makes no sense."

He went down the path in front of them with a plunging and reckless step very rare with him; and when they reached the castle again he threw himself upon sleep with the simplicity of a dog.

Despite his mystic praise of slumber, Father Brown was up earlier than any one else except the silent gardener, and was found smoking a big pipe and watching that expert at his speechless labors in the kitchen garden. Toward daybreak the rocking storm had ended in roaring rains and the day came with a curious freshness. The gardener seemed even to have been conversing, but at sight of the detectives he planted his spade sullenly in a bed and, saying something about his breakfast, shifted along the lines of cabbages and shut himself in at the kitchen door.

"He's a valuable man, that," said Father Brown. "He does the potatoes amazingly—still," he added with a dispassionate charity, "he has his faults—which of us hasn't? He doesn't dig this bank quite regularly There, for instance"—and he stamped on one spot—"I'm really very doubtful about that potato."

"And why?" asked Craven, amused with the little man's new hobby.

"I'm doubtful about it," said the other, "because old Gow was doubtful about it himself. He put his spade in methodically in every place but just this. There must be a mighty fine potato just here."

Flambeau pulled up the spade and impetuously drove it into the place He turned up, under a load of soil, something that did not look like a potato, but rather like a monstrous overdomed mushroom. But it struck the spade with a cold click; it rolled over and grinned up at them.

"The Earl of Glengyle," said Brown sadly, and looked down at the skull.

Then after a momentary meditation he plucked the spade from Flambeau and, saying "We must hide it again," clamped it down in the earth once more. Then he leaned his little body and huge head on the great handle of the spade that stood up stiffly in the earth; and his eyes were empty and his forehead full of wrinkles. "If one could only conceive," he muttered, "the meaning of this last monstrosity!" Leaning on the large spade-handle, he buried his brows in his hands as men do in church.

"Well, I give it all up!" said Flambeau at last, boisterously. "My brain and this world don't fit each other—and there's an end of it. Snuff and spoilt prayer-books and the insides of musical boxes—what ——"

Brown threw up his bothered brow and rapped on the spade-handle with an intolerance quite unusual with him. "Oh, tut, tut, tut, tut!" he said. "All that is as plain as a pikestaff. I understood the snuff and clockwork and so on when I first opened my eyes this morning. Since then I've had it out with old Gow, the gardener, who is neither so deaf nor so stupid as he pretends. There's nothing amiss about the loose items. I was wrong about the torn mass-book too; there's no harm in that. But it's this last business: desecrating graves and stealing dead men's heads—surely there's harm in that! Surely there's black magic still in that! That doesn't fit into the quite simple story of the snuff and the candles ——" And, striding about again, he smoked moodily.

"My friend," said Flambeau with grim humor, "you must be careful with me and remember I was once a criminal. The great advantage of that estate was that I always made up the story myself and acted it as quickly as I chose. This detective business of waiting about is too much for my French impatience. All my life, for good or evil, I always have done things at the instant: I always fought duels the next morning; I always paid bills on the nail; I never even put off a visit to the dentist ——"

Father Brown's pipe fell out of his mouth and broke into three pieces on the gravel path. He stood rolling his eyes, the exact picture of an idiot. "What a turnip I am!" he kept saying. "What a turnip!" Then, in a somewhat groggy kind of way, he began to laugh.

"The dentist!" he repeated. "Six hours in the spiritual abyss—and all because I never thought of the dentist! Such a simple, such a beautiful and peaceful thought! Friends, we have passed a night in hell; but now the sun is risen, the birds are singing and the radiant form of the dentist embraces and consoles the world."

"I will get some sense out of this," cried Flambeau, striding forward, "if I use the tortures of the Inquisition."

Father Brown spun round once, then faced them with gravity.

"This is not a story of crime," he said. "Rather is it the story of a strange and crooked honesty. We are dealing with the

The SWOBODA SYSTEM

of Physiological Exercises

Without medicine or apparatus whatever, I am building vigorous brains and superb human bodies, capable of overcoming and resisting disease,—and establishing great nervous force.

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No pupil of mine will need to digest his food with pepsin or assist nature with a dose of physic. I will give you an appetite and a strong stomach to take care of it; a digestive system that will fill your arteries with rich blood; a strong heart that will regulate circulation and improve assimilation; a pair of lungs that will purify your blood; a liver that will work as nature designed it should; a set of nerves that will keep you up to the standard of physical and mental energy.

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I will increase your nervous force and capacity for mental labor, making your daily work a pleasure. You will sleep as a man ought to sleep. You will start the day as a mental worker must who would get the best of which his brain is capable.

I have no book, no chart, no apparatus whatever. My system is for each individual; my instructions for you would be just as personal as if you were my only pupil.

When a man's health fails, it seems inherent by nature to look for some magic cure, something he can take into his stomach that will do the work of his digestive organs, bowels, liver or kidneys. The first dose may afford him some relief, but with each succeeding one he finds the effect of the medicine lessened, until he is eventually in a worse condition, for he has allowed a stimulant to perform the work of his vital organs.

Successively he wends his way through various treatments, but his reason finally prevails and teaches him that he must look for a natural method, one that will build up the organs themselves and make them perform their functions naturally. Such a method I offer, so why waste time and money in these futile attempts when you can take the reliable road to health and strength?

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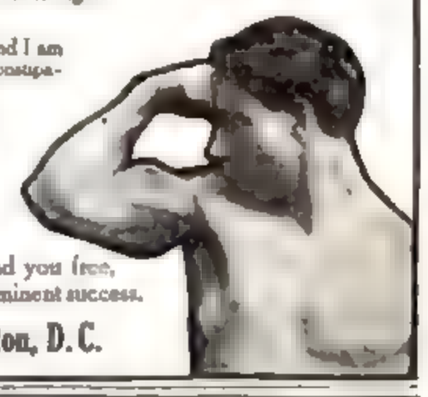
(Signed) CHAS. F. SWEET.



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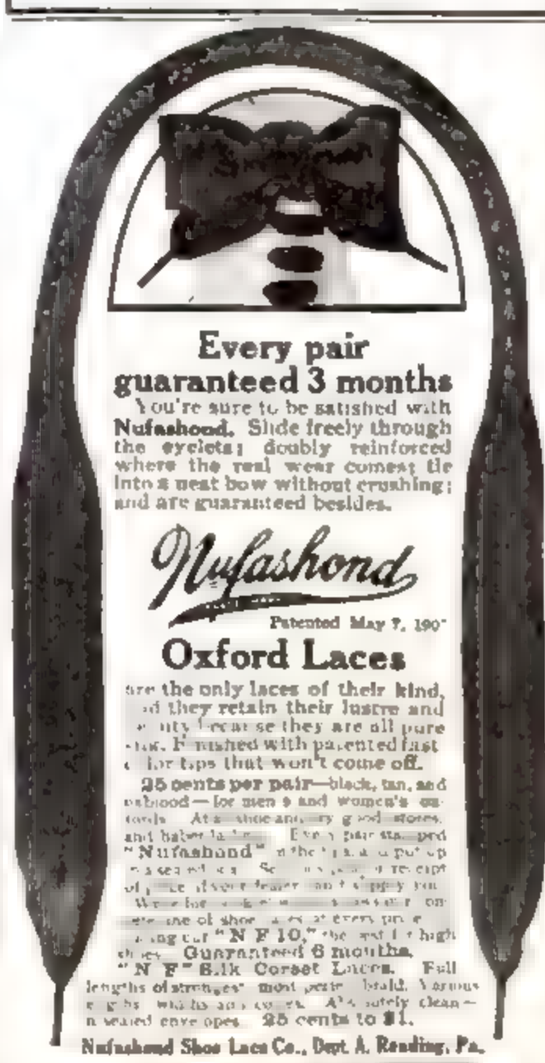

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are the only laces of their kind, and they retain their lustre and beauty because they are all pure silk. Finished with patented fast color tips that won't come off.

25 cents per pair—black, tan, and oxblood—for men's and women's outings. At shoe and dry good stores, and haberdashers. Every pair stamped "Nufashond" on the tip. If your dealer can't supply you send us one of shoe sizes at every pair, stating size and "N F 10," the best of high quality. Guaranteed 6 months. "N F" Silk Corset Laces. Full lengths of strongest most petite braid. Various weights and colors. All absolutely clean—in sealed envelopes. 25 cents to $1.

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REMOVE THAT SPOT

—that mottled or blotchy appearance on your concrete, cement, or stucco residence. Don't let it spoil an otherwise beautiful exterior.

Glidden's Liquid Cement

"WEARS LIKE STONE"

will make the surface uniform in color once and for all. It's waterproof so that rain or dampness can not affect or penetrate the wall on which it is applied. It's not expensive—is easily spread on with a brush—any painter can do the work.

Glidden's Liquid Cement is made in imitation of Bedford Sandstone—and a variety of practical shades, including colonial and pompeian buffs as well as pure white.

It binds with the concrete, forming a permanent protective, decorative, waterproof coating. Write us today and we'll send you our booklet showing all the beautiful shades in which it comes and giving full information—address

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Largest Manufacturers of Varnish and Concrete Finishes in the World.

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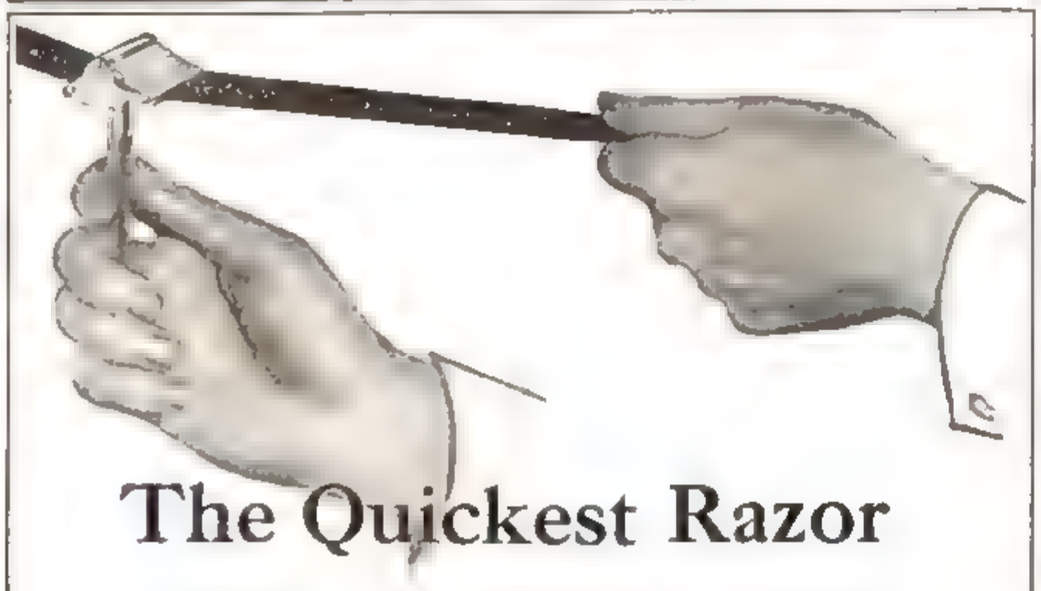
The Flying Bird The most interesting and up to date Novelty of the day. For grown ups as well as children. Easy to operate. Nothing to get out of order. Sent postpaid anywhere for 15c. Money back if not satisfied. H. Nolte, 2619 N Sarah St., St. Louis, Mo.



The Quickest Razor

DID you ever have a barber draw his razor from the top of your cheek to the tip of your chin in one clean sweep? How could he do it so quickly and smoothly?

He had a wonderful edge. That's why. And he was a wonderful stropper. That's why he had the wonderful edge.

Its automatic stropping gives the AutoStrop Razor that same incomparably sharp edge which enables you to shave in long speedy sweeps instead of short slow strokes.

Do you see why the AutoStrop Razor is the quickest and smoothest razor?

If it doesn't shave you like a head barber's edge, dealer refunds your money. No trouble. Our contract protects him.

$5 gives you silver-plated razor, 12 blades and strop in case. Economical, for one blade may last six months to a year.

Be quick as the AutoStrop Razor and get one from your dealer today.

AutoStrop Safety Razor Company, 327 Fifth Avenue, New York
233 Caristine Building, Montreal; 61 New Oxford Street, London

AutoStrop SAFETY RAZOR

STROPS ITSELF STROPS ITSELF

one man on earth, perhaps, who has taken no more than his due. It is a study in savage living-logic that has been the religion of this race.

"That old local rhyme about the house of Glengyle—

"'As green sap to the simmer trees
Is red gold to the Ogilvies'—

was literal as well as metaphorical. It did not merely mean that the Glengyles sought for wealth; it was also true that they literally gathered gold; they had a huge collection of ornaments and utensils in that metal. They were, in fact, misers, whose mania took that turn. In the light of that fact, run through all the things we found in the castle: Diamonds—without their gold rings. Candles—without their gold candlesticks. Snuff—without the gold snuff-boxes. Pencil-leads—without the gold pencil-cases. A walking-stick—without its gold top. Clockwork—without the gold clocks—or, rather, watches. And, mad as it sounds, because the burnished halos and the gilt name of God in the old missals were of real gold beaten thin—these also were taken away.

"Were taken away," continued Father Brown; "were taken away, but not stolen. Thieves would never have left this mystery. Thieves would have taken the gold snuff-boxes, snuff and all; the gold pencil-cases, lead and all. We have to deal with a man with a peculiar conscience, but certainly a conscience. I found that mad moralist this morning in the kitchen garden and I heard the whole story.

"The late Archibald Ogilvie was the nearest approach to a good man ever born at Glengyle. But his bitter virtue took the turn of the misanthrope; he moped over the dishonesty of his ancestors, from which somehow he generalized a dishonesty of all men. More especially he distrusted philanthropy or free giving, regarding it as a cover for free taking; and he swore if he could find one man who took his exact rights he should have all the gold of Glengyle. Having delivered this defiance to humanity he shut himself up, without the smallest expectation of its being answered. One day, however, a deaf and seemingly senseless lad from a distant village brought him a belated telegram, and Glengyle, in his acid pleasantry, gave him a new farthing. At least, he thought he had done so but when he turned over his change he found the new farthing still there and a sovereign gone. The accident offered him vistas of sneering speculation. Either way, the boy would show the greed of the species. Either he would vanish, a thief, stealing a coin; or he would sneak back with it virtuously, a snob, seeking a reward. In the middle of that night Lord Glengyle was knocked up out of his bed—for he lived alone—and forced to open the door to the deaf idiot. The idiot brought with him not the sovereign, but exactly nineteen shillings and elevenpence three farthings in change.

"Then the mad exactitude of this action took hold on the mad lord's brain like fire. He swore he was Diogenes, that had long sought an honest man and at last had found one. He made a new will, which I have seen! He took the literal youth into his huge neglected house and trained him up as his solitary servant and—after an odd manner—his heir. And whatever that queer creature understands, he understood absolutely his lord's two fixed ideas: first, that the letter of right is everything; and second, that he himself was to have the gold of Glengyle. So far, that is all and that is simple. He has stripped the house of gold and taken not a grain that was not gold—not so much as a grain of snuff. He lifted the gold leaf off an old illumination, fully satisfied that he left the rest unspoiled. All that I understood, but I could not understand this skull business. I was really uneasy about that human head buried among the potatoes. It distressed me till Flambeau said the right word—till the lovely word 'dentist' rang out like the laughter of the fairies.

"It will be all right. He will put the skull back in the grave when he has taken the gold out of the tooth."

And, indeed, when Flambeau crossed the hill that morning he saw that strange beirg, the just miser, digging at the desecrated grave—the plaid around his throat thrashing out in the mountain wind; the sober top hat on his head.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a new series of tales by Mr. Chesterton in which Father Brown is the hero. The fourth will appear in an early issue.

Social Enjoyment
Fraternal Assistance
Insurance for the Family
are best combined in the

Royal Arcanum

A FRATERNAL BENEFICIARY SOCIETY
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Membership is effected through some one of its nearly 2000 Councils in this country and Canada.

Certificates are issued in amounts of $1000, $2000 or $3000 payable to legally designated beneficiaries at a member's decease.

Over $138,000,000 has already been paid to 52,000 such beneficiaries. Assessments moderate and in easy monthly payments.

Any man (under 56 years of age) desiring to be a partner in a great secret fraternal beneficiary society of 246,000 members, brotherly assistance in accident or sickness through its 6000 Councils and a Funeral Bed Fund Association and protection of his loved ones at his death, can learn full particulars by applying to any local Council, or by addressing

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HEALTH IN *BAKED* POTATOES
Sent postpaid.
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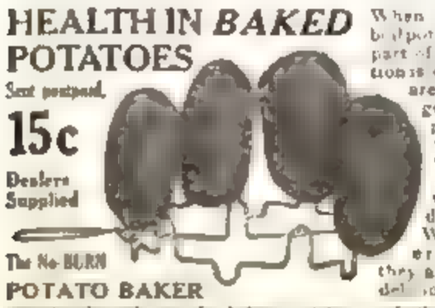

When you fry or boil potatoes a part of their nutrition is lost, and they are hard to digest. Baked potatoes are the most nutritious, and even invalids can digest them. When properly baked they are the most delicious.

The No-BURN POTATO BAKER

provides the only way for baking potatoes perfectly and it requires but a minute. It holds the potatoes up so they cook from all sides! No burning by you. No burning of potatoes. It bakes seven potatoes at a time.

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The **chief advantage** of this Refrigerator is the small amount of ice it consumes. The saving in your ice bill will pay for this special $19.75

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Grocery and Delicatessen Owners can learn how to increase trade and profits by writing for Special Catalogue No. 101.

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"Wear-Ever" ware cannot rust, is unaffected by fruit acids, light to handle and most durable. With aluminum there is no danger of poisonous compounds forming with acid fruits or foods.

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Ask your dealer for **"Wear-Ever"** Utensils. If he cannot supply you with **"Wear-Ever"** ware *the one-quart saucepan pictured above* will be sent you prepaid if you will enclose us 30c in stamps, (Canadian Stamps accepted).

Always look for the "Wear-Ever" trade-mark on the bottom of every utensil. It is your guarantee of safety, satisfying and service.

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Please send me, prepaid, sample **"Wear-Ever"** Sauce pan, for which I enclose 15 two-cent stamps (30 cents)—money to be refunded if test is not satisfactory.

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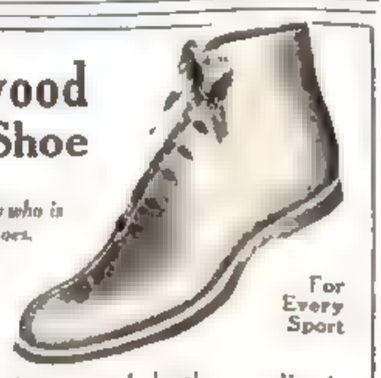
Eastwood Play Shoe



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The best shoe for baseball, tramping, shooting, etc., as well as all-around wear.

Eastwood Play Shoe does not become hard after wet

Youths' Sizes 10 to 13	$2 25
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The Home of Good Shoemaking

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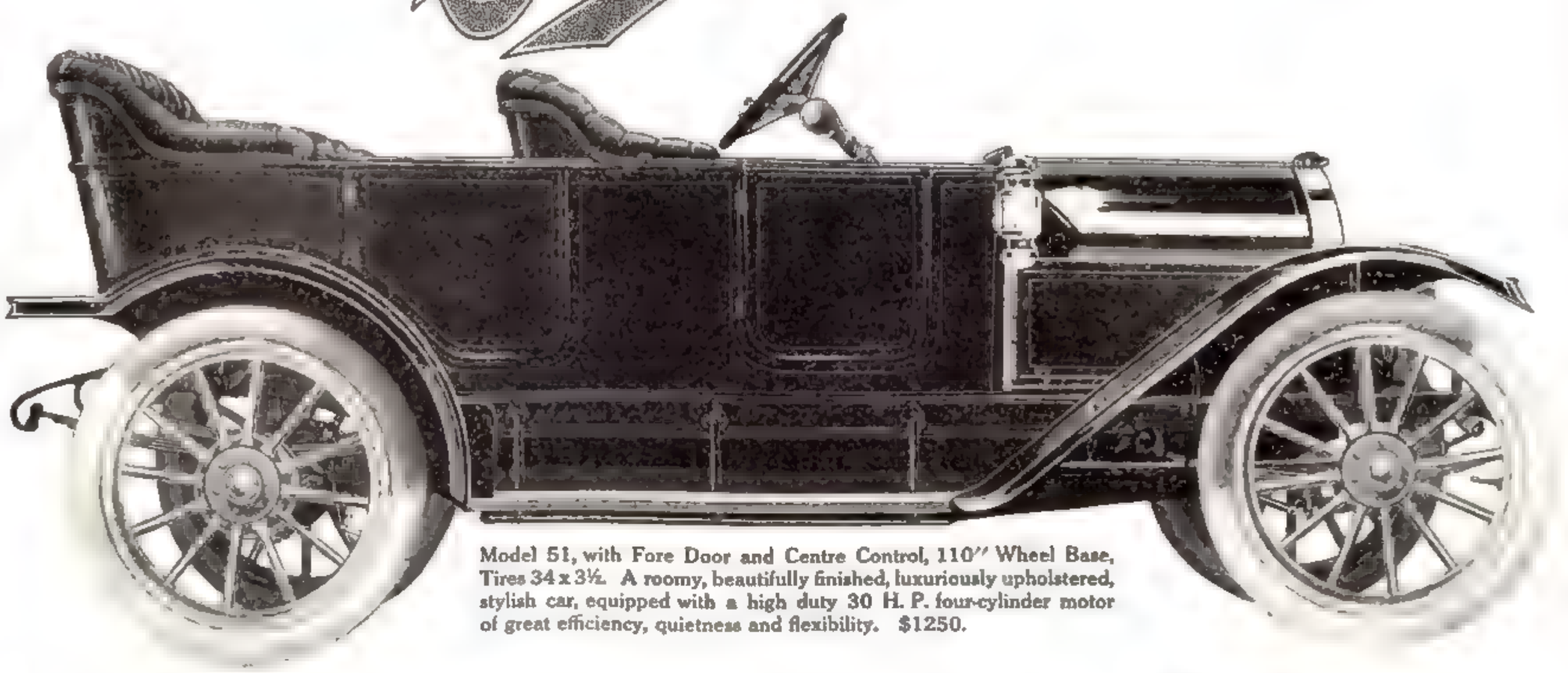
Overland

¶ The plants of the Willys-Overland Co. are the largest, most complete and best equipped. The Toledo plant alone covers over 30 acres. The five Overland chassis are absolutely standardized. No maker in the world works to closer limits in fineness of fit.



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¶ We know, beyond all question, that Overland Model 51, shown on this page, *is the greatest automobile value in the world*.

¶ We also know that it isn't an easy matter for the man who is seeking the best car for his money to make a choice.

¶ He is perplexed by the conflicting advice of friends, preconceived prejudices, and the extravagant misleading statements of overzealous advertising writers and automobile salesmen.

¶ There is one way to make the right decision *quickly* and *carefully* and *correctly*, and that is to investigate, compare and judge for yourself. Make a careful comparison point for point. If it is possible take a ride in each of the cars.

¶ The buyer who selects a car on the merits of this comparison and demonstration invariably selects the Overland.

¶ Consider and bear this point in mind always, that the Overland is a manufactured car, every part and every piece made by us, after our own design, by our own men, in our own plants.

¶ Unlimited facilities, enormous production of exact standardized duplicates, an ideal organization built up, controlled and directed by one man—John N. Willys—enables us to make the minimum price on the maximum of motor car efficiency.

¶ This illustration shows the centre control of Model 51 Overland $1250 the car shown above. We wish to lay particular stress on the fact that Overland Fore Door Models are designed and built as original Fore Door cars not old bodies made over to meet the prevailing style Centre control is the very latest and most approved and practical type, both at home and abroad.

Model 51 Fore Door Overland Specifications

MOTOR—We make five models 22 body styles, 20 to 40 H.P. 4 cylinder motors 96" to 118" wheel base, at prices ranging from $775 to $1675. As we believe in doing one thing at a time, as good as we know how, we devote this page exclusively to Model 51, $1250. The motor, like everything else in the car, is of our own design and manufacture, of the four-cylinder, four cycle type, 4" x 4½" cylinders, have large water jackets and are cast singly. Cylinders are cast from a special grade of close grained metal from our own formulæ. Crank shafts, connecting rods and all other forgings, made in our drop forge plant, are of high carbon manganese steel. All bearings, cylinders, pistons and rings are ground to mirror smoothness, insuring long life, freedom from wear and positive compression. Cylinders offset, motor suspended at three points from main frame braced for this purpose, dispensing with complication and weight of subframe. Entire motor constructed with a view to accessibility. Piston rings fitted precisely to ½ of 1,000 of an inch—bearings 1-1000 of an inch. It isn't possible to build a motor more accurately, of greater quietness or efficiency.

WHEEL BASE—110 inches; *TREAD*—56 to 60 inches; *SIZE OF TIRES*—34 x 3½.

SEATING CAPACITY—Five passengers.

TRANSMISSION—Three speed and reverse selective type *CLUTCH* cone.

IGNITION—Dual system, with one set of spark plugs. High tension magneto and battery.

BRAKES—Internal expanding and external contracting.

SPRINGS—2" Semi-elliptic, three-quarters elliptic rear.

STEERING GEAR—Worm and segment adjustable.

FRONT AXLE—Drop forged I-beam section; *REAR AXLE*—Semi-floating.

FRAME—Pressed steel, single drop, drilled in rigid "jigs" to insure perfect alignment, all joints hot riveted, all angles heavily reinforced.

LAMPS—2 gas and 3 oil.

COLOR—Dark blue body, cream gear.

BODY—Made by us. No better material or workmanship possible—open front or fore door at the same price.

The Willys-Overland Company, 136 Central Ave., Toledo, Ohio

The Willys-Overland Company
136 Central Avenue, Toledo, Ohio

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The style that becomes you, the quality that good taste and good sense demand, the wear that honest, well-tailored clothes ought to give, are yours with every Michaels-Stern suit.

A progressive dealer in your locality can show you the Spring and Summer models. Call on him.

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Wash your face with care and take plenty of time to do it. The cause of three-fourths of the bad complexions seen is in hasty, careless washing and *poor soap*. The regular use of Woodbury's Facial Soap and *cold* water will keep your skin active and clear, give you a complexion to be envied. Woodbury's Facial Soap costs 25c a cake. No one hesitates at the price after their *first cake*.

For 4c we will send a sample cake (trial size) of Woodbury's. For 10c, samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Woodbury's Facial Cream and Woodbury's Facial Powder. Write to-day. The Andrew Jergens Co., Dept. 29G, Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati

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A pair of Ruthstein Scientific Shoes $4 or $5 wear like $15 worth of shoes and give your feet more comfort than they ever knew before. New tanning process makes them stronger, tougher and more pliable and waterproof than many other shoes made.

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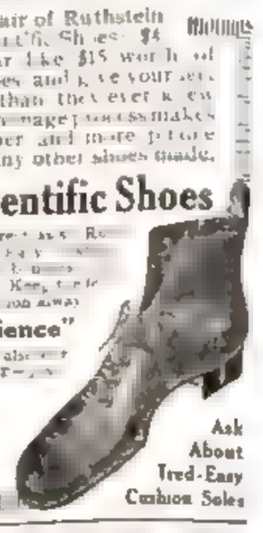

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MAKING OVER THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS

(Continued from Page 18)

of new and unheard-of systems of cultivation, their wise old dads were inclined to sneer and scoff. Presently the boys, working perhaps for a prize, selected their own seed, planted it and went to work along the new-fangled lines. When they got crops that made father's best old-fashioned efforts look foolish, the old man would occasionally stroll by casually when son was at work and observe what he was doing. Next season he might, without saying anything about it, adopt some of those methods himself, greatly to his own profit.

Working in this indirect way through a series of years, agricultural education in general and the splendid state agricultural college at Madison in particular have become not only popular but the chief boast and pride of the farmers of Wisconsin. In addition to its regular course, the college offers a short course, covering the winter months of two years, at which adult farmers may get in fourteen weeks careful and condensed instruction along the lines in which they are particularly interested. In practically every county in the state graduates of the short course are now at work, the number varying from one or two in sections of the "big woods" country to two hundred and eighty in Dane County. In Wisconsin and several other states if a man is not able to attend even the short course he may yet get instruction by correspondence.

In Minnesota many of the high schools are teaching farming with great success and the legislature has made a large state appropriation for increasing the number. At both Canby and Albert Lea the school boards have provided sufficient land to give practical farm experience to their agricultural students, the Canby enrolling eighty-five and Albert Lea two hundred and sixty young people in the course. The state also supports two agricultural academies, preparatory to the agricultural college. At the St. Paul school more than six hundred students are enrolled. The school year lasts from October to March, thus leaving the young people free during the busy season on the farm. It takes three years to complete the course. The success of the work is shown by the fact that more than eighty per cent of the graduates of both schools have made farming their lifework.

In the Cause of Agriculture

It has remained for Oklahoma, hardly yet out of its swaddling clothes as a state, to make agricultural education more nearly universal than anywhere else. How strong is the feeling is shown by the fact that no person is allowed to teach in any of the common schools of the state unless his certificate shows that he is qualified to teach agriculture; and agriculture is required by law to be taught in every graded school. Nor does the work stop there. The students at six state normal schools and at the university preparatory school find agriculture among the prescribed courses. Young as the state is, two secondary agricultural schools are already in operation and four or five more have been located, the plan providing for one in each supreme court district. The idea is to give every child in the state "a well-rounded education" and "an opportunity to learn not only how things should be done but how to do them, and why."

With January 1, 1910, the appropriation became available for the establishment of a demonstration farm in each of the seventy-six counties of the state. Under this law a contract is to be made with some intelligent farmer in each county, who shall plant and cultivate forty acres of his farm in the manner laid down by the state board of agriculture. He shall keep an accurate account of his expenditures, and the plot shall be open to inspection at any time by agricultural students or other farmers. If any profits are made they belong to the farmer, the state agreeing to make good any possible loss. In this way the state will be thickly dotted with agricultural experiment stations, so that the importance and the value of scientific farming may be driven home by actual demonstration and example.

Missouri falls into line with a law making the teaching of elementary agriculture compulsory in all public schools. In many of the high schools courses ranging from

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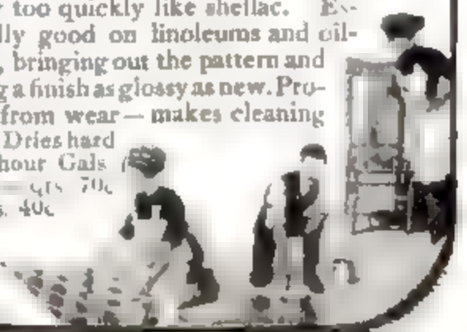

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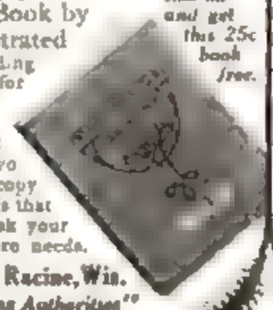

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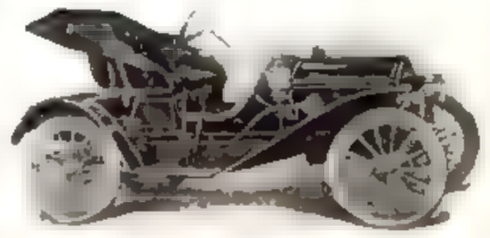

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six months to two full years are being offered. The state normal school at Kirksville is spending fifteen thousand dollars in buying and fitting up what it is hoped to make a model poultry and dairy plant, and the study of agriculture in general is pursued in all of the five normal schools, as well as in Lincoln Institute for colored teachers.

All through the corn belt people are waking up to the duty and the necessity of they would keep the boys and girls on the farm of teaching agriculture in the elementary schools and of giving to every young man an opportunity of learning, at the least possible cost of time and money how he may make his farm comfortable, convenient and profitable.

In the older states of the South and East the movement, if somewhat slower, is still under way. In New England, indeed, where manufacturing has become such an important interest, agricultural and industrial courses have been in many instances combined. Thus, at Northampton, Petersham and Montague, Massachusetts, agricultural high schools have been established, which offer agricultural courses for both girls and boys, courses in carpentry and industrial training for the boys, and in sewing, cooking and domestic science for the girls.

Typical of the work in the South are the agricultural schools that have been opened in Alabama and Georgia, one to each congressional district. In Alabama these schools are supported by the proceeds of the tag tax on fertilizers sold in the state and by fees, while Georgia devotes the inspection fees on fertilizers and illuminating oils to the same purpose. In Virginia the state has made provision for the establishment of a department of agriculture, domestic economy and manual training in at least one high school in each congressional district. An interesting experiment in elementary agricultural education is also being made in the rural schools of many of the counties. During the last term of the school year pamphlets, written in the simplest language by experts and describing in detail the best methods of cultivating the crops adapted to each county, are distributed among the children.

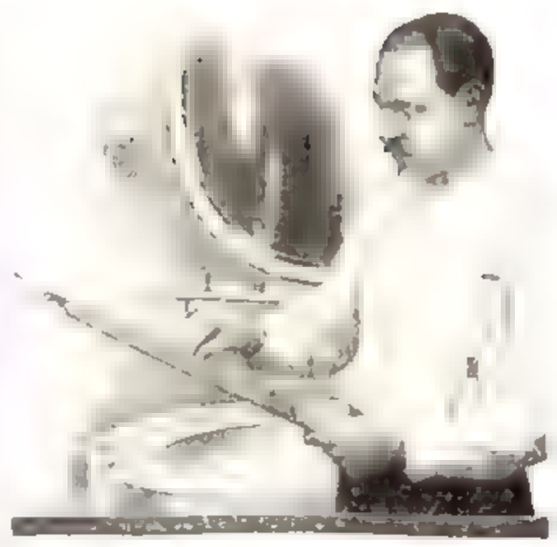
A Belief in the Country Boy

At the same time it is announced that money prizes will be given in the fall for the best specimens of corn, sweet potatoes and other farm crops produced entirely by the pupils. Two or three times a week the teacher goes over the pamphlets with the children to make sure they are entirely understood. All the actual work of cultivation is done during the vacation periods; and in October, just before school opens, an educational fair is held for two days at each county-seat, at which all the products entered are exhibited, speeches are made by agricultural experts, and the money prizes, in some cases amounting to several hundred dollars, are awarded. In this work, which has enlisted the active interest of thousands of country children, the state has the aid and support of the Peabody Education Fund and the efficient coöperation of the State Federation of Women's Clubs and of the Federal Department of Agriculture.

Through many states of the South, also boys' corn clubs have been organized by agents of the department, with results that are fairly startling.

The folly of educating a country boy away from the farm and then expecting him willingly to go back to it is now, happily, generally recognized. The increasing effort now is to teach the children—in the rural schools, at least—that country life, intelligently and skillfully directed, offers health, independence, and more of comfort and even luxury than most city people ever attain; that on the land a man has a limitless opportunity for hard and productive work, and that there he may enjoy the full fruits of his own labor.

Editor's Note—This is the third in a series of articles by Henry M. Hyde. The fourth will appear in an early number.



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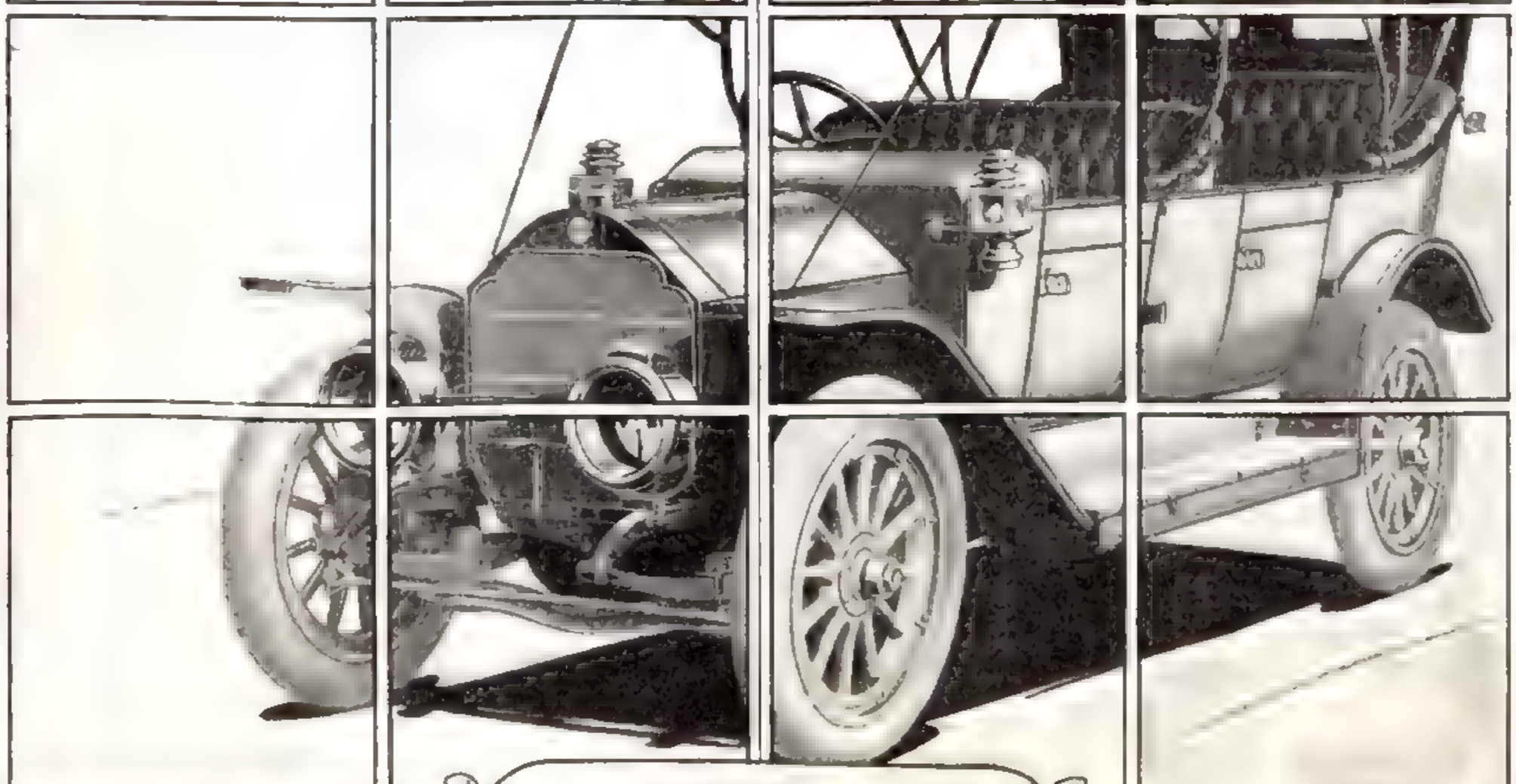

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Model "35" Touring Car - 1250
Model "30" Touring Car - 1250
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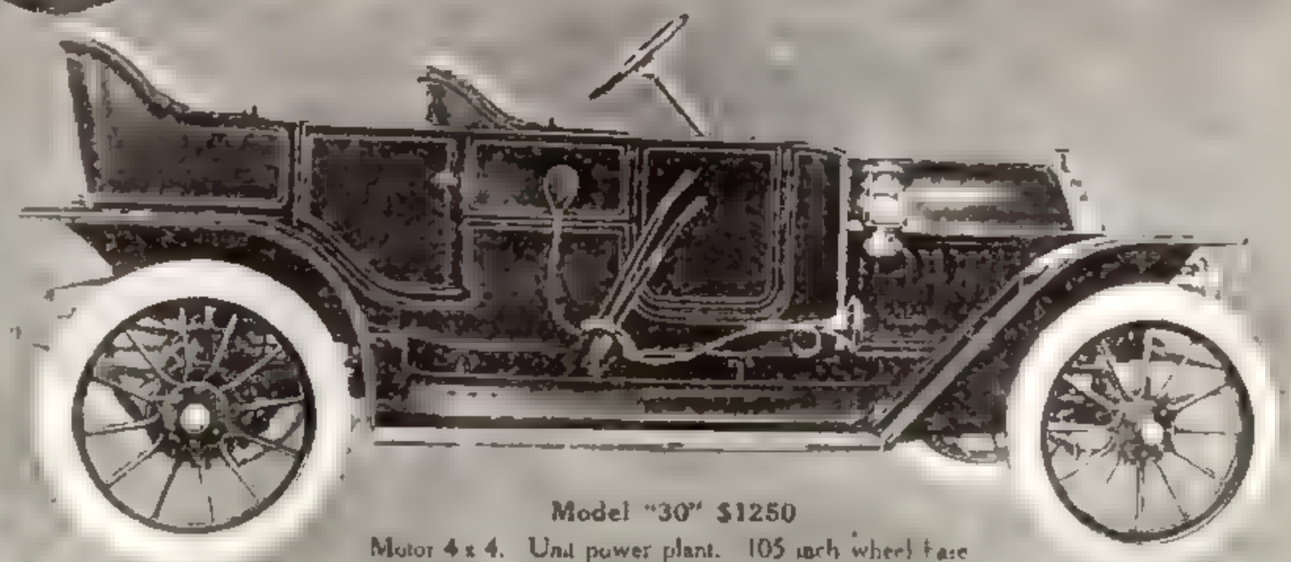

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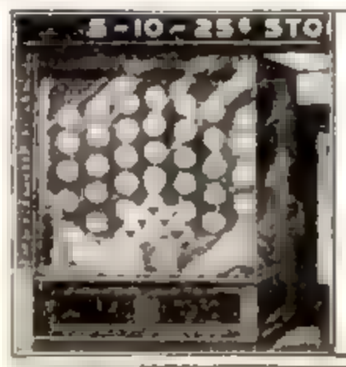

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THE GRAIN OF DUST

(Continued from Page 21)

would not buy for two. She could imagine their fate if there should be three or more. She showed frankly her selfishness of renunciation. But there could be read between the lines—concealed instead of vaunted, perhaps unsuspected—her unselfishness of renunciation for the sake of her lover and of the children that might be. In our love of moral sham and glitter we overlook the real beauties of human morality; we even are so dim or vulgar sighted that we do not see them when they are shown to us.

As Norman awakened he reached for the telephone, said to the boy in charge of the club exchange: "Look in the book, find the number of a lawyer named Branscombe, and connect me with his office." After some confusion and delay he got the right office, but Dorothy was out. He left a message that she was to call him up at the club as soon as she came in. He was shaving when the bell rang.

He was at the receiver in a bound. "Is it you?" he said.

"Yes," came in her quiet, small voice. "Will you resign down there today? Will you marry me this afternoon?"

A brief silence, then—"Yes."

Thus it came about that they met at the City Hall license bureau, got their license, and half an hour later were married at the house of a minister in East Thirty-third Street, within a block of the subway station. He was feverish, gay, looked years younger than his thirty-seven. She was quiet, dim, passive, neither grave nor gay, but going through her part without hesitation, with much the same patient, plodding expression she habitually bore when she sat working at her machine—as though she did not quite understand, but was doing her best and hoped to get through not so badly.

"I've had nothing to eat," said he as they came out of the parsonage.

"Nor I," said she.

"We'll go to Delmonico's," said he, and hailed a passing taxicab.

On the way he, sitting in one corner, explained to her, shrunk into the other corner: "I can confess now that I married you under false pretenses. I am not prosperous as I used to be. I'm down and out professionally."

She did not move. Apparently she did not change expression. Yet he, speaking half banteringly, felt some frightful catastrophe within her. "You are—poor?" she said in her usual quiet way.

"*We* are poor," corrected he. "I have at present only a thousand dollars a month a little more, but not enough to talk about."

She did not move or change expression. Yet he felt that her heart, her blood was going on again.

"Are you—angry?" he asked.

"A thousand dollars a month seems an awful lot of money to me," she said.

"It's nothing—nothing to what we'll soon have. Trust me." And back into his eyes flashed their former look. "I've been sick. I'm well again. I shall get what I want. If you want anything you've only to ask for it. I'll get it. I know how. . . . I don't prey, myself—I've no fancy for the brutal sports. But I teach lions how to prey, and I make them pay for the lessons." He laughed with an effervescing of young vitality and self-confidence that made him look handsome and powerful. "In the future they'll have to pay still higher prices."

She was looking at him with weary, wondering, pathetic eyes that gazed from the pallor of her dead-white face.

"What are you thinking?" he asked.

"I was listening," replied she.

"Doesn't it make you happy—what you are going to have?"

"No," replied she. "But it makes me content."

With eyes suddenly suffused he took her hand—so gently. "Dorothy," he said, "you will try to love me?"

"I'll try," said she. "You'll be—be—kind to me?"

"I couldn't be anything else," he cried. And he caught her to his breast and kissed her triumphantly. "I love you—and you're mine—mine!"

She released herself with the faint, insistent push that seemed weak, but always accomplished its purpose. Her lip was trembling. "You said you'd be kind," she murmured.

He gazed at her with a baffled expression. "Oh I understand," he said. "And I shall be kind. But I must teach you to love me."

Her trembling lip steadied. "You must be careful or you may teach me to hate you," said she.

He studied her in a puzzled way, laughed. "What a mystery you are!" he cried, with raillery. "Are you child or are you woman? No matter. We shall be happy."

The taxicab was swinging to the curb. In the restaurant he ordered an enormous meal. And he ate enormously and drank in due proportion. She ate and drank a good deal—a good deal for her. And the results were soon apparent in a return of the spirits that are normal to twenty-one years, regardless of what may be lurking in the heart, in a dark corner, to come forth and torment when there is nothing to distract the attention.

"We shall have to live quietly for a while," said he. "Of course you must have clothes at once. I'll take you shopping tomorrow." He laughed grimly. "Just at present we can get only what we pay cash for. Still, you won't need much. Later on I'll take you over to Paris. Does that attract you?"

Her eyes shone. "How soon?" she asked.

"I can tell you in a week or ten days." He became abstracted for a moment. "I can't understand how I let them get me down so easily—that is, I can't understand it now. I suppose it's just the difference between being weak with illness and strong with health." His eyes concentrated on her. "Is it really you?" he cried gayly. "And are you really mine? No wonder I feel strong! It was always that way with me. I never could leave a thing until I had conquered it."

She gave him a sweet smile. "I'm not worth all the trouble you seem to have taken about me," said she.

He laughed, for he knew the intense vanity so pleasantly hidden beneath her shy and modest exterior. "On the contrary," said he good-humoredly, "you in your heart think yourself worth any amount of trouble. It's a habit we men have got you women into. And you—— One of the many things that fascinate me in you is your supreme self-control. If a king were to come down from his throne and fall at your feet you'd take it as a matter of course."

She gazed away dreamily. And he understood that her indifference to matters of rank and wealth and power was not wholly vanity, but was, in part at least, due to a feeling that love was the only essential. Nor did he wonder how she was reconciling this belief of high and pure sentiment with what she was doing in marrying him. He knew that human beings are not consistent, cannot be so in a universe that compels them to face directly opposite conditions often in the same moment. But just as all lines are parallel in infinity, so all actions are profoundly consistent when referred to the infinitely broad standard of the necessity that every living thing shall look primarily to its own well-being. Disobedience to this fundamental carries with it inevitable punishment of disintegration and death; and those catastrophes are serious matters when one has but the single chance at life, never again to be repeated.

After their late lunch or early dinner they drove to her lodgings. He went up with her and helped her to pack—not a long process, as she had few belongings. He noted that the clothes she took from the bureau drawers were in anything but good condition, that the half dozen dresses she took from the closet and folded on the couch were about done for. Presently she said, cheerfully and with no trace of false shame:

"You see, I'm pretty nearly in rags."

"Oh, that's soon arranged," replied he. "Why bother to take these things? Why not give them to the maid?"

She debated with herself. "I think you're right," she decided. "Yes, I'll give them to Jennie."

"The clothes too," he urged. "And the hats."

It ended in her having left barely enough loosely to fill the bottom of a small trunk with two trays.

They drove to an uptown hotel, and he took a small suite, one of the smallest and

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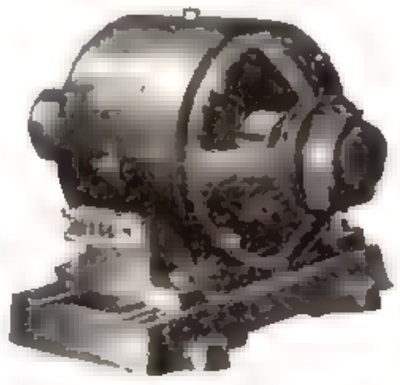

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least luxurious in the house; for, with all his desire to make her feel the contrast of her change of circumstances sharply, he could not forget how limited his income was, and how unwise it would be to have to move in a few days to humbler quarters. He hoped that the rooms, englamoured by the hotel's general air of costly luxury, would sufficiently impress her. And though she gave no strong indication, but accepted everything in her wonted quiet, passive manner, he was shrewd enough to see that she was content. "Tomorrow," he said to himself, "after she has done some shopping, the last regret will leave her, and her memory of that clerk will begin to fade fast. I'll give her too much else to think about."

The following morning, when they faced each other at breakfast in their sitting room, he glanced at her from time to time in wonder and terror. Was his infatuation sheer delusion, with no basis of charm in her at all? Was she, indeed, nothing but this unattractive, faded little commonplaceness—a poor specimen of an inferior order of working girl? What an awakening! And she was his wife—was his companion for the yet more brilliant career he had resolved upon and was planning! He must introduce her everywhere, must see the not to be concealed amazement in the faces of his acquaintances, must feel the cruel, covert laughter and jeering at his weak folly! Was there ever in history or romance a parallel to such fatuity as his? Why, people would be right in thinking him a sham, a mere bluffer at the high and strong qualities he was reputed to have.

Had Norman been, in fact, the man of ice and iron the compulsions of a career under the social system made him seem, the homely girl opposite him that morning would speedily have had something to think about other than the unhappiness of a woman who has given her person to one man and her heart to another. Instead, the few words he addressed to her were all gentleness and forbearance. Stronger than his chagrin was his pity for her—the poor, unconscious victim of his mad hallucination.

If she thought about the matter at all she assumed that he was still the slave of her charms—for the florid enthusiasm of man's passion inevitably deludes the woman into fancying it objective instead of wholly subjective; and only the rare, very wise woman, after much experience, learns to be suspicious of the validity of her own charms and to concentrate upon keeping up the man's delusions.

At last he rose and kissed her on the brow and let his hand rest gently on her shoulder—what a difference between those caresses and the caresses that had made her beg him to be "kind" to her! Said he:

"Do you mind if I leave you alone for a while? I ought to go to the club and have the rest of my things packed and sent. I'll not be gone long—about an hour."

"Very well," said she lifelessly.

"I'll telephone my office that I'll not be down today."

With an effort she said: "There's no reason for doing that. I don't want to interfere with your business."

"I'm neglecting nothing. And that shopping must be done."

She made no reply, but went to the window and from the height looked down and out upon the mighty spread of the city. He observed her a moment with a dazed, pitying expression, took his hat and departed.

It was nearly two hours before he got together sufficient courage to return. He had been hoping—had been saying to himself with vigorous effort at confidence—that he had simply seen one more of the many transformations, each of which seemed to present her as a wholly different personality. When he should see her again she would have wiped out the personality that had shocked and saddened him, would appear as some new variety of enchantress, perhaps even more potent over his senses than ever before. But a glance as he entered demolished that hope. She was still the same. Evidently she had been crying, and spasms of that sort always accentuate every unloveliness. He did not try to nerve himself to kiss her, but said:

"It'll not take you long to get ready?"

She moved to rise from her languid rest upon the sofa. She sank back. "Perhaps we'd better not go today," suggested she.

"Don't you feel well?" he asked, and his tone was more sympathetic than it would have been had his sympathy been absolutely genuine.

"Not very," replied she, with a faint, deprecating smile. "And not very—not very——"

"Not very what?" he said, in a tone of encouragement.

"Not very happy," she confessed. "I'm afraid I've made a—a dreadful mistake."

He looked at her in silence. She could have said nothing that would have caused a livelier response within himself. His cynicism noted the fact that while he had mercifully concealed his discontent, she was thinking only of herself. But he did not blame her. It was only the familiar habit of the sex, bred of man's assiduous cultivation of its egotism. He said: "Oh, you'll feel differently about it later. Let's get some fresh air and see what the shops have to offer."

A pause; then she said timidly: "Would you mind very much if I—if I didn't—go on?"

"You mean if you left me?"

She nodded without looking at him. He could not understand himself, but as he sat observing her, so young, so inexperienced and so undesirable, a pity of which he would not have dreamed his nature capable welled up in him, choking his throat with sobs he could scarcely restrain and filling his eyes with tears he had secretly to wipe away. And he felt himself seized of a sense of responsibility for her as strong in its solemn, still way as any of the paroxysms of his passion had been.

He said: "My dear—you mustn't decide anything so important to you in a hurry."

A tremor passed over her, and he thought she was going to dissolve in hysterics. But she exhibited once more that marvelous and mysterious self-control of which the secret had interested and baffled him. She said in her dim, quiet way:

"It seems to me I just can't stay on."

"You can always go, you know. Why not try it a few days?"

He could feel the trend of her thoughts, and in the way things often amuse us, without in the least moving us to wish to laugh, he was amused by noting that she was trying to bring herself to stay on out of consideration for his feelings! He said with a kind of paternal tenderness:

"Whenever you want to go I am willing to arrange things for you—so that you needn't worry about money. But I feel that, as I am older than you, I ought to do all I can to keep you from making a mistake you might soon regret."

She studied him dubiously. He saw that she—naturally enough—did not believe in his disinterestedness, that she hadn't a suspicion of his change, or, rather, collapse, of feeling. She said:

"If you ask it I'll stay a while. But you must promise to—to be kind to me."

There was only gentleness in his smile. But what a depth of satirical self-mockery and amusement at her innocent young egotism it concealed! "You'll never have reason to speak of that again, my dear," said he.

"I—can—trust you?" she said.

"Absolutely," replied he. He stood up with sudden boyish buoyance. "Now let's go shopping. Let's amuse ourselves."

She rose with alacrity. She eyed him uncertainly, then flung her arms round his neck and kissed him. "You are so good to me!" she cried. "And I'm not a bit nice."

He did not try to detain her, but sent her to finish dressing with an encouraging pat on the shoulder and a cheerful "Don't worry about yourself—or me."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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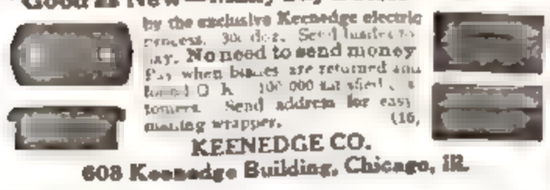

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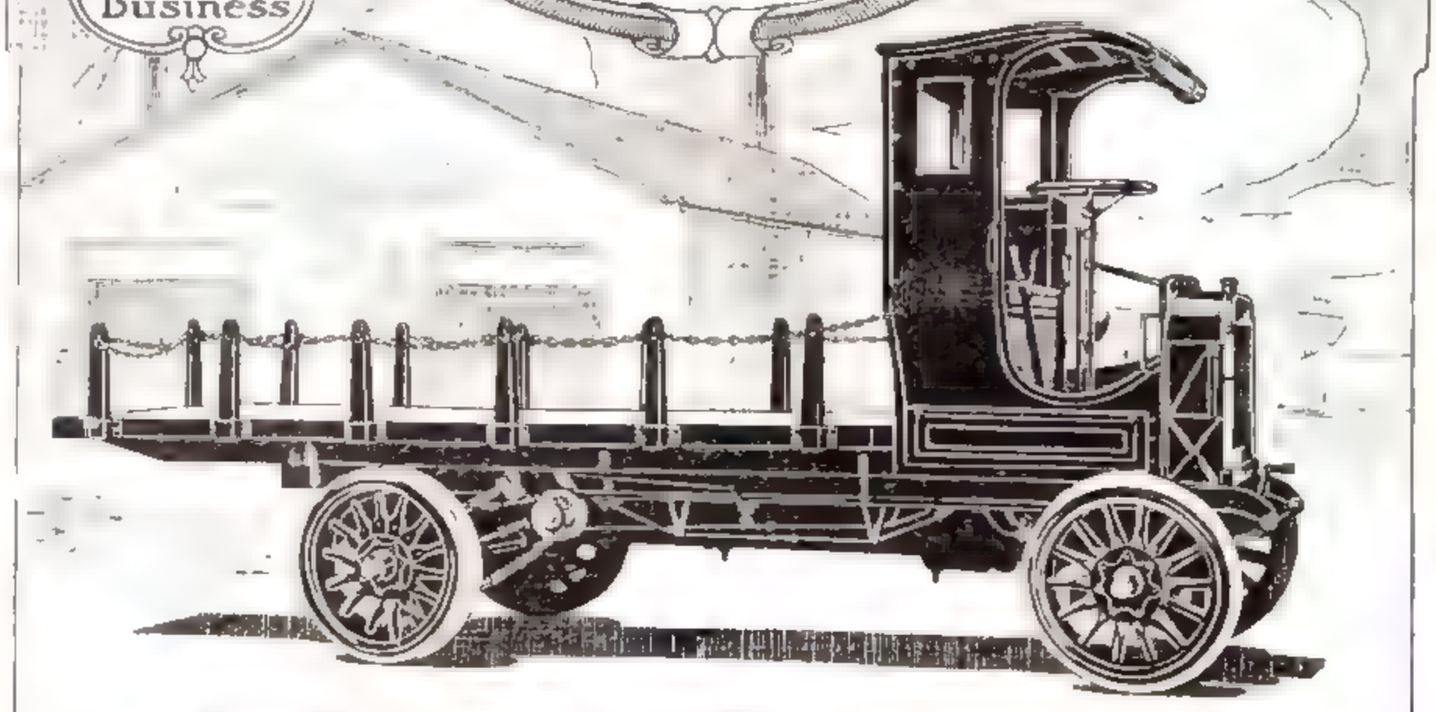

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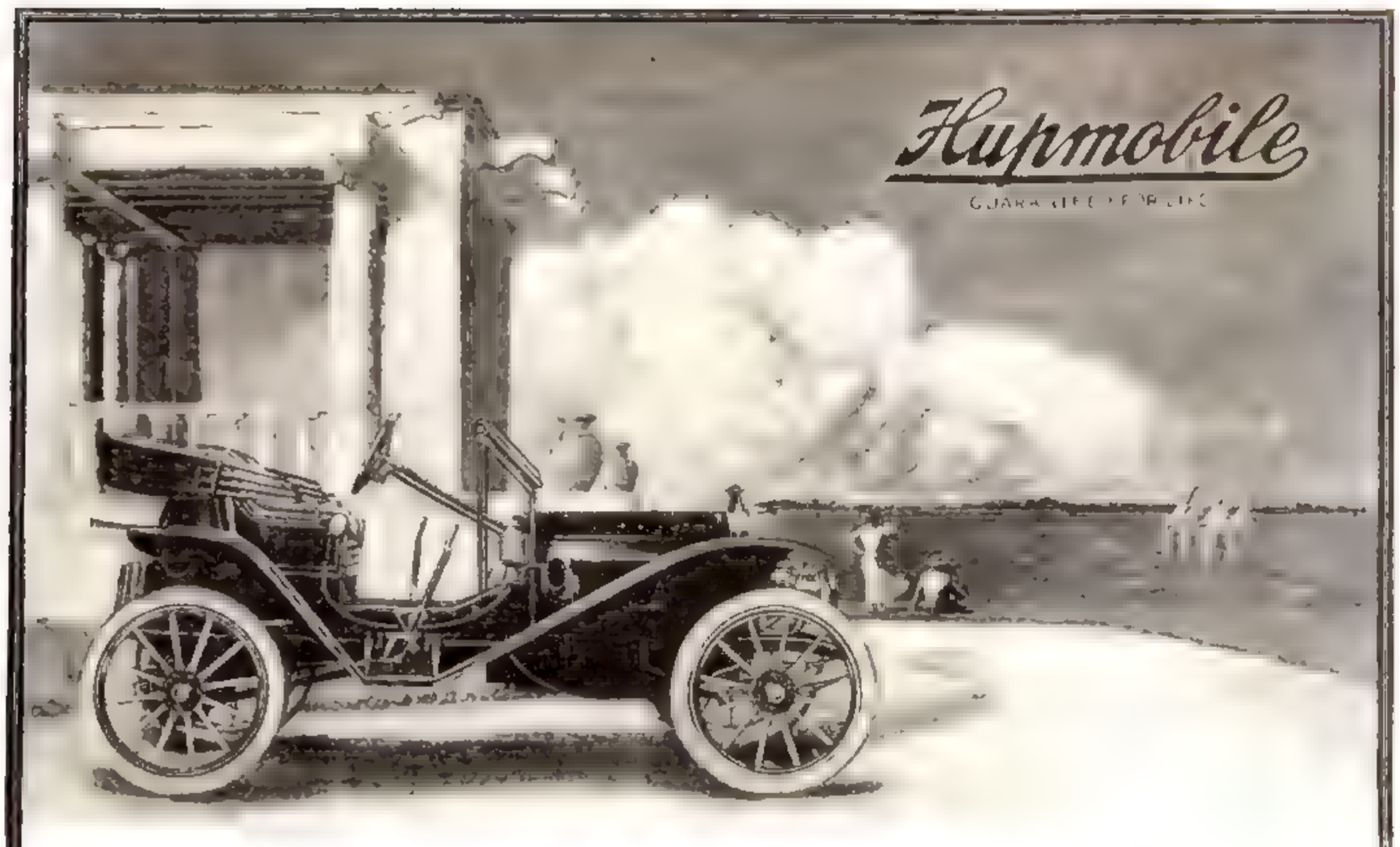

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THE PLAY MACHINE

(Continued from Page 15)

in late years except by that of Miss Marlowe. An incident lately occurred which gives hope that even youthful playerfolks are waking up to the dangers of stardom.

After her success in Alias Jimmy Valentine, Miss Laurette Taylor was cast as a young Hungarian. It was a character part; and Miss Taylor put a black wig over her own blond hair and replaced the simple and graceful charm which had given distinction to her previous performance with a sharp, vivacious deportment. Her manager objected that the public would never recognize her and that she would lose all the advertisement she had gained in her recent success. She answered that that was precisely what she intended. She was building not for her youth but for her lifetime. She did not propose to subordinate her art to her personality and after a few years be thrown aside like a sucked orange.

Not every machine-made star turns out to be even an orange. There are differences in citrus fruit. Few things are more pitiful than the manager who has made up his mouth for a sweet, golden draught of the fruit of Hesperides and suddenly finds that he has grasped a lemon. Some years ago Daniel Frohman produced a comedy by Pinero in which there was a galaxy of delightful characters and no star part. The cast was absolute perfection—far better than the original English cast. In a few years each of the leading actors had been lured away from Mr. Frohman by the promise of being made a star. Today only one of them still shines in the theatrical firmament—and that one with a light so feeble and flickering that in six years it has only once been visible on Broadway. The case is characteristic. There are many actors who have enough personality, enough art, to shine for a few brief moments in a varied and well-balanced ensemble. As they appear in turn, each with a delicious bit that contrasts with what has gone before and with what comes after, one has the sense of seeing all too little of them; but let any one of them attempt to charm us throughout an evening, to carry alone and unsupported the weight of an entire play, and the palate that has been pleasurably piqued becomes cloyed. A sweetly pretty face which is only sweet and pretty very soon impresses one as shallow; a voice that charms with flutelike cadences goes thin and breaks under the stress of a scene of climacteric emotion. No play can be made up wholly of arch and homely humor. There always comes a moment requiring deep and genuine portrayal of character. And then what happens? The comedy face belies the dramatic moment. The comedy voice is metallic when it should be mellow. And an aspiring heart is broken—to say nothing of the manager's aspiring bank account. Sometimes the fallen star is seen again in a supporting company, a sadder but wiser artist; but, as a rule, they disappear—especially the women stars.

The Reason for a Starless Stage

After tasting the sweets of stardom it is quite too bitter a thing to sink back into a supporting cast, become a mere "feeder" whose business it is to fatten the part of a newly-arisen star. In the last decade literally dozens of excellent minor artists have been ruined by the attempt to carry an entire play. Let not their names be recorded, lest this dramatic criticism become quite indistinguishable from an obituary. It is enough to point out that their speedy demise has generally been due to the frantic effort of the managers to fill the gigantic hopper of the ever hungry play machine.

It has often been shown how, in fashioning a star vehicle, the necessity of subordinating all else to a single part is fatal to all the finer qualities of the drama. Of late years it has become evident that what is fatal to the drama is almost equally fatal to the manager. And so we have developed the no-star play. The most vital and interesting pieces of recent years have been of this order—among them The Great Divide, The Lion and the Mouse, The Servant in the House, Paid in Full, The Man of the Hour, Her Husband's Wife, The Fourth Estate, and The Nigger. Actors once stars have played in these, and other actors by playing in them have risen to stardom; but the fact remains that the primary intention in each has been to exploit not an actor but the author's dramatic idea. Since the rise of the modern school of young playwrights no development has promised better. But again we have to reckon with the play machine! In the absence of a star the advertising value of the production lies in the play and this value is never greater than during the run of the New York production. So the manager hastily grinds out a second company, a third company—even a fourth company—which strike while the iron is hot throughout the country.

If a play scores a great success the manager finds a positive advantage in having no star. When Baby Mine was in rehearsal it was reported that Miss Grace George would appear in the leading part. Then it was announced that she had definitely decided to appear in the leading part. The billposter pasted her name across all the announcements. But behold how indefinite a definite decision may be! It was presently divulged that Miss George had finally decided not to appear in Baby Mine. The sorely tried billposter made his rounds again and pasted out her name. She had a perfectly good reason for not playing the part—that to be associated with so light a farce would set her back in the estimation of the public. And when the play made its great success her manager had an equally good reason for rejoicing in her decision. This was not merely the reduction in his salary list; it was that, having no star, he was free to send out duplicate companies. The play was better, from his point of view, for the lack of a distinguished actress.

Trying to Imitate a Bubble

If the no-star play is sometimes less ably acted than it might be, the case of duplicate companies is worse. Obviously the second choice of actors for the various parts cannot average so well as the first choice, or the third choice so well as the second. And there is a further unfortunate circumstance. An actor creating a part has full scope in his interpretation. He gives it whatever he can of individual capacity and temperament. In the rush of duplicating—of multiplying—the performance there is no time for this. The unfortunate second, third and fourth actors are bidden to copy the fortunate first. When an actor creates from life through the medium of his own temperament the result is sometimes art; but when he slavishly mimics the efforts of another actor it never is.

In casting The Blue Mouse, Mr. Fitch chose his farcical heroine from the vaudeville stage because of the naïve whimsicality of her manner and the sympathetic individuality of her charm. Very astutely he foresaw that her childlike amiability would mask the unpleasant suggestions of the play. Consider now the plight of the second, third and fourth blue mice—fated to produce mechanically a thing the whole quality of which lay in its bubbling, spontaneous freedom! And consider the plight of audiences on the road which were fated to accept these imitations in place of the original little lady's "temper'ment!"

For the protection of the public there ought to be a Doctor Wiley of the drama, who would see to it that programs and billposters specify whether the performance is Simon pure or only near pure. Surely the audience has a right to such information as follows: "The fur on this mouse is imitation velvet; its eyes are glass beads and its tail a wire spiral." The program would no doubt add, in the familiar manner: "The management feels confident, however, that this mouse will make the audience as blue as any other; but it is warranted to be free from all fatally poisonous ingredients."

Men of the theater complain that the public is forsaking their temples of art for the moving-picture shows. Can you blame it? The moving-picture shows are a lot cheaper and not much more mechanical.

Evidence is accumulating, however, that machine-made sensationalism is a self-limited disease. In the human mind, as in the human body, the number of new places which can be successfully hit is not great. The managers bitterly complain that the first-night public of Broadway is blasé, jaded. Why should it not be? What other result is possible after so much drubbing, so many knockouts? This season has seen a very significant development in the

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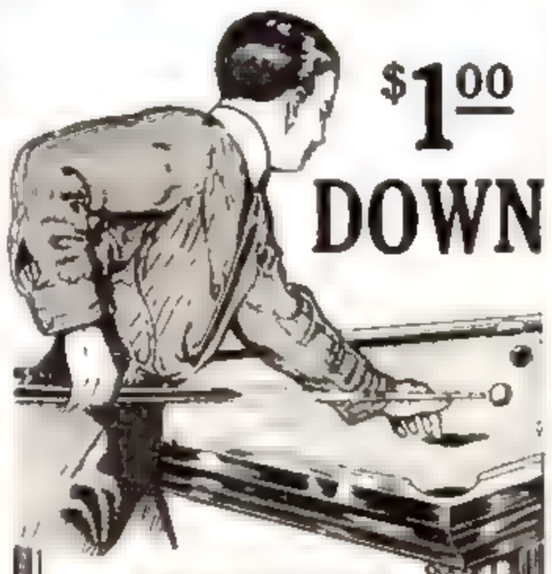

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revival of successful plays of the past decade or two. Mr. A. E. Matthews, with The Importance of Being Earnest; Miss Barrymore, with Trelawny of the "Wells," and Alice Sit-by-the-Fire, and Mr. Gillette, with his entire repertory, have shown that a very large proportion of the public, weary of being hit in new places, is content to be caressed in the old ones. Next year we are to have Miss Annie Russell in her old repertory—and, it is to be hoped, many others.

Another escape from the régime of sensationalism has been found in using Chicago as a producing center. The critics there, it appears, have more leisure to think and fresher minds to think with. On the basis of a success in the metropolis of the West, a play can pay for its production in the adjacent territory. After that the country as a whole can be attacked through Broadway.

Even as regards New York, it is more than possible that the powers who preside over the play machine have exaggerated the value of sensationalism. No play of the current season has succeeded better than Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford and The Concert. It is doubtful whether any has succeeded as well. Yet the former centers in that ancient dramatic figure, the confidence man. The Concert falls in line with What Every Woman Knows, Penelope and A Woman's Way—all of which center in a waywise wife reclaiming a husband who has erred. What distinguishes these two great successes, different as they are in all other respects, is the freshness and vitality of their scenes and characters, the adroit finesse of their stage management. In other words, they have scored by nothing more or less than dramatic art.

I employ the word with deep and acute misgiving. When written with a capital A art is a dreadful, ambiguous thing. It is what the conceited actor and playwright say they are starving for, what the plump chorus girl proclaims she is living for. But, with less aggressive capitalization, it is the thing on which the sane business man in the world of the drama can most safely and most permanently rely to convert his theaters into real estate. Long ago, leading actors perceived the dangers of mechanical exploitation and realized the value of careful and intelligent effort. The late Richard Mansfield ascended step by step toward the loftiest heights of his art and with increasing financial success. The success of the artistic ambitions of Sothern and Marlowe is notorious. Mrs. Fiske has given her life to a similar ambition and with a similar result.

William Faversham is following in the way of Mr. Mansfield and Mrs. Fiske. On the basis of his success in The Squaw Man he has given us a series of notable performances, including the masterpieces of Echegaray and Stephen Phillips. His offering of the present season—The Faun, by Edward Knobloch—presents him in one of the most unusual and poetically charming impersonations of the modern stage.

The most hopeful sign, perhaps, is that younger managers are realizing the value of careful casting and sensitive stage management. The qualities by which Messrs. Cohan and Harris have achieved the success of the Wallingford play were evidenced in The Fortune Hunter and are destined, it is to be hoped, to continue. In a similarly popular vein Mr. George Tyler has long been distinguished.

Two years ago Mr. Daniel Frohman sounded a warning note. "The drama in New York," he said, "more than ever before and more than anywhere else on earth, is in a position of absolute jeopardy. Speculative theater building, instead of having reached its limit, is increasing; and the effect can be only to drag down the art which theaters are presumed to foster. The drama is a fine art, which cannot meet a wholesale demand." These are prophetic words and the prophecy has been all too speedily fulfilled. Today the managers are realizing the truth of the adage that art pays. If a long-suffering public has any desire to protect itself against the ravages of the play machine it will learn to discriminate in favor of those actors and managers who pursue their calling with sober ambition and artistic sensibility.

Oddities and Novelties

Lumber for Sale Cheap

THE greatest bargain in lumber that will ever be offered in this country is now advertised by the Government as the result of the recent disastrous fires on the forest reserves in Montana and northern Idaho. These conflagrations, unprecedented in destructiveness, swept over two thousand square miles of territory and killed about six billion board-feet of standing timber.

The conditions were extraordinary, most of the damage being done by a hurricane that arose on the twenty-sixth day of August last, when fires were already burning in many places so inaccessible that weeks would have been required to "cut in" and get at them.

One great "burn" covers an area one hundred miles long by forty miles in greatest breadth and represents the destruction caused by the union of a number of fires driven to fury by the hurricane. Fifteen millions of dollars is considered a modest estimate of the damage done in the two states above mentioned. Over considerable districts the ground was burned entirely clean, leaving absolutely nothing behind save ashes.

The only consolation for the disaster lies in the fact that, over the greater part of the burned areas, the killed trees still remain standing and are practically as good as ever for lumber if cut without delay. Hence, in order that as much as possible of this lumber may be saved before it is attacked by decay and eaten up by insects, the Government is offering it at an extraordinarily low "stumpage" rate. Now is the time to step up to the bargain counter; never again will there be such an opportunity.

It is mighty good lumber too. On the St. Joe watershed, in the Cœur d'Alene forest, in Idaho, there are nine hundred million feet of accessible fire-killed timber—sixty-six per cent of it first-class Western pine. Every opportunity will be given to intending purchasers by the forest service, even to the furnishing of forest guides in order that the stock on hand may be viewed to advantage.

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THE only hope for the survival of wild ducks and geese, in the opinion of the Government Biological Survey, lies in reducing them to semi-domestication—that is to say, to rear them in preserves.

In order that conditions may be such as to offer promise of success in an enterprise of the kind, the first essential is that the wildfowl shall be supplied with proper food. The question is, what kinds of food do they want?

There is lack of adequate knowledge on the subject at present, but it is being carefully and even anxiously studied. During the last year an expert agent of the Survey visited various parts of the country—Wisconsin, New England, Long Island and the South Atlantic and Gulf States—for the purpose of observing the habits of wild ducks on their feeding grounds. Incidentally, he collected and identified the plants they fed on and obtained a large number of their stomachs for examination of the contents.

Recognition of the importance of suitable food as an attraction to wild waterfowl is already shown in a very practical way by duck-hunting clubs in various parts of the country. These buy not only the seed but even the plants of wild rice and wild celery and introduce them over wide areas. This practice, indeed, has given rise to much trouble in parts of California and along the Illinois River south of Chicago, where the common people complain that the millionaire folk have "hogged" all the ducks in the shooting season by baiting them with the sort of provender they prefer.

There are now three firms in this country that make a business of supplying plants and seeds of wild celery and wild rice to ducking clubs. One man in Maryland pursues this sort of industry on what almost amounts to a farming basis. The wild rice, as everybody knows, is a plentiful plant in Delaware Bay, along the shores of the Chesapeake and in many of our river mouths. Unlimited quantities of the seed are easily obtained by going out in boats and beating the ripe seed heads.

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Amberol Records, 50 cents; Standard Records, 35 cents; Grand Opera Records, 75 cents to $2.00.

Making Records at home

The Edison Phonograph is the instrument on which you, *anyone*, can make records right in your own home—talk, sing or play—and reproduce them immediately, just as clearly as the records which you buy. With this great feature, in addition to all its other points of superiority, the Edison gives more than double the entertainment that any other sound reproducing instrument affords.

Ask the nearest Edison dealer to demonstrate this feature of the Edison Phonograph. Also ask your dealer for the latest catalogs of Edison Phonographs and Records, or write us.

Thomas A. Edison, Inc., 11 Lakeside Ave., Orange, N. J.

Thomas A. Edison, Inc., is the new corporate name by which the National Phonograph Company will hereafter be known.

Will You Accept FREE a Sheet of Carbon Paper that will Copy 100 Letters?

Give it to your stenographer and tell her to use it until it is worn out, and *to count the number of copies it makes.*

After that, you will tell her to use nothing but MultiKopy. That's why we want every reader of *The Post* to send for a sample of

TRADE MULTIKOPY MARK

CARBON PAPER

This is your chance to learn what every business man should know about Carbon Paper.

Made in black, blue, purple, red and green; in six varieties to meet every requirement. This list gives the varieties and the number of copies each will make at one writing on good onion-skin paper:

Regular Finish	
MultiKopy, lt. wt.	20
MultiKopy, medium	8
MultiKopy, billing	6
Hard Finish	
MultiKopy, lt. wt.	16
MultiKopy, medium	6
MultiKopy, billing	4

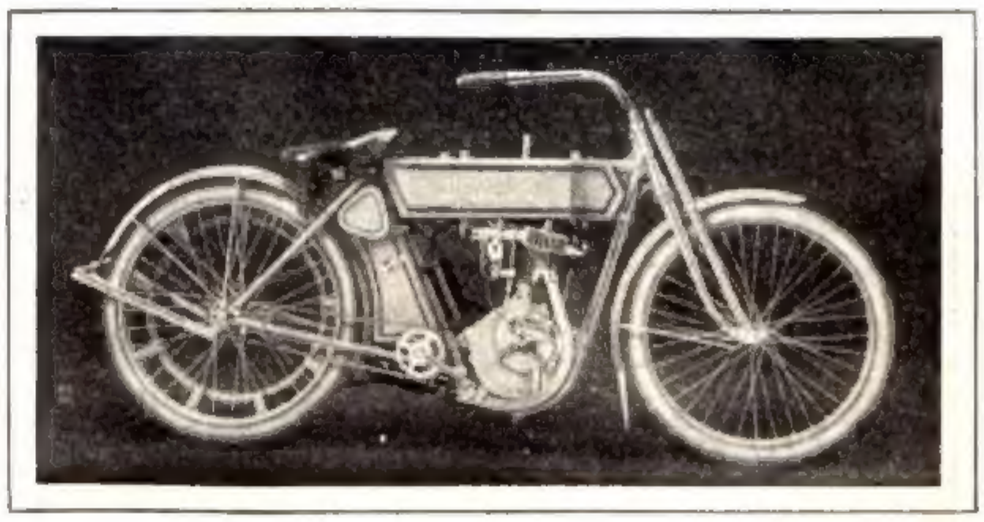
Note in the table above the number of copies MultiKopy will make at one writing. Your present paper will probably not make over four legible copies.

MultiKopy gives remarkably sharp impressions—they don't smut, are clean to handle and don't fade. Erasures on the original hardly show on the copy. MultiKopy *never dries out.*

MultiKopy is not cheap, but it is extremely economical. It is well worth your while to send for and try the sample sheet.

F. S. WEBSTER COMPANY, 335 Congress St., Boston, Mass.

Typewriter Carbon, Ribbons and Supplies



Motoring at Less Than Car Fare Cost

WOULDN'T you prefer to lunch at home instead of in a *hot, stuffy lunch room* or some dirty factory or poorly ventilated office? Wouldn't you prefer a few minutes spent in the *open air* to an hour coming home in a crowded street car? Both, and more, are possible with a good motorcycle. The cost of operating one is from 1-10c to 1-5c per mile, which is less than your present street car fare.

Spring brings with it the opportunities for those delightful little trips into the country, to the lakes or wherever one will. If you have never experienced the joys the motorcycle brings—recreation vastly different than from any other source—you have missed much.

The Harley-Davidson is different from all others. It is quiet, clean and comfortable. Wherever it goes it makes friends.

IF YOU WANT TO SEE HOW POPULAR IT REALLY IS

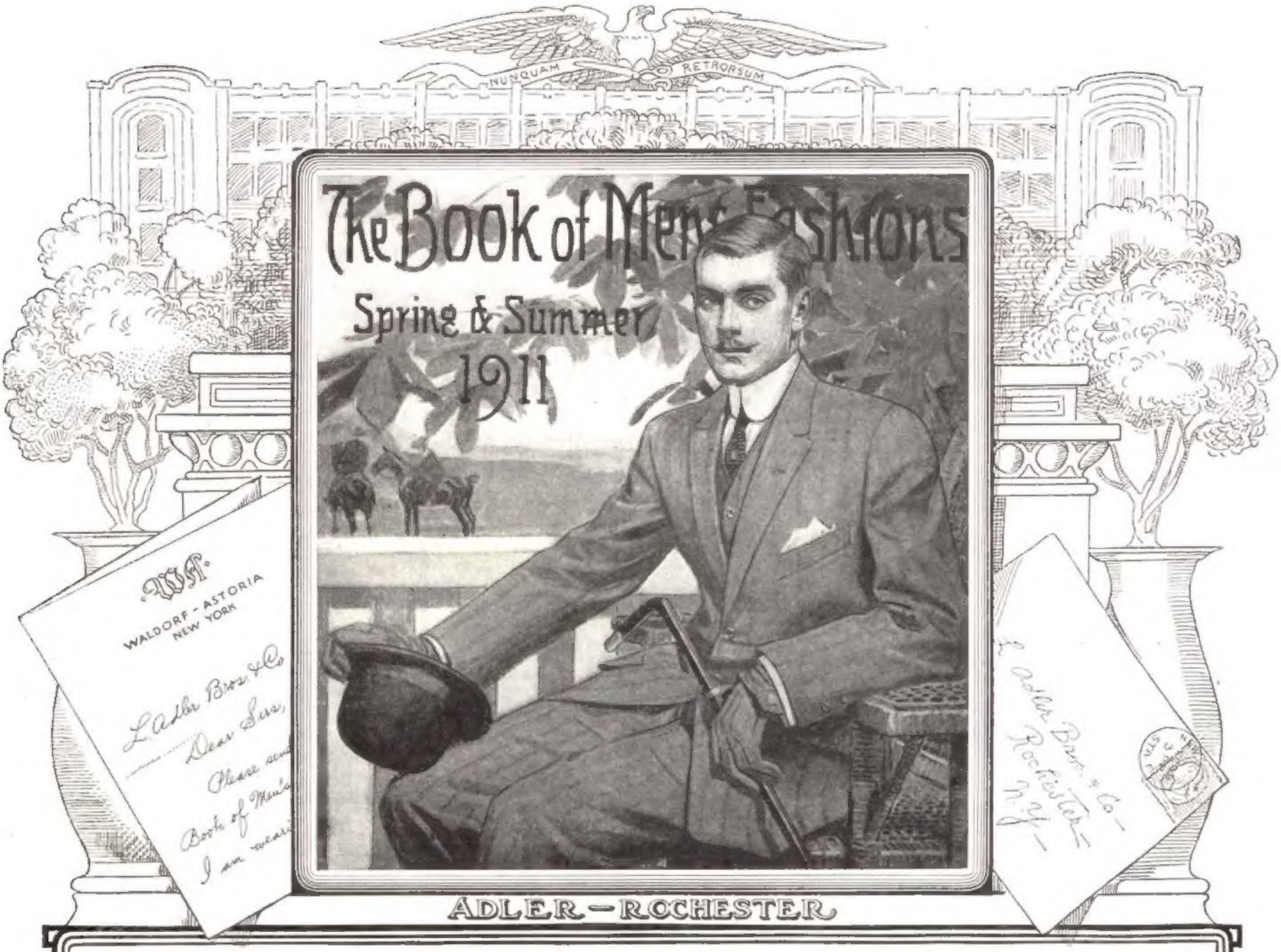
Just Watch "The Silent Gray Fellows" Go By

We would like to tell you more about the greatest sport in the world, and we will, if you send for our Catalog 10 today.

MOTOR HARLEY-DAVIDSON CYCLES

Harley-Davidson Motor Company
65 L Street, Milwaukee, Wis.

THE SILENT GRAY FELLOWS



You, Too, Should Write for this Book

IT tells what is correct in clothes—in color, in pattern and in cut. Over 475,000 copies, each season, go to the best dressed men in the country.

BEING well dressed is not entirely a matter of wearing good clothes. Nor does it mean an elaborate, expensive wardrobe.

The secret lies in good *clothes-judgment*—in knowing how to get *becomingness* of style and material without getting "sameness."

Now, this is but a *part* of the knowledge contained in The Book of Men's Fashions—all of which is yours to command by means of a mere post-card, or a two-cent postage stamp.

ADLER-ROCHESTER CLOTHES

This season's fashionable colors will be ***light and dark greys, tans, and plain and fancy blues.***

Adler-Rochester cloth experts have secured these colors in the most beautiful, *most original* shades and patterns. For only the finest materials are modelled into Adler-Rochester clothes.

And only the finest tailoring skill finds employment in the Adler-Rochester plant (suggested in illustration above). Here, as opposed to "sweatshop" tradition, sunshine, cleanliness and comfort pervade. So it is that this, *the finest tailoring institution in the world*, cannot fail to produce the finest clothes.

A few pen strokes will bring you The Book of Men's Fashions. A few minutes reading will prove to you the extravagance of wearing other than Adler-Rochester clothes.

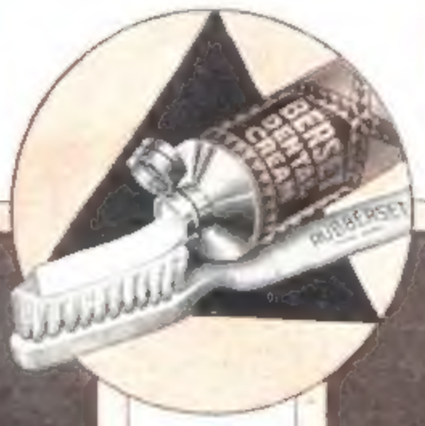
You'll find this famous make where the best clothes in your town are sold. The address accompanies the book—and it's a good one to remember. But you won't remember it, and you'll continue getting the ordinary in clothes, unless you write us this day. Ask for Edition A.

L. ADLER, BROS. & CO. **Rochester, N. Y.**

RUBBERSET

TRADE MARK

TOOTH BRUSHES



See That Hinged Cap!

The tip of the finger opens it and a press of the finger closes it—

No fumbling with screw caps that "get caught" or roll away or get misplaced. Berset hinged cap is attached and always handy.

Berset Dental Cream is also something more than a sweet—it is an efficient cleanser. It not only makes the breath fragrant and leaves a pleasant cooling taste in the mouth, but it cleans the teeth antiseptically and removes destroying germs that lurk in the crevices. Berset is chemically a very superior cream. 25c the tube at druggists and department stores.

The Safety Tooth Brush

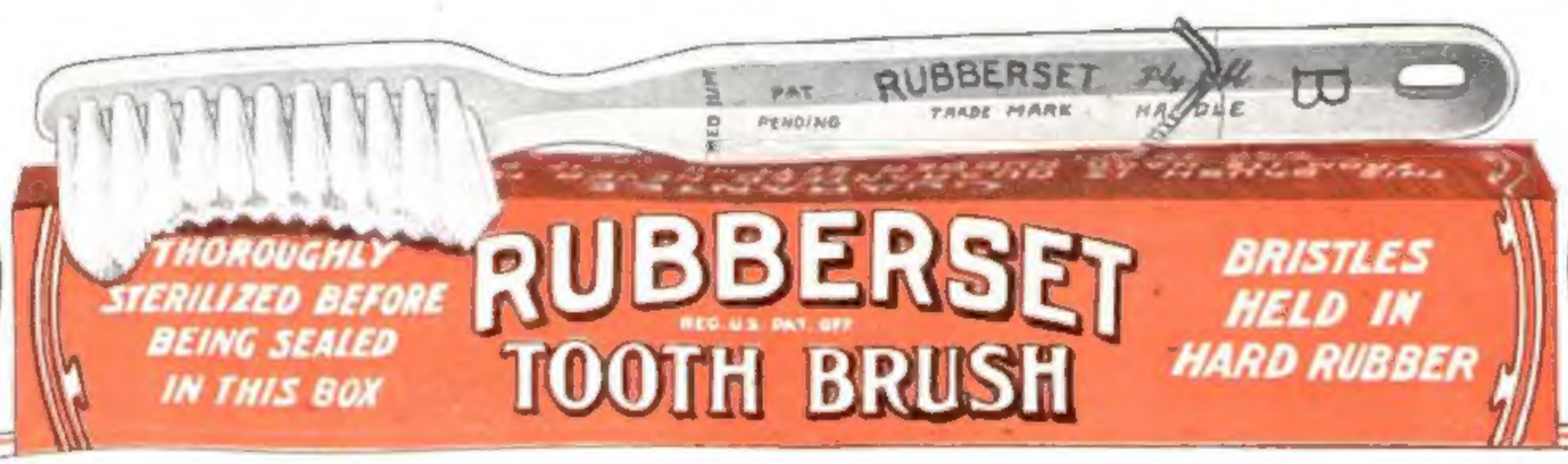
The danger of swallowing loose bristles is gone when you use a Rubberset. Rubberset Tooth Brushes can't and won't shed bristles. Each bristle is held fast and forever in a layer of hard rubber.

The quality of Rubberset Tooth Brushes is also a little better than others. Only pure white bristles are selected; the tufts are scientifically shaped; the handles made correctly and each brush is boxed individually and hygienically.

Sold by all druggists and department stores—35c each.

RUBBERSET COMPANY—FACTORIES AND LABORATORIES, NEWARK, N. J.

PRICE 35¢ at all stores



Williams'

Shaving Stick

"The kind that won't smart or dry on the face"

Note the convenient sanitary hinged-cover box

A little difference in quality often makes a tremendous difference in results. The soothing, refreshing, antiseptic lather of Williams' Shaving Soap distinguishes it from other kinds. This difference may not be apparent the first time you use it, but in the course of a few days it is unmistakable. The better condition of your face shows it.

Williams'

Quick & Easy Shaving Powder

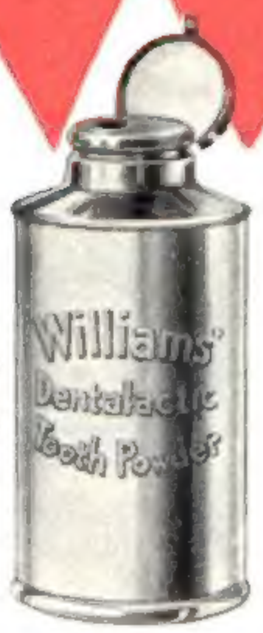
Note the convenient sanitary hinged-cover box that prevents leaking—yet opens at a touch

The same good shaving soap, having the qualities that have made the Williams' name a household word to men who shave, is sold in powdered form. It shortens the time of shaving without impairing the efficiency of the lather.

The same shaving powder is also put up in a very attractive nickeled, hinged-top box matching the Shaving Stick box, under the name Luxury Shaving Powder.

Williams'

Dentalactic Tooth Powder



Note the convenient and sanitary hinged-cover box and the visible outlet for the powder

Ask your druggist for Williams' Tooth Powder in the all nickeled, hinged cover box. The purest, finest, daintiest tooth preparation you ever applied to your teeth. So fine it cannot scratch or injure the teeth. Purifies the breath, cools and refreshes the mouth. The nickeled can is an ornament to washstand or dressing table.

Address THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY, Dept. A, Glastonbury, Conn.

SPECIAL OFFER

A miniature sample package of either Williams' Talc Powder, Shaving Stick, Shaving Powder, Jersey Cream Toilet Soap or Dentalactic Tooth Powder, mailed for 4 cts. in stamps. **All five articles in neat combination package for 16 cts. in stamps.**